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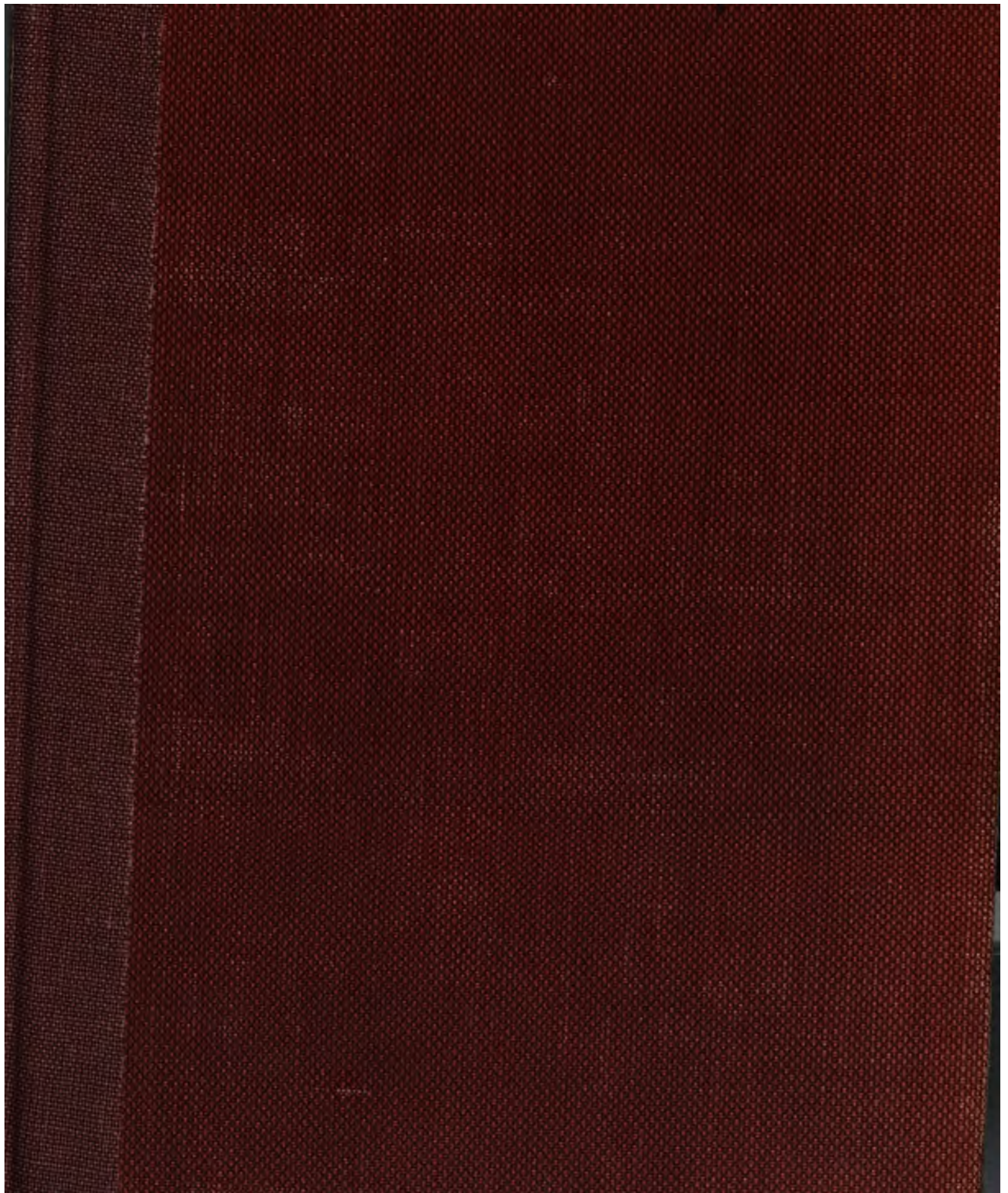
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THE
COMPLETE WORKS
OF
Joshuah Sylvester

*FOR THE FIRST TIME COLLECTED AND EDITED:
WITH MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION, NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS,
GLOSSARIAL INDEX, &c. &c. PORTRAITS, AND FACSIMILES, &c.*

BY
THE REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART, LL.D., F.S.A.
ST. GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.



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CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

	PAGE
DISTRIBUTION OF THE HUNDRED COPIES,	i
CONTENTS,	v
SONNET-DEDICATORY TO MR. DAVID M. MAIN, EDITOR OF 'A TREASURY OF ENGLISH SONNETS,'	vii
MEMORIAL INTRODUCTION :—	
I. BIOGRAPHICAL,	ix
II. CRITICAL,	xxv
TITLE-PAGE OF THE FOLIO OF 1641,	3
ANAGRAMMATA REGIA,	4
CORONA DEDICATORIA,	5
THE ORDER OF THE BOOKES, ETC.,	8
PORTRAIT OF DU BARTAS AND VERSES,	9
JOHN VICARS' POEM IN MEMORY OF SYLVESTER,	10
THE PRINTER TO THE READER, AND LINES IN HONOUR OF SIDNEY,	11
POEMS COMMENDATORY,	12
NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS,	16
DU BARTAS HIS FIRST WEEKE, OR BIRTH OF THE WORLD :—	
First Day of the First Weeke,	17
Second Day ,, 	27
Third Day ,, 	40
Fourth Day ,, 	52
Fifth Day ,, 	61
Sixth Day ,, 	72
Seventh Day ,, 	83
DU BARTAS HIS SECOND WEEKE, OR ADAM, NOAH, ABRAHAM, DAVID :—	
Dedication and Sonnets Dedicatory,	92
First Day of the Second Weeke—Eden,	97
The Imposture,	107
The Furies,	114
The Handie-crafts,	122
Second Day of the Second Weeke—Noah, the Ark,	131
Babylon,	138
The Colonies,	145
The Columnes,	154

DU BARTAS HIS SECOND WEEKE—*continued.*

Third Day of the Second Weeke—Abraham, the Vocation,	163
The Fathers,	178
The Law,	184
The Captaines,	198
Fourth Day of the Second Weeke—Sonnet, etc.,	210
The Tropheis,	211
The Magnificence,	226
The Schisme,	240
The Decay,	251

. Notes and Illustrations are added at the close of each of the above sections.

ILLUSTRATIONS IN VOL. I.

<i>PORTRAIT OF SYLVESTER,</i>	<i>To face title-page.</i>
<i>PORTRAIT OF DU BARTAS,</i>	<i>page 9</i>
<i>SIDNEY'S ARMS,</i>	<i>11</i>

To

M^R. DAVID M. MAIN,

DOUNE, PERTSHIRE,

EDITOR OF 'A TREASURY OF ENGLISH SONNETS,'
AND MY DEAR FRIEND.

THEY PLAY'D, MY SYLVESTER, UPON THY NAME
IN DAYS OF OLD, WHILE YET THY WREATH WAS GREEN,
AND MEN STILL LIVED WHO HAD THEE KNOWN AND SEEN;
THEY LINK'D IT ON WITH 'SYLVIA,' AND DID CLAIM
FOR THEE THAT THOU WERT 'SILVER-TONGUED.' I BLAME
THEM NOT, O POET-PAINTER! THINE, THE SHEEN
AND SHADOW O' THE GREENWOOD; AND I WEEN
THY VOICE MUSICAL AS BROOK'S. I CRY SHAME
ON OUR SMALL VARLETS OF THESE DAYS WHO SCORN
TO LIST THY PRAISE. JOHN MILTON SEARCH'D THEE OFT
AND FOUND GREAT SPOIL; THOU WERT BY WORDSWORTH BORNE
AMONG THE MOUNTAINS. THESE, LIFT THEE ALOFT
OLD BARD! AND FRIEND MAIN, NEAR THY 'TREASURY'
LET HIM HAVE PLACE, 'NEATH THY DISCERNING EYE.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.



MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION.

I.—BIOGRAPHICAL.

JOSHUAH SYLVESTER in the '*Sacrum Memoriae Ornatissimi Pientissimique ipsius Amici Josuae Sylvester*' of JOHN VICARS¹—who knew him well and loved and mourned him—is recorded as 'aged 55' on his death in 1618. This takes us back to 1563. So that his lifetime only slightly overlaps, in beginning and close, that of SHAKESPEARE (born 1564 : died 1616), or the supremest of the Elizabethan-Jacobean period—an allowable recollection without thought of either 'odious' or grotesque 'comparisons.'

He himself informs us that he was a native of Kent, as thus :—

'Our silver MEDWAY (which doth deep indent
The Flowrie Meadows of My native KENT,
Still sadly weeping (under Pensherst Walls)
Th' Arcadian Cygnet's bleeding Funeralls.'²

This is rather indefinite ; but read in the light of other ascertained *data*, guides us to either Hadley (now spelled 'Hadlow') or Eltham. The latter has been thought of because 'the first kinde fosterer of' his 'tender muses,' his 'never-sufficiently-Honoured dear Uncle, W. Plumb, Esq.,'³ was born and seated there, and maternal relatives (it is believed). But the marriage of Plumb's sister with the Poet's father, while it explains his coming and going to Eltham, does not seem to warrant the assignation of it as his birthplace. 'Hadley' the late REV. JOHN MITFORD suggested by placing it within

brackets thus, 'a native of Kent (Hadley?)'¹ There is this to be said for 'Hadley' which cannot be of Eltham, that the 'silver Medway' does 'indent the Flowrie Meadows' in its neighbourhood on its way to classic 'Penshurst.' I fear the exact locality must remain indeterminate until some 'find' in Parish Register or elsewhere reveals it, albeit its place in the enumeration of loved spots (vol. I. p. 50, ll. 1160-1169, l. 1164) makes 'Hadley' the most probable.²

In 'The Wood-man's Bear'—'Wood-man' being a transparent anonym for 'Sylvester' from 'Sylva'—youthful visits to Eltham or Fulham are pleasantly recalled, *e.g.* :

'I was wont (for my disport)
Often in the Summer season,
To a Village to resort,
Famous for the rathe ripe Peason ;
Where, beneath a *Plumm*-tree shade,
Many pleasant walks I made :'³

the '*Plumm-tree*' being manifestly a play on his uncle's name of 'Plumb' or 'Plumbe.' Onward I shall have occasion to recur to the Plumbees, and the love-story of this brilliant poem. Meanwhile, it is satisfying to know that as a boy Master Joshua had the range of his uncle and aunt's 'orchard'-surrounded house. So far as I can make out from the somewhat confused genealogical materials

¹ Gentleman's Magazine, vol. xxvi. (1846), p. 340.

² Eheu! Since the text was printed, I have learned that though the Parish Register of Hadlow goes back to 1558, no mention of Sylvesters occurs in it. So too with Eltham.

³ Vol. II. p. 309, st. 30.

¹ Our Vol. I. pp. 10-11.

² *Ibid.* p. 41, ll. 126-9.

³ Vol. II. p. 9.

available, the father of our Joshua was a ROBERT SYLVESTER, a clothier, who took the lead in an opposition of the clothiers to the payment of alnage (or ulnage), in the city of London.¹ He is complained of in a letter from the Lord Mayor and three of the aldermen to Lord Burghley, dated 23d April 1588. JOSEPH HUNTER in his *Chorus Vatium* states this positively; but unfortunately he gives no authority for it, while other accompanying statements are contradictory.² Of course this Robert Sylvester's being in London in 1588, is not in discord with his origination and earlier residence away down in Kent. Still, one should have liked the connecting links. His mother must have been sister to William Plumbe of Eltham and Fulham. From the circumstance that neither parent is so much as alluded to in the entire (abundant) writings of our Worthy, while he is continually turning aside to celebrate his kin and friends, I am disposed to think, (1.) That by the fact that the 'clothier' Robert Sylvester was living in 1588, he was not his father, and (2.) That the silence on both betokens that he lost both when a mere child. The whole strain

¹ Hunter's *Chorus Vatium*, 24,487, s.n.

² Joseph Hunter in his *Chorus Vatium* (24,487, 24,493) has brought together a mass of heterogeneous and chaotic scraps from all manner of sources; but as above, the authorities are rarely given, and when given vaguely or inaccurately, e.g., he mentions an early Italian Sylvester as having been recommended for a tutorship to the son of Lord Cobham, a 'Kentish nobleman,' in 1547; but the Harleian ms., 284, f. 18, given as authority, has no such recommendation, nor could I find it in the volume. He also notices a Daniel Sylvester as having been sent to the Emperor of Russia in 1575; but neither are his alleged 'instructions' found in the volume. Mr. Hunter claimed to descend from Sylvester of Mansfield; but he goes on to make out this 'my own anceser' a Robert Sylvester, son of Peter Sylvester, to be brother to Julian Sylvester, and to Joshua the Poet, thus muddling the whole thing. I note that he also gives the following document about another Robert Sylvester—'Md. that I Robart Sylvester dothe axse a lowanse [=allowance] for rydinge to sent tanthynes [=St. Anthony's] at Canterbury at Master Moyle's cōmandment to p'use and to make a boke of: the nedful refreshens ther for vii. dayes by me Robart Sylvester mason.' Ordered to be paid 2s. a day 3d July 1551. It is much to be deplored that spite of his laborious industry every statement of Mr. Hunter's immense *Chorus Vatium* and other MSS. must be sifted and tested.

of his reminiscences and celebration of his uncle William Plumbe leaves the impression that it was to him he was indebted for his education. Again—as with his birthplace—all this must remain uncertain until further light shall arise.

The first *bit* of actual fact after his birth-year that we get, is that in his 9th year he was entered at a renowned school, to wit, that of Southampton, at whose head was the once-famous Dr. HADRIANUS SARAVIA. This we learn from his 'Funerall Elegie to my reverend friend, M. D. Hill: In pious memory of that Worthy Matrone, his right vertuous and religious Wife, Margarite Wyts (late widow of the reverend Dr. Hadrianus Saravia) Deceased.' He thus gratefully recalls his obligations:—

'My Saravia; to whose *reverend Name*
Mine owes the honour of du-BARTAS' fame.
For as our London (else for drought undon)
Sucks from the Paps (the Pipes) of Middleton . . .
Suckt I (my *Succour*) my short shallow *Rill*:
The little *All I can* (and all I could,
In three poor years, at three times three years old.)"¹

Fortunately a schoolfellow—no less than ROBERT ASHLEY, later celebrated as a translator and author—in his (ms.) Memoirs, has left certain records of this school that are of special interest. Thus he informs us that Dr. Saravia limited his school to 'sixteen or twenty youths of good family, who lived with him.' Of whom was Sir Thomas Lake, Secretary of State to James I. (Fuller's Worthies, s.n.). Still more interestingly, he tells us that 'It was a rule all should speak French; he who spoke English, though only a sentence, was obliged to wear a fool's cap at meals, and continue to wear it till he caught another in the same fault.' Further—the 'three poor years at three times three years old' is confirmed as Master Sylvester's 9th (entering 10th) year, by the date of Saravia's closing his school and leaving England, for

¹ Vol. II. p. 292, ll. 117-128.

Leyden. This was in 1576. So that his time of attendance at Southampton was 1573-1576.¹ The rigid rule as to speaking French explains the opening lines of our quotation from the 'Elegie':—

' To whose reverend Name
Mine owes the honour of du-Bartas' fame.'

This in plain prose means, that his acquisition of French at Saravia's School had enabled him to 'translate' Du-Bartas. In the 'Elegie' he thus continues:—

' His love and labour apted so my wit,
That when *Urania* after rapted it,
Through Heav'n's strong working, weaknesse did
produce
Leaves of delight, and fruits of sacred use:
Which, had my Muse t' our either Athens flowne,
Or follow'd him, had been much more mine owne,
Then was the fault that so it fell not out.'²

By 'had my Muse t' our either Athens flowne' doubtless was intended—had he proceeded to either of the Universities of Oxford or Cambridge. By 'Or follow'd him,' similarly we may understand—had he accompanied Saravia to Leyden, and completed his education there under him.

It thus appears that in his thirteenth year Master Sylvester was taken from school. Through life he deplored this: *e.g.* addressing Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury, in his sonnet prefixed to his 'Hymne of Almes,' he thus laments his untoward circumstances, and quenching of hopes of higher poetic achievement:—

' My Wit, weak Orphan, weaned too-too-young
From Pallas' Brest, and too-too-Truant-bred
(Not, as too-wanton, but too-wanting) led
From Arts, to Marts (and Miseries among)
Had else perhaps (besides du BARTAS) sung
Some native Strains the gravest might have read;
And to your Grace now gratefully tendered
Some fitter Sound than This rude Bell hath rung.'³

¹ See Sloane ms. 2105—onward (II. Critical) I notice Ashley further. Ashley informs us that Saravia left when he was in his 12th year, and elsewhere in his ms. we learn that he was born in 1565. On Saravia, see Wood's *Athens* (Bliss's ed.) *s.v.* for a full notice.

² Vol. II. p. 298, ll. 129-135.

³ Vol. II. p. 208.

'From Arts to Marts' must have been a trying exchange; but he seems to have faced the trial with humble submissiveness. On a retrospect he thus turns all to profit, in the same 'Elegie':—

' But prais'd be God, who pleased to bring about
His better will, to better mine; lest I,
Too-puft with knowledge, should be huft too-hie.'¹

If—as seems likely from his after-occupations—his relatives were engaged in home-manufactures, as 'clothiers' and as exporters of their 'cloths,' perhaps we shall not err in concluding that the 'Marts' to which he was passed 'from Arts' were in some way or other connected with the 'Company of Merchant Adventurers,' so preparing him for that Secretaryship which he ultimately attained. On his first title-page, *viz.*, of his 'Canticle of the Victorie obtained by the French King, Henrie the Fourth, at Yvry,' he describes himself as 'Josuah Sylvester Marchant-adventurer.' This was in 1590-1. Again in 1592 in his 'Triumph of Fame' he is similarly described. So that by 1590-1 he was in business as a 'Marchant-adventurer.' He also intercalates in the Fourth Day of the First Week (ll. 360-369) an incident of what he calls his 'lost Merchant-years.'² The Will of his Uncle PLUMBE—which will be found *in extenso* in Appendix to this Memoir³—names various cousins who were apparently 'Merchant-adventurers,' and one Captain William Smyth at Ostend. This may or may not have led Sylvester to join in the trade, and later, to proceed to the Low Countries. The GRESHAMS—illustrious pioneers of the great commerce of England—were likewise related, *i.e.* the Will of Plumbe shows that his wife was the widow

¹ Vol. II. p. 292, ll. 136-38.

² With reference to this incident, Lee is said, in the Index of Hardest Words, to be 'a neat little town in Essex, in the mouth of the Thames.' He means, that walking on the deck in the direction opposite to that of the ship's motion, he was at the same time going towards two places, being at the same time between both.

³ See Appendix A—the Will is here *first printed*.

of a Gresham. It also names JAMES PARKINSON and WILLIAM LAMBERT—both commemorated by Sylvester. Be all this as it may, the fact is unquestionable that he was a 'Merchant-adventurer' himself, prior to going to Middleburgh and elsewhere.

There must have been intervals of retirement, as John Davies of Hereford recalls in his characteristic verse-address to Sylvester, *e.g.* :—

'This pain [of translating Du Bartas] so pleas'd thy labouring thoughts, that thou Forsook'st the *Sea*, and took'st thee to the *Soile*, Where (from thy royall Trade) thou fell'st to plow Art's furrows with thy *Pen*, that yeeld but toyl. *This* stole thee from thy selfe, thy selfe to finde In sacred Raptures on the *Muse's* Hill.'¹

All, however, was not mere business in these years. I have already quoted from the 'Wood-man's Bear.' I go back upon it; for by it we learn that in his twenty-first year, *i.e.* 1584-5, he was involved in the 'old, old story' of captivity to a 'fair lady.' He thus puts it :—

'Thrice-sev'n Summers I had seen
Deckt in Flora's rich array ;
And as many Winters keen
Wrapt in suits of silver gray :
Yer the Cyprian Queen's blinde Boy
Grudged at my grief-less joy.

But when on my maiden chin
Mother Nature 'gan ingender
Smooth, soft, golden Down, and thin
Blades of Bever, silk-like slender ;
Then hee, finding fuell fit,
Sought for coales to kindle it.'²

By st. 35, 36, and 37 of the poem, one naturally infers, from the playing on the words 'Bear' and 'Croft,' that the beloved's name was 'Bear-croft.' Whether or not, I must regard it as a mistake that he herein described the courtship of his wife. He paints the light and shadow of a passionate love; but the sum of the whole is that it was an unsuccess. She must have less or

more reciprocated the affection (st. 88); but some one or some thing intervened to hinder marriage. And so he was given 'an herbe which could Love's power expell' (st. 89), with this result :—

'unto the sense apply'd,
As the juyce thereof hee tasted,
Hee might feele even in that tide
How his old remembrance wasted.
By the med'cine thus revealed,
Was the Wofull Wood-man healed.'¹

His attachment to the Muses in the throng of the uncongenial employment of his 'lost merchant days' is avowed with touching iteration. We have seen that his 'Yvry' appeared in 1591, and the Stationers' Register enters part of Du Bartas in same year. His 'Triumph of Faith' appeared in 1592. These were succeeded by 'The Profit of Imprisonment, a Paradox,' in 1593-4; by 'Monodia' or 'An Elegie in commemoration of . . . Dame Hellen Branch' in 1594, and by Du Bartas' 'Second Week, or Childhood of the World' in 1598.² The Stationers' Registers (*ut infra*)

¹ Vol. II. p. 313, st. 92.

² Herbert's Typog. Antiq. 1382, and Gent. Mag. vol. 70, pt. 2, 1800, p. 932. I place here such entries of Sylvester's Du Bartas, etc., as I have traced in Arber's Transcript of the Stationers' Registers—protesting against the delay of the index-volume, without which the four huge volumes are in a manner useless, as it is like seeking for a needle in a hay-stack to consult it for a given name or entry unhelped of an index. (1.) 14th August 1591: Gregory Seton. Entred for his Copie vnder th[e] h[an]des of master Judson and master Watkyns a booke in English Entitled, Salustius Du Bartas *his weeke or Seuen Dayes woork*, vj^d (2.) 25th May, 1594: Edward Blunt. Entred for his Copie vnder th[e] h[an]d of Master Cawood a booke intituled *the profit of imprisonment, a paradox* first wrytten in Ffrenche by Odet De La Noue, Lorde of Teleignie and translated by Josue Silvester vj^d C. (3.) 21 April 1598: Peter Shorte. Entred for his copie vnder th[e] h[an]des of Master Man warden. A booke Called *An Essaie of the second weeke of the noble Learned and Divine Salustius Du Bartas*: Translated by Josua Silvester 1598, vj^d. Provided that this entrance shall not be effectual if any other have right to this booke by any former entrance (vol. iii. p. 112, bottom paging.) (4.) 2d July, 1603: Christopher Wilson. This is to be his copy yf no other partie have right vnto yt, *viz.*, a booke called 'the *divine Workes* of the worlde's birth' of the right noble and Rare Learned Lord V. W. Salustius du Bartas: yt is vnder th[e] h[an]ds of master Hartwell and the wardens vj^d (vol. iii. p. 37, bottom paging.) (5.) 22 November 1604: Master Humfrey lownes. Entred for his copy vnder the h[an]des of master Man and master Waterson Late Wardens, and of master Leake nowe

¹ Davies' Works in Chertsey Worthies' Library, vol. ii. m, p. 15 (Commendatory Poems), ll. 53-8.

² Vol. II. p. 308, st. 17-18.

show swift-coming publications from 1591 to 1629 (posthumous after 1618). The last named was dedicated to Robert, Earl of

Warden, A booke called *The Divine weekes of the Worldes byrth* of the right noble and rare learned Lord W. Sallustius du Bartas. Translated by Josua Silvester 1603, vj⁴ (vol. iii. p. 276, bottom paging.) (6.) 22 January 1605; Edward Blunt. Entred for his copy vnder th[e] h[an]des of Master Pasfeild and the wardens A booke called the *Quadrains of [Gui Du Faur, Seigneur de] Pybrack*, translated by Joshua Silvester vj⁴ (vol. iii. p. 280, bottom paging.) (7.) 13 November 1605; Edward Blounte. Entred for his Copie vnder the handes of Master Pouell and the wardens A booke called *Posthumus Bartas The Third Daye of the Second Weeke conteyninge The Lawes, the vocacon and the Captaynes* translated vj⁴ (vol. iii. p. 304, bottom paging.) (8.) 16 December 1606. Edward Blounte. Entred for his copie vnder the handes of Master Zachariah Pasfeild and Master Whyte warden, A booke called *Posthumus Bartas, The ffourthe Daye of this Second weeke conteyninge the Trophies, The Magnificence, the Shime, and the Resolte*, vj⁴ R. (vol. iii. p. 335, bottom paging.) (9.) 27 November 1612: Humfrey Lownes Junior. Entred for his copie vnder th[e] h[an]d of Master Harison Warden A Booke called *Lachryma Domestica. A viall of household teares shedd over pryuce Henryes hearse* by his highnes fyrst worst Poett and pencioner Josua Sylvester, vj⁴ (vol. iii. p. 515, bottom paging.) (10.) 22 December 1613: master humfrey lownes. Entred for his copie vnder th[e] h[an]des of Master D[oc]tor Hill and the wardens, A booke called *Micro cosmographia, or the little Worldes Description, or the map of Man* translated out of Latyn by Josua Silvester, vj⁴ (vol. iii. p. 510, bottom paging.) (11.) 13 January 1613 (*i.e.* 1614): Master Humphrey Lownes the elder. Entred for his copie vnder the handes of Master Taverner and master warden feild a booke called, *The Parliament of vertues royall. Bethulias Rescue*. Little Bartas with other tractes translated and severally dedicated by Josua Silvester, vj⁴ (vol. iii. p. 539, bottom paging.) (12.) 11 April 1614. *Ibid.* Entred for his Copie by assignement from Edward Blount a booke called *The profit of imprisonment with the quadrans of Pybrac and Posthumous Bartas and Automachia* by Josua Silvester, vj⁴ (vol. iii. p. 544, bottom paging.) (13.) 13 December 1616: master Humfrey Lownes. Entred for his Copie vnder the handes of master Sanford and both the wardens a booke called *Tobacco battered or the pipes scattered* &c. by Joshua Silvester, vj⁴ (vol. iii. p. 599, bottom paging.) (14.) 6th Decr. 1619: Master H. Lownes. Entred for his Copie vnder the handes of master Tavernor and both the wardens, *The Maydens blush* by Joshua Silvester, vj⁴ (vol. iii. p. 661, bottom paging.) (15.) 12th January 1619 (*i.e.* 1620), Thomas Jones. Entred for his copie vnder the handes of Master Tauer-nor and Master Swinhowe warden, A booke Called *The woodmans Beare* written by Joseph [*sic*] Silvester, vj⁴ (vol. iii. p. 662, bottom paging.) (16.) 30th May 1627. Entred for their Copies by Consent of Master Lownes and of a full Court holden this Day. The Copies hereafter mencioned iij⁴. The Divine weekes [of S. du Bartas] and workes of Josua Sylvester. [Transferred to Robert Younge], (vol. iv. p. 181, bottom paging.) (17.) 5th Nov. 1628—*ibid* transferred to Master George Cole and Master George Latham, (vol. iv. p. 201, bottom paging.) (18.) 14 Nov^r 1629: Francis Coules. Entred for his Copie vnder the handes of master Martin and master Purfoote warden A booke Called PANTHERA. *Divine wishes and meditacons* by Joseph [*sic*] Silvester, revised by John [*sic*—should be James] Martin with an Appendix of some other Elegies, vj⁴ (vol. iv.

Essex, as later was the 'Memorials of Mortalitie' from Peter Mathieu.

These dedications remind me that among the Anthony Bacon mss. preserved at Lambeth are two letters from the illustrious Essex

p. 222, bottom paging.) (19.) 2nd March 1629 (*i.e.* 1630), John Grove. Assigned over vnto him vnder the hand of Master Purfoote warden all the estate right Title and Interest which Lawrence Chapman hath in the Copie Called *The Woodmans Beare* by Josuah Silvester vj⁴ (vol. iv. p. 229, bottom paging.) (20.) 6th December 1630. Master Younge. Assigned ouer vnto him by order of a Court of the 4th of October [1630] last and by the Consentes of Master Cole and master Latham All their estate right title and interest in the copies hereafter mencioned which were the Copies of master Humfrey Lownes, and assigned vnto them the said master Cole and master Latham 5th Novembri 1628 xliij' [Joshuah] Silvesters workes (vol. iv. p. 245, bottom paging.) (21.) 8th March 1630: francis Coules. Entred for his Coppy vnder the hands of Master Austen and Master Harryson warden a booke called *Du Bartas Junior [= Little] vj⁴* (vol. iv. p. 249, bottom paging.) In the 1605 edition (4to) Lownes' part of *Du Bartas' 'Weekes and Workes, i.e.* the Seven days of the first week and 1st and 2^d days of the 2^d week, there were added 'Fragments and other small Workes of Du Bartas, with other Translations of J. S. comprising "Jonas, a Fragment; Urania: Triumph of Faith; Miracle of Peace; a Dialogue: Ode to Astrea: Epigrams and Epitaphs; the Profit of Imprisonment: Quadrains of Pybrac."' It has an engraved title-page, but neither the Corona Dedicatoria nor the portrait of Du Bartas. Subjoined to 1605 vol., in some copies, is 'Posthumous Bartas,' dated 1606, containing 'The Vocation—the Fathers—the Lawe—the Captaines—the Trophies and the Magnificence.' In 1608 (4to) a new impression of the preceding pieces was published, differently arranged, and 'The History of Judith, Englished by Thomas Hudson,' added. The next edition is that of 1611, 'now thirdly corrected and augmented.' The additions consist of the Corona Dedicatoria, the laureated head of Du Bartas, The Schisme, The Decaye and falling, the 'Paradox,' lines 'of the Worke, Author, and Translator.' In the 1613 edition (4to) 'Lachrymæ Lachrymarum, or the Spirit of Tears distilled,' etc., is marked '3d edition' and the 'Du Bartas his divine Weekes and Workes' are said to be 'now fourthly corrected and augmented.' The 1621 folio has a title-page as follows:—'Du Bartas his divine Weekes and Workes, with a complete Collection of all the other most delightful Workes translated and written by that famous Philomusus, Josuah Sylvester Gent.' The additional poems in this volume consist of 'Vicars' Sacrum Memoriz—Little Bartas or brief Meditations on the Power, Providence, Greatness and Goodnes of God in the Creation of the World for Man; of Man for himself—the Map of Man—the Maiden's Blush or Joseph—Panaretus—Job Triumphant—Bethuliah's Rescue—Hymne of Almes—Memorials of Mortality—St. Louis the King—Trophies of Henry the Great—Battle of Yury—All is not gold that glisters—New Jerusalem—Selfe Civil War—Cup of Consolation—Tobacco—Lacrymæ Lacry.—Elegy on Sir Wm. Sidney—Honour's Farewell—Elegie on Dr. Hil's wife—Brieve Catechisme—Spectacles—Mottoes—Woodman's Bear—Preparations of the Resurrection—Table of the Mysterie of Mysteries.' In 1633 came another folio, greatly enlarged, and intitled 'A compleat Collection of all the other most delightfull Workes translated and written by that famous Philomusus, Joshua Sylvester Gent. Then finally the folio of 1641 'with additions'—these being the 'Posthumi.'

in behalf of our Joshua Sylvester. These have hitherto been simply notified. I am glad to have it in my power to print them *for the first time*. They belong to 1597, and thus run :¹—

LETTERS OF ROBERT, EARL OF ESSEX, IN BEHALF
OF SYLVESTER.

No. I.

Lambeth Library, Bacon Papers, vol. xv., fo. 128.

'Cousen in a generall lrē to yo^r selfe & yo^e whole Company I haue comēded one Josua Silluester to be pferred to the place of secretary. This I doe addresse to yo^r selfe to intreat yo^r freindlie furtherance of my request as a matter whereunto I doe wish good successe & to the ptie who is very earnestlie recomēded vnto me by some spetiall freinds. I pray yow doe yo^r best indeuour to the effecting of my desire in his behalfe. And as yow shall make choice of a sufficient honest Man so I will rest very thankfull to yow if yow shall the rather at my instance respect him. Thus I comitt yow to God from the Courte yo^e last of Aprill 1597.

Your very louing Cozen

ESSEX.

To my louing Cozen M^r. Ferrers Deputy
Goūnour of the cōpany of fīchaunts
aduēturers at Stoade.'

[*Indorsed*] 'Du Comte d'Essex a M^r. Ferrers
le 2^{m^e} de May 1597.'

No. II.

Lambeth Library, Bacon Papers, vol. xv., fo. 129.

'After my very hartie comēdaçons. Whereas I am giuen to vnderstand y^t yow are to make choice of a sufficient Man to be secr. to yo^r company w^{ch} place is now pntlye at yo^r disposition : I doe at the instance of some good freinds recomēd vnto yo^r good fauo^r one J: Silluester a M^rchaunt of yo^r owne societie who is a sewer to be pferred to this place. I haue receaued a very good reporte of his sufficiencie & fittnes for the same being both well qualified wth language & many other good partes as allsoe reputed honest & of good conūsation 2 spetiall motiues of this my request in his behalfe and if my comēdaçon of him added to their respects shall yo^e rather induce yow to make choice of him to this place I will take it for a very acceptable curtesie &

esteme my selfe much behoulding vnto yow & besides rest reddie to deserue it towards yow or any of yow as occasion shall be pnted. Thus I comitt yow to Gods ptection frō the Court the last of Aprill 97.

Yo^r very louing freind

ESSEX.

To my very louing freinds yo^e Deputy
Goūno^r & society of the M^rchaunts
Aduēturers of Stoade.'

[*Indorsed*] 'Du Comte d'Essex ab fīchants
de Stoade 1597 2 May.'

It does not clearly appear whether the office sought was obtained or not. Powerful as was the advocacy, I suspect that another was appointed. For from 1590 onward to 1603, at least, he comes before us in sorrowful poverty and struggle. From his dateless title-pages and 'parcel' or fragmentary issues of his *Du Bartas* until 1605, it is impossible to determine the chronology of publication ; but these among many personal references move our sympathy for his 'troubles' and straits :—

'If now no more my sacred rimes distill
With Art-lesse ease from my dis-custom'd quill :
If now the *Laurell*, that but lately shaded
My beating Temples, be dis-leav'd and vaded :
And if now banisht from the learned Fount,
And cast down head-long from the lofty Mount
Where sweet *Urania* sitteth to endite,
Mine humbled *Muse* flag in a lowly flight ;
Blame these sad Times' ingratfull cruelty,
My household cares, my health's infirmity,
My drooping sorrows for (late) grievous losses,
My busie suits, and other bitter crosses.

Lo, they 're the clogs that weigh down heavily
My best endeavours, whilom soaring high :
My harvest's hail : the pricking thorns and weeds
That in my soule choak those diviner seeds.
O gracious God ! remove my great incumbers,
Kindle again my faith's ne'er-dying embers :
Asswage thine anger (for thine own Son's merit)
And from me (Lord) take not thy Holy Spirit.' ¹

His 'health's infirmity' is enlarged upon earlier :—

'Deer *Muse*, my guide ; clear truth that nought dis-
sembles,
Name me that Champion that wth fury trembles,
Who arm'd wth blazing fire-brands, fiercely flings

The Ague
her train, &
kinds, and
effects.

¹ Birch's Elizabeth first noticed these letters.

¹ Vol. I. p. 132, ll. 22-31.

At th' Armies' heart, not at our feeble wings :
Having for Aids, *Cough, Head-ache, Horror, Heat,*
Pulse-beating, Burning, Cold-distilling-Sweat,
Thirst, Yawning, Yolking, Casting, Shivering, Shaking,

Fantastick *Raving*, and continuall *Aking*,
With many moe : O ! is not this the *Fury*
We call the *Fever* ? whose inconstant fury
Transforms her oftner then *Vertumnus* can,
To *Tertian, Quartan,* and *Quotidian* :
And *Second* too ; now posting, sometimes pawsing,
Even as the matter, all these changes causing,
Is rommidged with motions slowe or quick
In feeble bodies of the *Ague-sick*.

Ah trecherous beast ! needs must I know thee best :
For foure whole years thou wert my poor heart's guest,
And to this day in body and in minde
I bear the marks of thy dispight unkinde :
For yet (besides my veins and bones bereft
Of bloud and marrow) through thy secret theft
I feel the vertue of my spirit decayd,
Th' *Enthousiasmos* of my *Muse* allaid :
My memory (which hath been meetly good)
Is now (alas !) much like the fleeting floud ;
Whereon no sooner have we drawn a line
But it is canceled, leaving there no signe :
For, the deere fruit of all my care and cost,
My former study (almost all) is lost,
And oft in secret have I blushéd at
Mine ignorance : like *Corvine*, who forgot
His proper name ; or like *George Trapezunce*
(Learnéd in youth, and in his age a Dunce)
And thence it growes, that maugre my endeavour
My number still by habite have the *Fever* ;
One-while with heate of heavenly fire ensoul'd ;
Shivering anon, through faint un-learned cold.¹

Again, his 'suits and grievous losses' are concentrated on one man named Bowyer in a 'Table of the Acts' addressed 'To the Right Honourable Lords Spirituall and Temporall ; the Knights and Burgesses of the Lower House,' wherein he signs himself :—

'Your Under-Clarke
Unworthily Undon
(By over trusting to a starting *Bowyer*-while too strong, to my poor Wrong and Woe).²

A Robert *Bowyer*, son of William Bowyer by Anne, daughter of John Harcourt of Stanton, was Clerk of the Parliament, having previously had a grant of the office of door-keeper of the Exchequer and Keeper of the

Council Chamber of the Star Chamber, June 25, 1604. It would thus appear that Sylvester then holding the office of 'Under-Clarke' was aspiring to that of 'Upper' or 'Clerk' proper, and that some fraud or trick had falsified his hopes.¹ Apparently also the matter was carried to the Law-Courts, and dragged its slow length lingeringly along, to the 'Under Clarke's' ruin, spite of the intercession of the Earl of Dorset. That 'intercession' is remembered in the dedicatory-sonnet of 'Yvry' which displaced the original one to 'Maister James Parkinson and Maister John Caplin Esquires, his well-beloved friends,' of 1590-1 :—

'As th' awefull Child, that long hath truanted,
Dares not returne unto the Schoole, alone ;
For Shame and Feare to be there disciplined
With many stripes for many Faults in One :
So fares (my Lord) My long Omission
Of th' humble Thanks I ought have tendered
For kinde Endeavours You bestow'd upon
My Right, my Wrong to have recovered.
And, (as in fine) Hee brings his Mother forth
To beg Forgivnesse, or his Fault to 'scuse
So bring I here my dear Du BARTAS' Worth,
To mediate for my too-faulty Muse ;
Whom daign to pardon : and in gentle Part
Accept This last of His, not least in Art.'³

The same 'cares and need' give pathos to the 'Monodia' of 1594, e.g. :—

'You my private cares (although the cause
Of your dispaire doe never, never pawse),
Pawse you a little, and give leave a-while,
'Mid publike griefs my private to beguile ;
Give leave I pray you ; for a private case
Unto a publike ever must give place.'³

Again, his Epistle to 'My Right Worthy deare affected, most respected Friend, Master Robert Nicolson, Gentleman,' thus plaintively opens :—

'Though providence all-prudent have decreed,
To hold mee still under the Tyrant Need,
So hard and scant, that, scarce a breathing while,
My carefull life hath had just cause to smile,

¹ Vol. I. p. 118, ll. 408-445.

² Vol. II. p. 142.

¹ Hunter's *Chorus Vatun*, as before.

² Vol. II. p. 246.

³ Vol. II. p. 329, l. 17.

Poet, having
himselfe for
' years
ously
ed with the
r, com-
th bitterly
' rude
ice.

Of all the wants I feele, of all the woes,
 (Witnesse hearts'-searcher which all secrets knows)
 None woundeth deeper my distrestfull breast,
 Then want of power to parallel the least
 Of thousand favours, of a thousand kindes,
 Vouchsafed mee from many noble mindes.¹

The 'thousand favours of a thousand kindes' must be read *cum grano salis*. They were magnified by the swift and exuberant gratitude of the lowly-hearted Poet. Nevertheless, there can be no question that 'noble mindes' of the period held him in high regard if they had less thought of his pecuniary needs than they might and ought to have had. ANTHONY BACON, brother of *the* Bacon, was evidently an 'inward' friend. In the dedication of 'The Furies,' it is expressly and unmistakably declared that he had rescued the translation from those flames to which the despondent translator was about to assign it, while other contemporaries whose names occur and recur were of mark and means. I confess that I am at a loss to account for so worthy a man having been left to fight against such difficulties as a very little help would have spared him. The problem is complicated by the well-to-do position of many of his relatives. His uncle, William Plumbe, had died in 1593, but while remembering cousins, he somehow overlooked his 'nephew,'—perchance accounting that he had already done his part toward him in his education. Yet to his own sister's son, one opines, he might have left a little of that 'welthe' of which he so gratefully speaks. Our light is dim.

With the coming of King James to the throne of England, there shot a gleam of hope. Besides the many dedicatory-sonnets and other verse-tributes to 'the wisest fool in Christendom' that the works contain, I have discovered among the royal mss. in the British Museum, a daintily written (holograph) MS. (17 a xli.) thus entitled:—

' The (in gold)
 Devine Weekes, and workes,
 of
 The noble, learned, and religious,
 Lord of Bartas (in gold)
 translated out of French,
 by
 Joshuah Sylvester,
 1603.
 ' (in gold)

This is followed by this dedication:—

' To the
 Royal Patrone of Learning & Religion,
 The High & mightie Prince JAMES,
 By the grace of God, King of
 England, Scotland, France,
 and Ireland, Dfeender
 of the Faith : &c.
 My most dread Sovereigne Lorde.'

Then comes a Letter which I have furnished in careful facsimile (to face title-page of Vol. II.) as a specimen of his handwriting and autograph, as follows:—

' Beeing inforced (through the grievous visitacion of Gods heavie hand, vpon your Highnes poore Cittie of London) thus long (& yet longer like) to defer the Impression of my slender Labours (long since meant vnto your Ma^{ties}) I thought it more then tyme, by some other meane, to tender my humble Homage to Your Highnes. But wanting both leasure, in my self, & (heere in the Countrey) such helps, as I could haue wished, To copie the entire Worke (worthie your Ma^{ties} reading) I was faine thus soudainlie to scribble over this small Parte : That (in the mean time) by a Parte, I might (as it wear) giue your Highnes Possession of the Whole ; vntill it shall please the Almighty, in his end-les Mercie to giue an end to this lamentable affliction, w^{ch} for his dear Sonns sake I most earnestlie beseech him : & euer to protect your sacred Ma^{ties} & all your Royal familie, vnder the winges of his gracious ffauour.

Your Maiesties
 most humble Subject
 & devoted Servant,
 JOSHUAH SYLVESTER.'

Besides these, are most of the sonnets of the 'Coronia Dedicatoria,' with a few various

¹ Vol. II. p. 336, l. 1.

readings.¹ Whether James himself personally patronised Sylvester, is unknown. He had tried his own hand upon the 'Furies' and 'Urania' and others, in his 'Poetical Exercises,' printed at Edinburgh (1591), and he had given Du Bartas a right royal welcome when he had visited his court as ambassador from France—as the Histories narrate—and he had encouraged Thomas Hudson to translate 'Judith.' So that one might almost assume that His Majesty took some notice of his humble 'Beadsman.' This we know, certainly, that the king's gifted eldest son, Prince Henry, was 'drawn' to Joshua Sylvester, and appointed him as a kind of Poet-Laureate, and had intended making him his Groom of the Privy Chamber. He had received graciously the poet's translation of the ΤΕΤΡΑΣΤΙΚΑ of Pibrac, and thus he was encouraged to 'offer' the young Prince 'Du Bartas, his Second Weeke,' in this manner:—

*'The gracious Welcome You Vouchsaft yer-while
To my grave PIBRAC (though but meanly clad)
Makes BARTAS (now, no Stranger in this Isle)
More bold to come (though suited even as bad)
To kiss your HIGHNES' Hand; and, with Your Smile,
To Crown His Haps, and our faint Hopes to glad
(Whose weary longings languish in our Stile:
For in our Wants, our very Songs be sad)
He brings for Present to so great a PRINCE,
A Princely GLASSE, made first for SALOMON:
The fitter therefore for your EXCELLENCE
As oft to look in, as you look upon.
Some Glasses flatter: other some deforme:
This, ay, presents You a true PRINCE'S Form.'*²

¹ Vol. I. pp. 5-7. Joseph Hunter (*Chorus Vaticanum*, as before, 24, 493) has copied all these sonnets, not observing that they were all already printed. I note these various readings: Sonnet, Mnemosyne, col. 1, l. 2 from bottom, has 'Thy sacred worth so much (o King) presume-wee-on.' *Ib.*, col. 2. Clio, l. 2 (from top), 'Though still two Kingdomes in thy Regal stile:' *ib.* Thalia, col. 2, l. 4, 'by thine' for 'at thine:' p. 6, col. 1, Melpomene, l. 3, 'Though through my rudenesse heere mis-tunde in parte Divinely warbled:' *ib.* Calliope, col. 1, l. 12, 'my Founder' for 'Author;' and closes:—

*'and make mee euer blesse your Princely Line,
Praising that God who thus our Light renewes.
Our Sunne is sett, and yet no Night ensues.'*

A Sermon by Sylvester's friend, Dr. William Loe, is bound up with the ms.—'The King's Sword,' on Romans xiii. 4.

² Vol. I. p. 93.

The Privy Books of the Prince's expenditure show that Sylvester received a 'pension,' and was a habitual visitor at Court,¹—as JOHN VICARS reminds us in his 'Elegy,'—but all his bright hopes and 'Pleasures of Imagination' suddenly paled on the death of Henry, —than which no death since Sidney's had so moved the heart of the nation as none evoked such splendid sorrow from England's foremost names—with one prodigious exception—in 'melodious teares.' This took place on November 5, 1612. I do not envy the man who can even at this late day read Sylvester's inconsolable laments for his patron, with untroubled eyes. I do not refer merely or mainly to his 'Lacrymæ Lacrymarum,' which partakes of the inevitable hardness of an official performance, but to the many scattered after-allusions that come suddenly in with a tenderness that is priceless,—testimony alike to Henry and the Poet. In the 'Lacrymæ Lacrymarum' he exclaims of the universal loss:—

*'More then most to Mee that had no Prop
But Henry's Hand, and but in Him, no Hope.'*²

It is thus subscribed in fine modesty, and even so entered in the Stationers' Register:—

*'By His (late) Highnes's
First Worst
and*

*Poet Pension^r. Joshua Sylvester.'*³

But it is in after-poems that the permanence and depth of the grief of the stricken Poet are revealed. Thus, in turning to Charles, Prince of Wales (afterwards Charles I.), in the dedication of 'The Maiden's Blush,' one line lies in the second sonnet like a great tear. We shall do well to read the whole of this extremely affecting appeal:—

*'Like sad Arion on his Dolphin's back,
Amid the Ocean of my Carefull Feares,*

¹ See Peter Cunningham's *Extracts from the Exp. of P. Henry* (1842), p. xvii.

² As before.

³ See p. xiii. of the *Mem.-Introd.*, No. 9.

*Nigh stript of all, Now stept in hoary haire :
 Sit I (poore Relique, of Your Brother's wrack.)
 My Harp-strings quaver, while my Heart-strings crack :
 My hand grows weary, and my health it wears ;
 To stir Compassion in some Powerfull eares,
 At last to land mee, and supply my lack.
 You, You alone (Great PRINCE) with Pitié's grace
 Have held my Chin above the Water's brinke :
 Hold still, alas ! hold stronger or I sinke.
 Or haile mee up into some safer place,
 Some, Privie-Groom, some Room within your Doores :
 That, as my Heart, my Harpe may all be Yours.'¹*

Again, in two Sonnets to the same Prince introductory to 'The Second Session of the Parliament,' the same 'burden' thrills us:—

*' Here (like LEANDER in the Hellespont)
 Tost in a Tempest in the darkest Night.
 Distract with fears, divorced from the sight
 Of my High Pharus which to guide mee wont :
 Spying Ebotes in your HIGHNESSE Front,
 For life I labour towards your hopefull Light
 (May never Care beclowd that Beam so bright,
 Come never Point of least Eclipse upon't) ;
 Yet, though (alas !) your gracious Rayes have show'n
 My wracked limbes a likely way to land :
 Unlesse (by Others' Help, or by your Own)
 The tender Pity of your Princely hand
 Quick hale mee out, I perish instantly,
 Hal'd in againe by Six that hang on Mee.*

*Six-times already, ready even to faint,
 With grievous Waight of guiltlesse Want oppress,
 BARTAS and I have bow'd and vow'd our best
 Before the Altar of our Sovereign Saint :
 And yet, the Eare that heareth every Plaint,
 The Heart that pities every poore Distrest :
 Alone (alas !) seems deafe to my Request ;
 And onely, is not mov'd with my Complaint.
 Yet must I needs (NEED still importunes so)
 Importune still, till some mild Soule relent :
 But (under Heav'n) no Help, no Hope, I know,
 Save You alone my Ruine to prevent :
 You onely may, Now onely, if at all :
 Past Help, past Hope, If Now You faile, I fall.
 Your Highnesse's
 most humbly-devoted
 and observant Servant,
 JOSUAH SYLVESTER.'²*

There are others of kin with these,³ but I leave the Reader to 'search' them out for himself. I must, however, add a hitherto unpublished holograph verse-address to

¹ Vol. II. p. 104.

² Vol. II. p. 139.

³ See Vol. II. p. 138, ll. 1623-52 : p. 229 : 282, ll. 1-20 : 322, Son. 9.

Charles when he was only in his fifth year (1605), which I have fortunately found in its hiding-place in the British Museum, in a copy of 'Tetrastika' (1605, 4to : Press-mark C. 28 g. 22 : pp. 669-715). It is as follows, and the penultimate and last line will arrest attention to-day:—

'TO THE SWEET AND HOPEFULL PRINCE
 CHARLES, DUKE OF YORK, ETC.'

*' Charles, though thy Brother, yo^r King-Fathers Heire,
 By double Right must all his Crownes inherit ;
 Yet in his Vertues hast Thou such a share,
 As to a Crowne shall mount Thee too, by Merit
 And that the rather, if Their Lessons rare
 Be right applied (to guide thy hopefull spirit)
 Poland or Rome shall, by their Choise, be Thine ;
 Or, by Thy Sword, the Seat of Constantine.*

Your Graces
 in all humblenes
 devoted
 JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

En passant, this presentation-copy of 'Tetrastika' has the additional interest of having on a fly-leaf several lines scribbled in (*meo judicio*) Charles's boyish hand-writing:—

'Si vis omnia Subjicere subjice te rationi.
 Sola Virtus Nobilitat.

The Cinike sought a man in Athens Streete,
 To that of Sunneshyne adding Candell light.
 But wonder not for it was stranger far
 Three wyser men sought Sunneshyne by a Star.'

The same urgent entreaties as we have accentuated occur in his manifold dedicatory and intercalated Sonnets. Let that to LADY HONORIA HAY stand as type of the rest:—

'TO
 THE RIGHT-RIGHT
 HONOURABLE

HONORIA,

Wife of JAMES Lord HAY, Sole Daughter
 and Heire of EDWARD Lord DENNY.

*Equally bound, in humble Gratitude,
 To two dear Equals (to You equall Dear) :
 Unable (yet) with Both at once to cleer,
 Unwilling yet, with Either to be rude ;*

*Faine would I crave to have my Bond renew'd,
For a more Happy, or more Hopefull Year,
When gracious Heav'n shall daign to set me freeer
From old cold Cares, which keep my Muse unmeto'd.
Would You be pleas'd (Madame) to interpose
Your gentle breath, I would not doubt to speed :
Such vertue hath Your Vertue still with Those.
Therefore in Hope of Your kinde Help (at need)
This simple Pledge I Offer at Your Feet ;
Altar of Love, Where both Their Vowes do meet.
Your Honourable Vertues
humble Votary
JOSUAH SYLVESTER.¹*

Nothing but the extremity of need could have so enforced and multiplied appeals of this sort. It saddens one to-day to realise how fruitless these dedicatory Sonnets and carefully ornamented royal and noble ms. copies must have been. Light is let in on all this by gallant HENRY PEACHAM in his 'Truth of our Times : Revealed out of one Man's Experience, by way of Essay,' 1638 (18mo) ; and as our Worthy is selected as an example, I glean *bits* from the quaint and loveable little book :—

'Let us looke a little backe to the Authors and Poets of late times, and consider how they have thrived by their workes and Dedications. The famous *Spencer* did neuer get any preferment in his life, save toward his latter end hee became a Clerk of the Councill in *Ireland* ; and dying in *England*, hee dyed but poore. When he lay sick, the Noble, and patterne of true Honour, *Robert*, Earle of *Essex*, sent him twenty pound, either to relieve or bury him. *Joshuah Silvester*, admired for his Translation of *Bartas*, dyed at Middleburgh, a Factor for our English Merchants, having had very little or no reward at all, either for his paines or Dedications : And honest *Mr. Michael Drayton* had about some five pound lying by him at his death, which was *Satis viatici ad caelum*' (pp. 37-39).

Again :—

'You may say, the Dedication will bee worth a great matter, either in present reward of money, or preferment by your Patrone's Letter, or other meanes. And for this purpose you prefixe a learned and as Panegyricall Epistle as you can, and bestow great cost of the binding of your booke, gilding and stringing of it in the best and finest manner : Let me tell

thee, whosoever thou art, if now adaies (such are these times) thou gettest but as much as will pay for the binding and strings, thou art well enough, the rest thou shalt have in promises of great matters ; perhaps you shall be willed to come another time, but one occasion or other will so fall out, that come neuer so often, you loose but your labour : your great Patrone is not stirring, he is abroad at Dinner, he is busie with such a Lord : and to be short, you and your labour are forgotten : some of his Pages in the meane time having made himselfe [owner] of your Booke' (pp. 33-4).

I have made the first quotation in full, *i.e.* including Spenser and Drayton, for two reasons ; (a.) Because the grouping of Sylvester along with them is declarative of the estimate of him even so late as 1638 ; and (b.) Because *per se* the statement about Spenser is biographically valuable, seeing that it is from one who knew 'the Poet of Poets,' for it will be remembered that EDMUND SPENSER furnished a laudatory sonnet for Peacham's 'Minerva'—though that book does not appear to have been published until 1612—and so must have been a personal friend. This authenticates the story.

The poverty and 'care' of Sylvester were aggravated by his being married. In his 'cry' to the King he proclaims that he was 'weighed down of six,' by which I assume he intended his wife and five children. Who his wife was, and when he was married, remains somewhat uncertain. But in the Parish-Register of St. Bartholomew the Less, Mr. J. Payne Collier found these entries :—

'1612. July 26. Ursula, daughter of Joshua Sylvester bap.

1614. No. 4 still-born son of Joshua Sylvester buried.'¹

Another entry will fall to be noted onward. That there was a purple light of romance in our Poet's wooing and wedding seems indubitable from his 'Astrea,' with its enig-

¹ In Hunter's *Chorus Vaticanum*, as before ; and in Collier's *Bibliographical Account*, *s.n.* There is no marriage-entry.

matic dedication,¹—all the more suggestive of a 'Taming of a Shrew' in a small way, by that enigmatic element,—as thus :—

'TO THE MOST

MATCHLESSE

Faire and Vertuous

M. M. H.

Tetrastichon.

*Thou, for whose sake my freedom I forsake ;
Who, murdring mee dost yet maintain my life :
Here, vnder PEACE, thy beautie's Type I make,
Faire, war-like Nymph, that keepst mee still in strife.'*

In the poem itself (st. 5), among other daintily-wrought descriptions of her beauty, is this :—

'Tis not (Sweet) thine yvorie neck
Makes me worship at thy beck ;
Nor that prettie double HILL
Of thy bosome panting still :
Though no fairest *Lada's* Swan
Nor no sleekest Marble can
Be so smooth or white in showe,
As thy Lillies, and thy Snowe.'²

In relation to the M. M. H. of the dedication (*ut supra*) I ask if the 'Hill' printed in capitals in this stanza does not suggest that these initials stood for M[rs.] M[ary] H[ill] ?—her maiden initials concealing that she was Mrs. Sylvester. I further ask if she were not sister to DR. ROBERT HILL, to whom and of whom Sylvester speaks goldenly in his 'Elegie' for his widow, also the widow of Dr. Saravia ?³ The poem of 'Astrea' and its two appended Sonnets I take to have been part of the 'wooing' and 'romance : ' the dedication and tetrastichon I fear were of the 'wedded life' and the disillusioned 'reality,' notwithstanding the abiding 'beauty.' Your 'Shrew' who needs 'Taming' is often enough 'a paragon of beauty.' It is pitiful to think of the harsh commonplace of the 'household cares' of our Worthy. I hope I do not wrong Mrs. Sylvester in suspecting that she was too much of a 'fine lady' for so necessarily humble a home and circumstances.

But after all, I willingly persuade myself that the cloud lifted or was illumined by a 'silver lining' ultimately. For he did receive the appointment of Secretary to the Company of Merchant-Adventurers. He is thus enrolled among the subscribers for Minshew's 'Guide to Tongues'—'Joshua Sylvester, Secretary to the English Company of Merchants at Middleburgh.' This book was not published until 1617, but the 'approbation' is dated 22d November 1610, and thus the subscription may have been given in any year between 1610 and 1617. Then, he had slowly but surely won his way to notice, had caught the public ear. Exclusive of the fragmentary or piecemeal issues of his *Du Bartas*, it is important to keep in mind that there were large collective editions in 1605, 1608, 1611, 1613, 1614, and probably others. His *Du Bartas* won for him the 'laud' of Ben Jonson, Drayton, Davies of Hereford, and others of note. His name was sought for as likely to advance the sale of a book—as witness his Sonnet to 'MASTER CLEMENT EDMONDS,' in his 'Observations vpon Cæsars Commentaries' (1609), and to JOHN VICARS 'November the 5, 1605 : The Quintessence of Cruelty,' etc. (1605 : 1641), and Blaxton's 'Usurer' (1634).¹ Further—There are glimpses of him—confirmed by Ashmole and Plot's notices—as tutor in the family of the Essexes of Lambourn, and charming attestations of kindly relations with that eminent 'household,'—as witness his vivid celebration of the 'dogs' there, and intimation that there he had worked upon his *Du Bartas* :—

*'So have I seen on LAMBORN'S pleasant Downes
When yelping Begles or some deeper Hounds
Have start a Hare, how milk-white Minks and Lun
(Gray-bitches both, the best that ever run)
Held in one leash, have leapt, and strain'd, and whin'd
To be restrain'd, till (to their Master's minde)
They might be slipt, to purpose ; that (for sport)
Watt might have law neither too-long nor short.'*

¹ Vol. II. p. 48. ² Vol. II. p. 49. ³ Vol. II. p. 292.

¹ See Appendix C, to this Memoir, for these occasional pieces.

' And little LAMBE'S-BOURN, though thou match not
Lers,
Nor had'st the Honour of DUBARTAS' Verse ;
If mine have any, Thou must needs partake
Both for thine Owne, and for thine Owner's sake ;
Whose kind Excesses Thee so neerly touch,
That Yeerely for them thou doost weepe so much,
All Summer-long (while all thy Sisters shrinke)
That of thy teares a million daily drinke ;
Besides thy waste, which then in haste doth run
To wash the feet of CHAUCER'S Donnington :
But (while the rest are full unto the top)
All Winter-long, Thou never show'st a drop,
Nor send'st a doit of need-less Subsidie,
To Cramm the Kennet's Want-less Treasurie,
Before her Store be spent, and springs be staid :
Then, then alone Thou lend'st a liberall Aid ;
Teaching thy wealthy Neighbours (Mine of late)
How, When, and Where to right-participate
Their streams of Comfort, to the poore that pine,
And not to greas still the too-greasy Swine :
Neither for fame, nor forme (when others doo)
To give a Morsel, or a mite or two ;
But severally, and of a selfy motion,
When others miss, to give the most devotion.'¹

'Urania' is dedicated to the Essexes.² Yet again—It must have been extremely gratifying to our Poet to know that Orlando Gibbons in his 'Cantvs: The First Set of Madrigals and Mottets of 5 Parts: apt for Viols and Voyces' (1612), took the words for four of these 'Madrigals' from his poem of 'a Contented Minde.'³ The music is very fine, and the whole has recently been splendidly reproduced under the editorship of the late DR. RIMBAULT.

Probably SYLVESTER proceeded permanently to MIDDLEBURGH shortly after the death of Prince Henry, in 1612-13. The 'Company' of which he became Secretary was a powerful one. It was of great antiquity. The original charter was granted by Henry IV., and bears date 5th Feb. 1406-7. King Henry VII., in the year 1505, confirmed by charter 'to the merchants trading in

woolen clothes of all kinds to the Netherlands, their former privileges.' In this new charter of confirmation they were now first properly styled 'The fellowship of merchant adventurers of England.' The 'Company' holds a prominent place in the history of English Commerce.¹

Our Worthy did not fill his 'post' of Secretary very long; for he died 28th September 1618, at Middleburgh. He had touchingly deprecated this death in exile in a vivid interpolation into the 'Colonies,' which may fitly be read at this point:—

' But shall I still be Boreas' Tennis-ball?
Shall I be still stern Neptune's toss'd Thrall?
Shall I no more behold thy native smock,
Dear Ithaca? Alas! my Bark is broak,
And leaks so fast, that I can row no more:
Help, help (my Mates) make haste unto the shore.
O! we are lost; unlesse some friendly banks
Quickly receive our Tempest-beaten planks.
Ah, courteous ENGLAND, thy kinde arms I see
Wide-stretched out to save and welcome me.
Thou (tender Mother) wilt not suffer Age
To snow my locks in Forrein Pilgrimage;
That fell Brasile my breath-lesse Corps should shroud,
Or golden Peru of my praise be proud,
Or rich Cathay to glory in my Verse:
Thou gav'st me Cradle; thou wilt give me Herse.'²

Even the stern *ultra*-Puritan JOHN VICARS melts into tenderness, and almost into poetry, as he 'laments' his death, and portrays his 'character.' We may be none the worse of pausing over this 'Elegie':—

' In Verse to personate what Art hath painted,
Craves not Apelles, but Apollo's skill;
The veine and straine of Maro's learned Quill,
Or some, with sweet Vrania best-acquainted.
Yet, sith ev'n all, whose brows are deckt with bayes,
Seem to neglect Thee; Pan hath ta'n the paines
(With Oaten-pipe, in homely rustick Strains)
To sound, not Arts, but Hearts plain warbled layes.
Is't not a Wonder, worthy admiration,
In this so Sin-full, Sin-foule Age, to see

¹ Vol. I. p. 201, ll. 384-91, and Vol. I. p. 43, l. 380-403.

² See Vol. II. p. 2. Griffin dedicates his *Fidessa* to Sir Wm. Essex. See my edn. of *Fidessa* in Occasional Issues. On the Essexes, see Collins' Baronet, 1720, l. 404. Fuller's *Worthies*, s.n. Clarendon: Aubrey: and Harleian ms. 1532, f. 176.

³ Vol. II. p. 340. See II. Critical, for more on this.

¹ Cf. Anderson's *Origin of Commerce*, 4 Vols. 4to, 1787: Fox-Bourne's 'English Merchants,' 'Memoirs in illustration of the Progress of British Commerce,' 'English Seamen under the Tudors,' and 'Romance of Trade;' also *Notes and Queries*, 2d series, vol. x. p. 439, and p. 515 (Mrs. Green).

² Vol. I. p. 152, ll. 750-65.

All reall *Vertues* in one Man to be?
All, met in one, to have cohabitation?

Thou wast no Lordly great *Cosmopolite*;
Yet, much renownèd by thy vertuous *Fame* :
A *Saint* on Earth (No need of greater Name.)
A true *Nathanael*, *Christian-Israelite*.

Thy *Wisdomè*, in thy *Sparing-Speech* was shown.
'Tis strange his *Words* should drop, whose *works* did
stream :

Yet *words & works* shone, *all*, with *grace's* beam :
Thy *Piety*, *sobriety*, well known.

Religious, *valiant*, like good *Yosua*.
Religious, in Thy *Selfe* and *Familie* :
Courageous, to withstand *Adversitie*
And worldly *Cares* ; which most men, most dismay.

No *Temporiser* ; yet, the *Court* frequenting :
Scorning to *sooth*, or *smooth* this Age's crimes :
At *War* with *Vice*, in all thy holy *Rymes* :
Thine *Israel's-Sins* (with *Jeremie*) lamenting.

No *Crazus*-rich, nor yet an *Irus*-poore :
The *Golden-Mean*, was thy *Chiefe* Love's delight.
Thy *Portion* pleas'd thee well ; and well it might :
Then *Piety*, what *Riches* better ? more ?

Adornèd with the *Gift* of *God's* good *Spirit* :
I mean the *Gift* of *Tongues* ; French, Spanish, Dutch,
Italian, Latin. As thy *Selfe*, few such :
But, for thy *Native-English*, of most *Merit*.

Wherein, like former fluent *Cicero*
(With *Figures*, *Tropes* ; *Words*, *Phrases*, sweetly rare)
Of *Eloquence* thou mad'st so little spare,
That *Nile* (in *Thee*) may seem to overflow.

Witnesse *Du Bartas* (that rare *Master-peece*
Of *Poetry*) to past and future *Times* :
By whose mellifuous, sugred, sacred *Rimes*,
Thou gost more fame, then *Yason* by his *Fleccc*.

Of which thy *Work* (I justly may averre)
The radiant *Sun-shine* is so fair, so trim,
As other *Poets* *Moon-light* much doth dim ;
Admirèd *Silver-Tongued Sylvester*.

Yea, All thy full-ear'd *Harvest-Swathes* are such,
As (almost) all thy *Brethrens* high-topt *Sheaves*
Bend, bow to thine, like *Autumn-scattered leaves*,
So while thy *Wheat* is, and the *Weight* so much.

Nor wrong I them, by this harsh appellation.
Their pleasing *Veine* was oft too vaine : but, Thine,
Still-pleasant-grave : Here, *Morall* ; There, *Divine*.
Right *Poet Laureat* *Thou* wert of our Nation.

This then, say I (maugre the *Spleen* infernall
Of *Elvish-Envie*) shall promote thy *Prayse*,
And trim thy *Temples* with ne'er-fading *Bayes*.
Such heav'nly *Off-springs* needs must live eternall.

What should I say ? much more then I can say.
A *Man* thou wert ; and yet, then man much more.

Thy *Soule* resembled, right, an *House of Store* ;
Wherein all *Vertues*, in *Thee*, *treasur'd* lay.

A *blessèd Death* a *holy Life* ensues,
Thy pious *End* this *Truth* hath well exprest :
Such as thy *Life*, such was thy *Death* ; all-blest :
Thy *Heav'n-born Soule*, her *Native-home* did chuse.

And hadst thou dy'd at *Home* it had been better ;
It would (at least) have given thee much *Content* :
But, herein, *England's* worthy to be shent,
Which to thy *Worth* did prove so bad a *Debter*.

Nor minde I this, but then I blush for shame
To think, that though a *Cradle*, *Thee*, it gave,
Yet (O unkinde) deny'd thy *Corps* a *Grave* ;
Much more a *Statue*, reared to thy *Name*.

But, *Thou* wert wise ; who to thy *Selfe* built'st *One*
(Such, such an *One*) as is of endless *Date* :
A reall, royall-one ; which (spite of *Hate*)
To *Time's* last time shall make thy *Glory* known.

Now, though thy *step-Dame* *Country* cast thee off ;
(*Ah ! too ungratefull, most unkinde, to Thee.*)
Yet here accept a *Mile of Love* from *Mee*,
(*Thy meanest Brother*) *This Mean Epitaph* :'

HIS EPITAPH.

Here lyes (*Death's* too-rich *Prize*) the *Corps* enterr'd
Of *JOSHUA SYLVESTER*, *DU BARTAS* Peer ;
A *Man of Arts* best *Parts*, to *God*, *Man*, deare
In formost *Rank* of *Poets* best, preferr'd.

JOHN VICARS.'¹

He left a widow and a number of children. On August 31st, 1625, Bonaventura, daughter of Mary Silvester, widow, is entered in the Register of St. Bartholomew the Less as buried. One son—named Henry—then in the Charter House (like young ANDREW MARVELL), fell into the snares of the Jesuits. This crops up in Gee's 'Foot out of the Snare' (1624 edn. 4to).—'Some of the Priests' agents dealt in the same sort with a very pretty modern youth, one Henry Sylvester (son to the no less worthy than famous poet Joshua Sylvester, the translator of Du Bartas), who being a scholar at Sutton Hospital near London, was drawn to such places as the priests often frequent, and there had books bestowed on him. They inveigled and wrought so far with him, he

¹ Vol. i. pp. 10-11.

consented to be sent beyond the seas, and away they [had] packed him, but that their plot was in time discovered.'

The Will of—it is believed—a son of JOSHUA SYLVESTER named Peter, seems to warrant us in assuming that he and his brothers were more prosperous in the world than their father. As this Will has never before been printed, and furnishes various family-names and details, I gladly give it a place here :—

'In the name of God Amen This six and Twentieth Day of Januarie In the yeare of our Lord Christ One Thousand Six hundred fiftie and Seaven I Peter Silvester of London Marchant now inhabiting in the Parish of Saint James Dukes place London being at this present sick in Bodie but of good and perfect minde and memorie thanks be therefore giuen to Almighty God Doe hereby revoake all former Wills by mee heretofore made, and Doe make and declare this my last Will and Testament in manner and forme following (that is to say) I commit my soule into the hands of Almighty God that gaue it And my Bodie to the Earth from whence it was taken to be buried att the discretion of my Executor hereafter named And for such Worldy Estate as it hath pleased God to bestowe vpon mee in this World I doe dispose of the same as followeth (that is to say) first I will and appoynte that all such Debts as I shall owe att the time of my decease be withall Convenient speed truely paid and satisfied And whereas my deare Mother Mary Silvester of London Widdowe did oblige her selfe by promise to giue unto mee the sume of one Thousand pounds of lawfull monie of England ffor which said Summe of one Thousand pounds my said Mother att my request hath this day become bound by obligation of the penaltie of Two Thousand pounds unto Thomas Middleton of Stratford Bowe in the Countie of Middlesex, Esq. Conditioned for the payment of the said one thousand pounds within Six yeares after the date of the said bond unto mee or to Mary my now wife or to the Survivour of us or to the Executors Administrators or assignes of such Survivour and alsoe to pay Threescore pounds more yearely in such manner and forme as therein is expressed vntill the said One Thousand pounds shall be paid as by the same obligation and Condition may appeare Now I doe hereby giue limitt and appointe the said bond or obligation and all Summe and Summes of monie benefitt and advantage to be thereupon due or payable or to be had

receiued or gotten vnto my said deare and louing wife Mary. Item I doe further giue and bequeath vnto my said loüing Wife Mary my best Bedd Bedstead rugg Blancketts Boulsters pillows Curtaines and Vallance of purple Coulor Chaires Stooles hangings and all other the goods implem^{ts} and furniture now vsed for the compleate furnishing of the Roome wherein I now lie Item I give and bequeath vnto my onlie Daughter Mary the Summe of Six hundred pounds of lawfull monie of England which said Summe of Six hundred pound I doe will and appoynte to be paid vnto my said Daughter when she shall attaine vnto her full age of one and Twenty yeares or day of her marriage which shall first happen And I doe further will and appoynte That interest for the same six hundred pounds after the rate of fife poundes by the hundred for every one hundred pounds thereof soe soone as the same can be raised out of my Estate shall be from time to time thence forth during the minoritie of my said Daughter be payd and allowed vnto my said Wife if she be liueing or in Case she die before my said Daughter Then to such person or persons as shall be Guardian vnto my said Daughter halfe yearely by equall payments for and towards the maintenance and education of my said Daughter and if in case my said Daughter shall happen to die before she shall attaine to her age of one and Twentie yeares or day of marriage first hapning Then I doe will and dispose of the said Summe of Six hundred pounds in manner following That is to say I doe giue Two hundred pounds thereof vnto my said Deare and Louing Wife One hundred pounds more thereof vnto my brother Nathaniell Silvester One hundred pounds more thereof to my brother Joshua Silvester One hundred and fiftie pounds more thereof to my brother Giles Silvester And fiftie pounds more thereof to my Sister Cartwright And I doe expresly will order and appoynte that my Executor hereafter named shall with all Convenient speed next after my decease pay the said Summe of Six hundred pounds before by me bequeathed vnto my said Daughter vnto my loving Brother Constante Silvester marchant now Resident in the Barbadoes Soe as he the said Constant Silvester vpon his receipte of the same doe become bound vnto my Executor hereafter named by obligation of a reasonable penaltie be Conditioned for the true payment of the said Summe of Six hundred pounds and the interest before mentioned of and for the same in such manner and forme as is herein before expressed and according to the true intent and meaning of this my will and to free discharge and saue harmlesse my said Executor his Executors and Administrators of from and against all persons

for or Concerning the same and of and from all Suites dammages and expences that shall or may happen or arise by reason or meanes thereof in anie manner of wise Item I giue and bequeath vnto each and everie of my owne Brothers and brother in Lawes forty shillings a peece to make each of them a ring to weare in remembrance of mee. Item I giue and bequeath vnto my Vncle Jeffrie Silvester the Summe of Twentie and five pounds of lawfull monie of England. Item I giue to my Cozine Joseph Gascoigne the Summe of ffifteene pounds of like monie Item I giue vnto my Aunt Gascoigne the Summe of fue pounds of like monie Item I giue vnto her Daughter Anne Gascoigne the Summe of ffue pounds of like monie Item I giue vnto my Louing ffreinde Richard Duke Scrivener ffortie shillings to make him a Ring Item I giue vnto the poore of the said parish of Saint James Dukes place the Summe of fue pounds to be paid vnto the Churchwardens and Overseers of and for the poore of the same parish The rest and residue of all and singular my goods Chattells monie and Estate whatsoever (my debts and Legacies being paid and funerall Charges deducted) I giue and bequeath vnto my said Louing ffreind Thomas Middleton Esq. And I doe hereby make ordaine and appoynte the said Thomas Middleton full and sole Executor of this my last Will and Testament And I doe nominate ordaine and appoynte my Louing Vncle Nathaniell Arnold Overseer of this my last Will and Testament desiring him to be aiding and assisting vnto my said Executor in the due performance and execution thereof And I doe giue vnto him the said Nathaniell Arnold for his paines and Care to be taken therein the Summe of ffiftie pounds of lawfull English monie In Witnes whereof to each Sheete or leafe of this my last Will and Testament being with this fflower in number all written only on one side and being all fixed att the vpper end with a Labell of parchment I haue subscribed my name and to the same Labell and to the Last Sheete thereof I haue sett to my Seale in redd wax Dated the Day and yeare First aboue written : Peter Silvester.

'Bee it remembered That the Words (marchant now Resident in the Barbadoes wer interlined, and the other words thereunto next following att the ende of the second sheete were Strooke out, And alsoe the words and name (vncle Nathaniell Arnold) in the Two and twentieth Line of the Third Sheete were raised out (and freind Thomas Middleton Esquire) interlined over the same, and alsoe the words and

name (my said Vncle Nathaniell Arnold) was raised out of the Three and Twentieth Line of the said Third Sheet, and the words name (the said Thomas Middleton) were interlined over the same and the Testator did declare the same was soe done by his direction and that he did after the same raising and interlining Seale publish and deliver this for his last Will and Testament in the presence of Edw. Warren, Hum : Richardson, Richard Duke. Scr.

'This Will was proved att London the Eleaventh Day of februarie In the yeare of our Lord God One Thousand Six hundred ffiftie and Seaven before the Judges for probate of Wills and granting Administrations lawfully authorized by the oath of Thomas Middleton Esquire the sole and only Executor named in the aboue written Will To whome Administration of all and singular the goods Chattells and Debts of the said Deceased was granted and Committed he being first Legally sworne truly and faythfullie to administer the same.

Prerog. Court of Cantv.
Somerset House.

95 Wotton.'

JOSEPH HUNTER, in his *Chorus Vatum*, has brought together a singular collection of documents and correspondence relative to lineal descendants of our Worthy in Barbadoes (West Indies), and in New England, United States of America. One letter (dated October 7th, 1858) from a Nicoll H. Dering, Esq., of Utica (U. S. A.), gives a most interesting account of a visit to 'the old Brinley Sylvester House,' with the old monuments of the Sylvesters and Derings. The combination of Brinley and Sylvester originated in the marriage of Grisell, daughter of Thomas Brinley, Auditor of Charles I. and II., to a Nathanael Sylvester. Thus the name of our Translator is perpetuated across the Atlantic. It is also still *quick* in England, though I know not if of his blood. And so with much more fulness than hitherto—for hitherto hardly anything has been known or written of him—I have told the life-story of JOSHUA SYLVESTER. I ask the student-Reader now to turn with me to his Works in

II.—CRITICAL.

IDEAL circumstance is the Paradise of Fools. And yet the case of JOSHUA SYLVESTER—as also sorrowfully too many others—gives poignancy to our heart-ache, that outward circumstances were not more propitious to the nurture and expression of the poetic faculty that indisputably was possessed by him. I am told that your bird-fanciers put out with hot wire the eyes of their captured and captive singing-birds (nightingale, lark, thrush), in order that they may continue to sing at late night-hours, and amid the glare and clamour of drinking saloon, or other place of congregation. But our Poet had his eyes—full-opened and penetrative—and it was hard to ‘sing’ with his mean and care-full surroundings, and ever-ness of entanglement in sordid needs. We have the testimony of JOHN VICARS (‘Sacrum Memoriae’ Elegy) that he bore himself bravely and unrepiningly in his well-nigh life-long miserable fight for bare existence and subsistence:—

‘A Saint on Earth (No need of greater Name).
A true Nathanael, Christian-Israelite.’

‘Religious, in Thy Selfe and Familie :
Courageous, to withstand Adversitie
And worldly cares ; which most men, most dismay.’¹

ANTHONY-A-WOOD forgets his spleen against the Puritans, and transmutes the verse-praise of Vicars for once into tender and sympathetic eulogy. Still, there are again and again recurring in his Poetry—often in most unlooked-for places—revelations of how deeply the iron of poverty had driven into his soul. The marvel to me is how, from within such a framework of antagonistic circumstance, he was able to hold his own and to continue ‘singing’ as he did to the close. I—for one—am satisfied that if only his uncle, WILLIAM PLUMBE, had

created for JOSHUA SYLVESTER some post of leisureliness, our England had received in him a Maker worthy to mate with (at least) the second rank of the great Elizabethans (the highest necessarily excluded, and the Dramatists). It will be remembered that our Worthy has himself lamented that he was in a manner enforced to be a Translator rather than a ‘native Poet.’ He was conscious of an *afflatus* that might and ought to utter itself in poetry of his own. Perhaps the Reader will return upon the pathetic pleading.¹ And there is more. Young ABRAHAM COWLEY might have caught inspiration for his ‘What shall I do to be for ever known?’ from the opening of ‘Urania or the Heavenly Muse,’ which, if it be based on Du Bartas, also interprets the yearning of the paraphrast, as witness:—

‘Scarce had the *Aprill* of mine Age begun,
When brave desire ‘immortalize my Name,
Did make mee (oft) Rest and Repast to shun,
In curious project of some learned *Frame*.

But, as a Pilgrim, that full late doth light
Upon a crosse-way, stops in sudden doubt ;
And, ‘mid the sundry Lanes to finde the right,
More with his Wit than with his Feet doth scout :

Among the many flowry paths that lead
Up to the Mount, where (with green Bayes) *Apollo*
Crowns happy Numbers with immortal meed,
I stood confus’d, and doubtfull which to follow.

One while I sought, the *Greekish-Scene* to dress
In *French* disguise : in loftier stile anon
T’ imbrew our Stage, with Tyrants’ bloody Gests,
Of *Thebes*, *Mycena*, and proud *Ilion*.

Anon, I sacred to th’ *Aonian* Band
My Countrie’s Storie ; and, condemning much
The common error, rather took in hand
To make the *Mein French*, then the *Sein* be *Dutch*.

Anon, I meant with fawning Pen to praise
Th’ un-worthy Prince ; and so, with gold and glorie,
T’ enrich my Fortunes, and my Fate to raise,
Basely to make my *Muse* a Mercenarie.

Then (gladly) thought I, the Wag-Son to sing
Of wanton *Venus* ; and the bitter-sweet,

¹ Vol. I. p. 10, col. 1, st. 4, 6.

¹ I. Biographical, p. xi. col. 1.

That *Too-much Love* to the best Wits doth bring ;
Theam, for my Nature and mine age, too-meet.¹

Nor was this merely aspiration. His own actual achievements as a Poet—apart from his Translations—vindicate for JOSHUA SYLVESTER, if not a lofty, yet a distinct place among the sweet-singers of the 16th century. The *quantum* of his translations has obscured in popular knowledge—even among otherwise well-read men—his own work and workmanship as an original Poet. Hence, in the outset, I wish to accentuate these by demonstrating how actual and genuine were his own gifts and impulses. 'I haue carefully fetcht together,' says the Printer to the Reader,² 'all the dispersed Issue of that divine Wit ; as those which are well worthie to live (like Brethren) together under one faire roofe, that may both challenge time, and out-weare it. I durst not conceale the harmlesse fancies of his inoffensive youth, which himselve had devoted to Silence and Forgetfulness ; it is so much the more glory to that worthy Spirit, that hee who was so happy in those youthful strains (some whereof, lately come to hand, and not formerly extant, are in this Edition inserted) would yet turne and confine his pen to none but holy and religious Ditie.' It is among these 'harmelesse fancies' and 'youthful strains' that I find the insignia of his 'native' genius ; and I do not hesitate a moment, in my full knowledge of all he has written, to claim 'genius' for him—under inevitable limitations. These, from the fact that he had 'devoted' them to 'Silence and Forgetfulness,' have been mainly relegated to the 'Posthumi' as not having been published until after his death. I say mainly ; for 'The Wood-man's Bear'—as probably others (e.g. 'Astræa,' and the Sonnet first to be quoted), unembraced by the 'Posthumi'—was not (apparently) entered in the Stationers' Register until 1629. And now, it is a small

¹ Vol. II. p. 3, st. 1-7.

² Vol. I. p. 11.

thing to begin with, nevertheless as evidence that JOSHUA SYLVESTER was of the breed of SIR PHILIP SIDNEY and BARNABY BARNES, let this love-sonnet from DAVIDSON'S 'Poetical Rapsody' (1602) be read and re-read :¹—

SONNET I.

'Were I as base as is the lowly playne,
And you (my Loue) as high as heau'n aboue,
Yet should the thoughts of me your humble swaine,
Ascend to Heauen in honour of my Loue.
Were I as highe as Heau'n aboue the playne,
And you (my Loue) as humble and as low
As are the deepest bottoms of the Mayne,
Whereso'ere you were, with you my Loue should go.
Were you the Earth (deere Loue) and I the skies,
My loue should shine on you like to the Sun,
And looke vpon you with ten thousand Eyes,
Till heau'n wax't, and till the world were dun.
Whereso'ere I am, below, or els aboue you,
Whereso'ere you are, my hart shall truly loue you.'²

I. S.

¹ The initials 'I. S.' appended to these Sonnets were long since—in the well-known MS. that first gave the key to the anonymous and semi-anonymous contributors to the *Rhapsody*—assigned authoritatively to Joshua Sylvester, and their absence from the folio, earlier and later, is sufficiently explained by the fact that the *Rhapsody* was a separate property, and that even in 1641 Young could not have bought two pieces out of so considerable a book—any more than could the publisher of Cowley's folio add the youthful Poems (see Printer to the Reader, 4th ed., 1681). Mr. David M. Main in his notes on the first Sonnet thus corrects a mistake of Sir Egerton Brydges relative to these Sonnets.—'Sir Egerton Brydges, in his edition of the *Rhapsody* (1814-17), followed by Sir Harris Nicholas in his (1826), makes the misleading statement that the signature was withdrawn in the fourth edition of 1621. The explanation is not far to seek. In the first three editions this Sonnet and another, beginning "The Poets fayne that when the world beganne," each bearing the signature I. S., are separated by a couple of anonymous madrigals (one of them the well-known "My Love in her Attyre doth show her wit"), while in the fourth edition, in which the contents underwent an entire re-arrangement and classification, the two Sonnets are simply brought together, and the initials in question placed at the end of the second Sonnet, so as to serve for both.'—(A Treasury of English Sonnets, p. 275.) Here is the second sonnet :—

SONNET II.

'The Poets fayne that when the world beganne,
Both sexes in one body did remaine :
Till loue (offended with this double man)
Causd Vulcan to diuide him into twaine.
In this diuision, he the hart did seuer,
But cunningly he did indent the hart,
That if there were a reuniting euer,
Each part might know which was his counterpart.
See then (deere loue) th' Indenture of my hart,
And reade the Cou'nants writ with holy fire :
See (if your hart be not the counterpart,
Of my true harts indented chast desire.)
And, if it bee, so may it euer bee,
Twoo harts in one, twixt you my Loue and mee.' I. S.

² From J. P. Collier's 'Seven English Poetical Miscellanies,' vol. vii. (Davison's Poetical Rapsody, 1602.) I have corrected 'hight' (l. 5).

Beside this, I place a pair of (*meo iudicio*)
co-equal Sonnets:—

'Sweet mouth, that sendst a muskie-rosed breath;
Fountain of *Nectar*, and delightfull Balm;
Eyes cloudy-clear, smile-frowning, stormy-calm;
Whose every glance darts mee a living-death:
Brows, bending quaintly your round Ebene Arks:
Smile, that then *Venus* sooner *Mars* besots;
Locks more then golden, curl'd in curious knots,
Where, in close ambush, wanton *Cupid* lurks;
Grace Angel-like; fair fore-head, smooth, and high;
Pure white, that dimm'st the Lillies of the Vale;
Vermilion Rose, that mak'st *Aurora* pale,
Rare spirit, to rule this beautie's Emperie:
If in your force, Divine effects I view,
Ah, who can blame me, if I worship you?

Thou, whose sweet eloquence doth make me mute;
Whose sight doth blind me, & whose nimbleness
Of feet in dance, and fingers on the Lute,
In deep amazes makes mee motion-lesse:
Whose only presence from my selfe absents mee;
Whose pleasant humors makes mee passionate;
Whose sober moods my follies represent mee:
Whose grave-milde graces make mee emulate;
My heart, through whom my heart is none of mine:
My All, through whom, I nothing doe possesse,
Save thine *Idaa*, glorious and divine:
O thou my Peace-like War, and War-like PEACE,
So much the wounds that thou hast given mee please,
That 'tis my best ease never to have ease.¹

Of another strain, but declarative again of
that poetic 'faculty' I am urging as the
dower of Sylvester, take these other three
Sonnets:—

'They say that shadowes of deceased ghosts
Doe haunt the houses and the graves about,
Of such whose lives'-lamp went untimely out,
Delighting still in their forsaken hostes:

So, in the place where cruell love doth shoote
The fatall shaft that slue my love's delight,
I stalke and walke and wander day and night,
Even like a ghost with unperceived foote.

But those light ghosts are happier far then I,
For, at their pleasure, they can come and goe
Unto the place that hides their treasure, so,
And see the same with their fantastick eye.

Where I (alas) dare not approach the cruell
Proud Monument, that doth inclose my Jewell.'

'Thrice tesse these oaken ashes in the aire,
And thrice three times tie-up this true Love's knot;
Thrice sit thee downe in this enchanted chaire,
And murmure soft, shee will or shee will not.
Goe burn these poy's'ned weeds in that blew fire,
This Cipresse gath' red at a dead man's grave;
These Sciech-owles' feathers, and this pricking bryer,
That all thy thorny Cares an end may have.

¹ Vol. II. p. 30.

Then come you Fairies, dance with mee a round:
Dance in this circle, let my love be center,
Melodiously breath out a charming sound;
Melt her hard heart, that some remorse may enter:
In vain are all the charmes I can devise,
Shee hath an Art to breake them with her eyes.¹

Returning upon his 'lighter vein' here is
another dainty-wrought Sonnet:—

'Thou art not faire for all thy red and white,
For all those rosie temp'ratures in thee;
Thou art not sweet, though made of meer delight;
Nor faire, nor sweet, unlesse thou pity mee:
Thine eyes are black, and yet their glistring brightnesse
Can night illumine in her darkest denne:
Thy hands are bloody, yet compact of whitenesse,
Both black and bloody, if they murther men;
Thy brow whereon my fortune doth depend,
Fairer then snow, or the most lilly thing;
Thy tongue which saves at every sweet word's end,
That hard as marble, This a mortall sting.
I will not sooth thy follies: thou shalt prove,
That beauty is no beauty without love.²

More passionate still is this:—

'Looke crueller, you lovely eyes, yee kill mee
With pleasing poysoun of your sweet aspects:
Yet doe not so, for cruelty dejects
My mounting hopes, and with despaire doth fill-mee.

¹ Vol. II. p. 324, Sonnet 16; p. 325, Sonnet 20. It is only right that I should here state, with reference to these Sonnets, 'Thou art not faire,' etc., and 'Thrice tesse,' etc., that Sir Egerton Brydges in his *Excerpta Tudoriana* (l. 1874) assigns them to Dr. Thomas Campion, on the authority of an (anonymous) ms. in the British Museum. In respect of the former, it is to be explained by the occurrence of half-a-dozen lines of it, along with an additional stanza not in Sylvester, in Campion's and Rosseter's 'Book of Airs' (1601). In respect of the latter, it certainly is found in Campion's 'Two Books of Airs' (1613) with only slight verbal changes and difference of ordering of the lines, and absence of this couplet:—

'Dance in this circle, let my love be center
Melt her hard heart, that some remorse may enter.'

I can scarcely think that Sylvester would have manipulated 'Thou art not faire,' etc., as he has done, had not the earlier fragment (st. 1) been his own. Over 'Thrice tesse,' etc., there must lie a shadow of uncertainty; for it is just possible that Sylvester contributed it to Campion as he did the four to Orlando Gibbons' 'Madrigals.' I agree with Mr. Main in his 'Treasury' (p. 276), that 'The difficulty is to believe that two productions of so strongly-marked a physiognomy as "They say that shadowes," etc., and "Thrice tesse," etc., are not from one and the same pen.' It must also be remembered that no one has assigned the former ('They say,' etc.) to Campion; nor is it found in any of his numerous books. With regard to Sir Walter's Raleigh's 'Soule's Errand' inserted in Sylvester's 'Posthumi,' the explanation doubtless is that a copy from memory had been found in Sylvester's handwriting, and because of this was hastily assumed to be his own.

² Vol. II. p. 325, Sonnet 22.

Doe but a little vaile your beames divine,
Whose over-brightnesse dimmes my tender sight ;
Yet, vaile them not, for then eternall night
In ever darknesse drowns this soule of mine.

Alas, faire eyes, how will yee stint this strife?
Favour or frowne, love ever makes mee languish
In living deaths and in delightfull anguish,
How ere you looke, I looke to lose my life :
Ah looke no more (then) if you doe, ye spill mee,
Yes, looke (alas) unlesse yee looke yee kill mee.'¹

Other of his Sonnets in *Posthumi* and
dedicatory, will richly reward meditative
reading. I pass from them to other love-
inspired 'fancies;' and I must be no judge
at all if I am mistaken in affirming that,
interpenetrating all these and kindred, is a
presence of authentic inspiration combined
with a musical utterance that will compare
with anything contemporary on the same
plane. His friends DANIEL and DRAYTON
would smile graciously on 'A Maske Sonnet
to Queen Anne :'

' Hye wee,
Hye wee, Sisters, Fairies,
Dead our comfort, deep our Care-is
While wee misse our Mistresse' grace :
In the mirroure of whose Face,
Majesty and mildnesse meet
Stately shining, smiling sweet ;
In whose bosome
Aye repose-em
All the Honours of Diana ;
Say, who saw our Glorie-Anna ?
This way,
This way Grace did guide-her,
Could so rich a Jewell hide her ?
So unseene that none can say,
Whither Shee is gone this way.
Or doth envie make you mum ?
Or hath Wonder strook you dumb ?
Ió Sisters,
Here 's our mistresse.
Ió, Fairies have wee found her ?
Daunce wee rapt with joy and wonder.
After the Daunce.
Haile,
All haile ; O Queen of Graces,
Whose aspect, auspicious, chaces
All our cares and feares away,
Cleering all with cheerfull ray :
Whom, who-ever never saw,
Knowes not Vertue's Love nor Law ;

¹ Vol. II. p. 324, Sonnet 15.

Bountie's presence,
Beautie's pleasance ;
Modell and divine Idea,
Both of Pallas and Astrea.

Welcome,
Welcome Phœnix royall,
Wils and Wals her eccho loyall ;
In all Fairie is not found
A more happy piece of ground,
Then your presence maketh here,
Where, together with your Pheere,
All I wish-you
And your Issue,
With all joyes of grace internall,
Outward glory and eternall.'¹

Fit companion for the Masque-sonnet (so
called) is this quaint-fancied love-lilt :—

' Even as the timely sweet heat-temp'ring showers
Feed the faint Earth and fill it all with flowers green ;
Green, grain, and grasse, and plants, and fruits, and
flowers

Whereby the beauty of the world is seene :
Even so my tears temp'ring mine inward fire,
Doe feed my Love and foster my Desire.
And as a sudden and a stormy raine,
Makes *Flora's* children hang their painted heads,
And beateth downe the pride of *Ceres' plaine*,
Drowning the Pastures and the flow'ry Meades :
Even so my teares that overflow my fire
Drowne my Delight but not my Love's desire.
And as a little Water, cast upon
A Forge, doth force the flame to mount the more ;
Which being by the panting bellows blowne,
It glowes, and growes much hotter, then before :
Even so my teares cast on mine inward fire,
Blown by my sighs augment my high desire.
And as a Brooke that Meadowes undermines,
Doth make them seem more green, more fresh more
fair :

And as the deaw before bright *Phœbus* shines,
Gives the sweet Rose a more delightfull aire ;
Even so my teares wat'ring mine inward fire,
Adorn my love, and garnish my desire.
Thus, then, though weeping waste my life away
And drench my Soule in ever-flouds of care,
Yet by my teares I doe my faith display,
Whereby my merits (still) recorded are :
So that my teares refresh mine inward fire,
And yet my tears quench not my high desire.'²

I would ask now that 'Astræa,' which is a
transfiguration rather than translation of
Du-Bartas, be STUDIED after a first listening
to its 'dulcet music' and vivid imagery not
without soupçon of sarcasm. I reproduce

¹ Vol. II. p. 324, Sonnet 14.

² *Ibid.* p. 323, No. 13.

it here that it may be at once read undisturbed by turning back :—

'Sacred PEACE, if I approve thee,
If more then my life I love thee,
Tis not for thy beauteous eyes :
Though the brightest Lamp in skies
In his highest Summer-shine,
Seems a sparke compar'd with thine,
With thy paire of selfe-like-Sunnes,
Past all else-comparisons.

'Tis not (deare) the dewes Ambrosiall
Of those prettie lips so Rosiall,
Make me humble at thy feet :
Though the purest honey sweet
That the Muse's birds do bring,
To Mount *Hybla* every spring,
Nothing neere so pleasant is,
As thy lively loving kisse.

'Tis not (Beautie's Emperesse)
Th' Amber circlets of thy tresse,
Curled by the wanton windes,
That so fast my freedome bindes :
Though the precious glittering sand
Richly strow'd on *Tagus*' Strand,
Nor the graines *Pactolus* roll'd,
Never were so fine a gold.

'Tis not for the polsht rowes
Of those Rocks whence Prudence flowes,
That I still my sute pursue :
Though that in those Countries new
In the Orient lately found
(Which in precious Gemmes abound)
'Mong all balts of Avarice
Be no pearles of such a price.

Tis not (Sweet) thine yvorie neck
Makes me worship at thy beck ;
Nor that prettie double HILL
Of thy bosome panting still :
Though no fairest *Lada's* Swan
Nor no sleekest Marble can
Be so smooth or white in showe,
As thy Lillies, and thy Snowe.

'Tis not (O my Paradise)
Thy front (evener than the yce)
That my yeelding heart doth tye
With his milde-sweet Majestie :
Though the silver Moone be faine
Still by night to mount her waine,
Fearing to sustain disgrace,
If by day shee meet thy face.

'Tis not that soft Sattin limme,
With blew trayles enameld trimme,
Thy hand, handle of perfection,
Keeps my thoughts in thy subjection :
Though it have such curious cunning,
Gentle touch, and nimble running,

That on Lute to heare it warble,
Would move rocks, and ravish Marble.

'Tis not all the rest beside,
Which thy modest vaile doth hide
From mine eyes (ah too injurious !)
Makes mee of thy love so curious ;
Though *Diana* being bare,
Nor *Leucothoe* passing rare,
In the Crystall-flowing springs
Never bath'd so beauteous things.

What then (O divinest Dame)
Fires my Soule with burning flame,
If thine eyes be not the matches
Whence my kindling Taper catches?
And what *Nectar* from above
Feeds and feasts my joyes (my Love)
If they taste not of the dainties
Of thy sweet lips' sugred plenties?

What fell heat of covetize
In my feeble bosome fries ;
If my heart no reckoning hold
Of thy tresses' purest gold?
What inestimable treasure
Can procure me greater pleasure
Then those Orient Pearles I see
When thou daign'st to smile on me?

What? what fruit of life delights
My delicious appetites
If I over-passe the nests
Of those apples of thy breasts?
What fresh Buds of scarlet Rose
Are more fragrant sweet then those,
Then those Twins thy Straw-berry teats,
Curled-purled Cherrylets?

What (to finish) fairer limne,
Or what member yet more trimme,
Or what other rather Subject
Makes me make thee all mine object?
If it be not all the rest
By thy modest vaile suppress ;
(Rather) which an envious cloud
From my sight doth closely shroud.

Ah 'tis a thing more divine,
'Tis that peere-lesse Soule of thine,
Master-peece of Heav'n's best Art,
Made to maze each mortall heart.
'Tis thine all admired wit,
Thy sweet grace and gesture fit,
Thy milde pleasing courtesie
Makes thee triumph over mee.

But, for thy fair Soule's respect,
I love Twin-flames that reflect
From thy bright tra-lucent eyes :
And thy yellow locks likewise :
And those Orient-Pearly Rocks :
Which thy lightning smile un-locks :

And the *Nectar*-passing blisses
Of thy honey-sweeter kisses.

I love thy fresh rosie cheek,
Blushing most *Aurora*-like :
And the white-exceeding skin
Of thy neck and dimpled chin,
And those Ivorie-marble mounts :
Either, neither, both at once :
For, I dare not touch to know
If they be of flesh or no.

I love thy pure Lilly hand
Soft and smooth, and slender : and
Those five nimble brethren small
Arm'd with Pearl-shell helmets all.
I love also all the rest
By thy modest vaile suppress ;
(Rather) which an envious cloud
From my longing sight doth shroud.¹

In another direction, and as marked by perfect artistic workmanship and thorough command of resource, is 'The Woodman's Bear.' Independent of its autobiographical interest, I must regard this poem as infinitely superior to much contemporary love-verse that has received traditionary recognition, e.g. the meagre inanities of THOMAS WATSON. Will the reader give half-an-hour to it? (Vol. II. pp. 307-313.) In still another direction, and placing him—though their considerable precursor—alongside of GEORGE HERBERT, HENRY VAUGHAN the Silurist, and Dr. HENRY MORE, are his Religious Poems. I will limit myself to six of these :²—

¹ Vol. II. pp. 49-50.

² *Ibid.* p. 340, 'A Contented Minde' : p. 340/1, 'Fruits of a cleer Conscience' : p. 344, 'The Induction,' and I. Wish, and p. 346, Nos. IV. and V., 'Wish or Meditation.' It must be recorded here that as mentioned in I. Biographical (p. xxi. col. 1) Orlando Gibbons set 'A Contented Minde' to his charming and genuine English music. Probably Sylvester's consent was sought ; for a preliminary stanza not in the poem itself forms No. 1., thus :—

'O that the learned Poets of this time,
Who in a Loue-sicke line so well can speake,
Would not consume good wit, in hateful rime
But, with deep care some better subiect finde.
For if their Musicke please in earthly things,
How would it sound if strung with heavenly strings !'

See Rimbault's *Bibliotheca Madrigaliana* : Introduction, p. xi. (1847). 'It has been asserted,' says Dr. Rimbault, 'that the poetry of this collection was written by Sir Christopher Hatton, the nephew of the Lord Chancellor of England. This, however, could not have been the case, as Nos. 1, 3, 4, and 5 are certainly the productions of Joshua Sylvester, and No. 15 is part of a longer poem by Dr. Donne. The passage then in the dedication

A contented Minde.

I waigh not Fortune's frowne or smile,
I joy not much in earthly Joyes,
I seeke not state, I reake not stile,
I am not fond of fancie's Toyes :
I rest so pleas'd with what I have,
I wish no more, no more I crave.
I quake not at the Thunder's crack,
I tremble not at noise of warre,
I swound not at the newes of wrack,
I shrink not at a Blazing-Starre ;
I fear not losse, I hope not gaine,
I envie none, I none disdaine.
I see Ambition never pleas'd,
I see some *Tantals* starv'd in store,
I see gold's dropsie seldome eas'd,
I see even *Midas* gape for more ;
I neither want, nor yet abound,
Enough 's a Feast, content is crown'd.
I faine not friendship where I hate,
I fawne not on the great (in show),
I prize, I praise, a meane estate,
Neither too lofty nor too low :
This, this is all my choice, my cheere,
A minde content, a conscience cleere.

Vol. II. p. 340.

The Fruits of a cleer Conscience.

To shine in silke, and glister all in gold,
To flow in wealth, and feed on dainty fare,
To have thy houses stately to behold,
Thy Prince's favour, and the people's care :
The groaning, Gout, the Collick or the Stone,
Will marre thy mirth, and turne it all to moane,
But, be it, that thy body subject be
To no such sicknesse, or the like annoy :
Yet, if thy Conscience be not firme and free,
Riches are Trash, and Honours but a Toy.
This peace of Conscience is the perfect joy,
Wherewith God's Children in the world be blest ;
Wanting the which, as good want all the rest.
The want thereof made *Adam* hide his head ;
The want of this made *Cain* to waile and weep :
This want (alas) makes many goe to bed,
When they (God wot) have little list to sleep.
Strive, O then strive to entertaine and keepe
So rich a Jewell, and so rare a Guest,
Which being had, a rush for all the rest.'

Vol. II. p. 340-1.

to Sir Christopher Hatton,—“the language they speak you provided them,” merely intimates that Sir Christopher *selected* the poetry.' I question if Dr. Rimbault be not himself mistaken, as the context runs :—'They were most of them composed in your own house, and doe therefore properly belong unto you, as Lord of the Soile ; the language they speake you provided them. I onely furnished them with Tongues to utter the same.' It is a courtly way of saying that Sir Christopher had inspired the music, and has no reference at all to the words.

The Induction.

*What should I wish for on the Earth ?
Goodness is grown to such a dearth ;
While want of Grace doth make abuse
Of that which might be for good Use ;
That who observes what most men wish,
Shall finde how fond and vaine it is.*

*Some wish for Wealth, to pamper Pride :
The Med'cin's good, but ill appli'd.
Some wish for Honour, in high thought ;
Honour is good, Ambition nought.
Some wish for Health, to live at ease ;
Health may be good, Ease breeds Disease.
Some wish for Power, to wrong at will ;
Power oft is good, Oppression ill.
Some wish for Youth, to nourish Folly ;
Youth may be good, the Wish unholy.
Some wish for Love, to answer Lust ;
Love may be good, the Wish unjust.
Some wish for Strength, to crush and kill ;
Strength may be good, but Murther ill.*

*Thus still th' Abuse which Will brings forth
Doth make the Wishes nothing worth.
Yet since that Wishes may be good,
When Worth is truly understood,
Let mee set downe my Heart's desire,
And what hath set my soule on fire.*

*It is not Earth, nor earthly Treasure,
Nor worldly Honour, fleshly Pleasure,
Nor Power, nor Place, nor Youth, nor Strength,
Nor drawing out this Life at length,
Nor idle pleasing Nature's Eye
With fond Affection's Vanity.
Not one of these comes near the White
Of my Heart's Wish and Soule's Delight,
The Course of my true Care's content
Extends above the Firmament.
The levell of my Soule's chiefe Love
Is onely in the Heav'ns above ;
Where I shall see my Saviour sweet,
And how his Saints and Angels meet
With such an Harmony of Voyces,
As shewes how every Soule rejoyses
In the beholding his sweet Face,
That is the glory of all Grace.
This, this, my Wish shall onely be,
To live where I may ever see
My Saviour sweet, and in his sight
Have all my Heart's and Soule's Delight.*

*Daigne then (my God) this Boone to give
Whiles here upon this Earth I live,
That neither Wealth, nor Poverty,
Nor Comfort, nor Calamity,
Nor Health, nor Sicknesse, Ease, nor Paine,
Nor Hope, nor Feare, nor Losse, nor Gain,
May ever take such hold on mee,
But still my Joy in CHRIST may be.*

Vol. II. p. 344.

I. Wish or Meditation.

Oh ! had I of his Love but part,
That chosen was by God's owne heart,
That Princely Prophet, *David*, hee,
Whom in the Word of Truth I see
The King of Heav'n so dearly lov'd,
As mercy beyond measure prov'd :
Then should I neither *Gyant* feare,
Nor *Lion*, that my soule would teare ;
Nor the *Philistims*, nor such Fiends,
As never were true Christians' Friends :
No *Passions* should my spirit vex,
Nor *Sorrow* so my minde perplex,
But I should still all glory give
Unto my God by whom I live.
Then *Health* nor *Sicknesse*, *Griefe* nor *Ease*,
Should so my minde disease or please ;
But *Want*, or *Woe*, what-ere I prove,
The Lord of Life should be my Love.
To him I should my minde impart,
And to him onely give my heart,
And to his mercy onely pray,
To put my secret sinnes away :
To heale my sinfull wounded Soule,
And put my Name in Mercie's Roll :
In all my *Cares* and *Crosses* still
To comfort mee with his good Will :
And when I cry and roar in Griefe,
In deepe despaire of Hope's Reliefe,
My Faith should-yet in Mercy find
The Comfort of a constant Minde ;
And I should ever joy to see
How Mercie's Eye did looke on mee ;
Then should my Heart tune every string,
That to his glory I might sing
A *Song* of ever-lasting Praise,
To end in never-ending daies.
Then should I *play*, and *sing*, and *dance*,
And to the Heav'ns mine Eyes advance,
With joy to see in Triumph so
The *Arke* of God in Glory goe :
And whatsoever I possesse
In *Power* or *Honour*, more or lesse,
Nor Earth nor Heaven should mee move,
But still my Lord should be my love.
If I were *sicke*, Hee were my *Health* ;
If I were *poore*, Hee were my *Wealth* ;
If I were *weake*, Hee were my *Strength* ;
If *dead*, Hee were my *Life* at length ;
If *scorn'd*, Hee onely were my *Grace* ;
If *banisht*, Hee my *Resting place* ;
If *wrong'd*, Hee onely were my *Right* ;
If *sad*, Hee were my Soule's *Delight* ;
In Summe, and all, All-onely Hee
Should be All, above All, to mee.
His *Hand* shall wipe away my *Tears*,
His *Favour* free mee from all *Fears*,
His *Mercy* pardon all my *Sinne*,
His *Grace* my life anew begin,

His *Love* my *Light* to Heav'n should be,
His *Glory*, thus to comfort mee.

Thus was the Kingly Prophet blest,
To live in Love's eternall Rest.
And since I see his Grace so great,
To all that Mercy doe intreat :
And how the faithfull Soule doth prove
An heavenly blessing in his Love ;
Let me but onely *This* request,
To be but *thus* with *David* blest,
That *Joy*, or *Griefe*, what-ere I prove
The Lord of Life may be my Love.

Vol. II. p. 344.

IV. *Wish or Meditation.*

Oh ! that I had that *Gracious Call*
That from the Heav'ns had Blessed *Paul* ;
That chosen Saint of sacred Blisse,
Where onely Saints' true blessing is :
Who from the way of wicked Thought,
Unto the gates of *Grace* was brought ;
And when his *Eyes* were stricken blinde,
Had such an insight of the *Minde*,
As made him see through *Mercie's* light,
(That is the Soule's eternall sight)
How blinde is *Reason's* ruthfull Eye,
Where Errour leads the Heart awry ;
Whil'st *Conscience* thinking to doe well,
Doth carry *Misceit* to Hell ;
Till *Mercy* meeting on the way,
Brings home the Sheepe that went astray :
Then should no *Office*, *Power*, nor *Place*
Make mee to seek my Soule's Disgrace.
To take a Tyrant's powerfull Rod,
To persecute the Saints of God.
But I should more in soule rejoyce
In *Mercie's* Gracious-Glorious Choice,
All *Persecutions* to abide,
Where *Patience*, *Faith*, and *Love* is try'd
Of the sweet Lord of Heaven's Blisse,
Then persecute one Saint of his :
But all my *Love*, and *Love's Delight*,
My *Meditation* day and night,
Should onely, all, and ever be
Of *Mercy* that so called mee.
No *Griefe*, no *Paine*, no *Want*, nor *Woe*,
That I should ever live to know,
But I should thinke too little all,
In *Love* to answer *Mercie's* Call :
For all the World I would not care,
Nor *K[ing]* nor *Kesar* would I feare ;
No *threats*, nor *thraldom*, *scourge* nor *death* ;
To speake his Praise, should stop my breath ;
But I should plainly speake and write
My knowledge of the Lord of Light :
And to the Glory of his Name,
Throughout the World divulge the same.
My *Walke* should be but in his *Wales* ;
My *Talke* but onely in his Praise ;

My *Life* a Death, but in his *Love* ;
My *Death* a Life, for him to prove :
My *Care* to keepe a Conscience cleane :
My *Will* from wicked thoughts to weane ;
My *Prayers* for the Good of all,
That *Mercy* unto *Grace* doth call :
My *Labour* for the Love of Truth
To leade the Life of Age and Youth :
My *Comfort* truely to convert
The Soules which Sathan did pervert :
My *Health*, to labour for their Love,
That seeke their blessing from above :
My greatest *Ease*, to worke for those
Whom *Mercy* to Salvation chose :
My *Paine*, and pleasure, Travell, Ease,
My God *thus* in his Saints to please.
Then should I this base *World* despise,
With all Earth's *idle Vanities* ;
And governe mine *Affections* so
That Sin should never overthrow
This wounded woefull Soule of mine,
But still in *Mercie's* love divine,
My Soule should finde that *life* of *Grace*,
As should all *Earthly love* deface :
And I should onely wish to live,
All *Glory* to my God to give ;
And all in all my *Joy* to be
His *servant* that so called mee.

Vol. II. p. 346.

V. *Wish or Meditation.*

Oh that my Soule might live to prove
Some part of that sweet blessed Love,
Which *John* th' Evangelist possesseth,
When hee lean'd on our Saviour's brest :
When *Wisedome*, *Vertue*, *Grace* and *Truth*,
Embrac'd the blessed dayes of Youth !
Then should I fly with *Eagles'* wings
Unto the Glorious King of Kings ;
And see that *Heav'nly Court* of his
The Beauty of the Angels' Blisse ;
Where *Goodnesse*, *Grace*, and *Glory* dwels,
And *Love*, and *Life*, and nothing else
But *Holinesse* and Heav'nly *Light*,
All, onely in my Saviour's sight :
Then should I loath this World of Woe,
That doth bewitch the Worldling so ;
And seeke (but at my Saviour's feet)
To finde my Soule's eternall *Sweet* ;
Till *Mercy* will vouchsafe mee grace
To have a glimpse of his Sweet *Face*,
In whose least sweetest *Looke* of Love,
A *Sea* of Joy the *Heart* doth prove ;
And swimming in the Soule's Delight,
Is *ravisht* with that Glorious *Sight*.
But though I cannot be so blest,
To leane upon my Saviour's *Brest* ;
As all unworthy of such *Grace*,
To looke on his *Coslestiall Face* :

Yet let mee beg at *Mercie's Feet*,
That I may but receive this Sweet
That when his Saints and Angels sing
Their *Halwsiaks* to their King,
My Soule in Joy all-sounding then,
May have but leave to sing *AMEN*.

Vol. II. p. 346.

I can only name the good, sound, and solid work of the 'Letanies on the Lord's Prayer' at close of the works.

Keeping in mind that all, or nearly all of these Poems belong to the closing years of the 16th century (1583-1600), and how relatively empty is the same type of poetry within these years,—again excluding supreme names,—I shall be disappointed if, for themselves, these examples of JOSHUA SYLVESTER'S own gifts as a Poet, do not win for him higher recognition than hitherto, and the admission that he had a right to promise 'native strains' to the good Archbishop of Canterbury if only he had not passed 'from arts to marts and miseries.' I am not at all seeking for my worthy 'great things.' What I claim for him is that he has given sanctions for recognition of his personal 'faculty' distinct and distinctive from his most noticeable achievements as a Translator. It is of ignorance not knowledge; of hasty assumption not judicial impartiality as not of insight, that any one sneers at our 'brave old English gentleman' and Poet.

Advancing now, I have to look at JOSHUA SYLVESTER as a Translator. His 'Du Bartas' has overshadowed all his other Works ('Sylvester's *Workes*' long before Ben Jonson's folio, is the recurring entry in the Stationers' Register), and I am glad to be enabled to preface what I have myself to say with a little paper on DU BARTAS, most pleasantly sent me by a living and variously-qualified master in this special department of criticism—GEORGE SAINTSBURY, Esq. His 'wine' needs no 'bush' as he himself needs no introduction to any cultured reader of to-day; and so here is his right-welcome communication just as it reached me:—

'Independently of the influence which he exercised throughout Europe, and which Sylvester's translation with all its shortcomings helped to extend, Du Bartas has from two very different points of view an important place in the story of French literature. He represents in the first place the extreme development of the Ronsardising innovation; in the second place the highest literary culture attained by the French Calvinists. This sect, which was in the next age to deserve to the full the reproach often unjustly brought against the literary sterility of the more thoroughgoing Protestant bodies, was during the last three quarters of the Sixteenth Century, and even a little later, extraordinarily fertile in men of letters. In its early days the names of Marot, of Marguerite, and others may perhaps be disputed by the general impulse of the Renaissance as having no specially Protestant tendency. But the Calvinism militant of those who opposed the league, produced many remarkable literary figures of whom the most remarkable are perhaps Du Bartas himself, Agrippa D'Aubigné, and the Tragedian Monchrestien. Inferior to D'Aubigné in knowledge of the world, in the choice of subjects perennially interesting, and in terse vigour of expression, Du Bartas was the superior of the great Protestant Satirist in picturesqueness, in imagination, and in facility of descriptive power. The stately and gorgeous abundance of the vocabulary with which the Hellenizing and Latinizing innovations of the pléiade enriched the French language supplied him with colours and material to work with, and his own genius did the rest. There is indeed no doubt that he went too far. His attempt to naturalise Greek compounds such as 'Aime-Lyre' 'Donne-Ame' and all the rest, has done him more harm than anything else, and was doomed to failure by the genius of the language. But it must be remembered that experiments were the order of the day, and that certain great contemporary names in England indulged in classicisms which were hardly less hopeless and absurd. Ronsard's denunciations of his

"Vers ampoulez dont le rude tonnerre
S'envole outre les airs,"

may sometimes be justified, but it is as well to remember that Ronsard had spoken in very different language before his jealousy was excited by the setting up of the Gascon Calvinist as a rival to himself. As a matter of fact Du Bartas' combination of classical learning with the varied colour and vivid imagination of the middle age and the Renaissance, often results in extraordinarily striking expressions. "L'eschine Azurée," for instance, is a singularly picturesque if also somewhat barbaric reminiscence of *εἰπέα νῶτα θαλάσση*. Nor is it in single passages only, that the

beauties of the Seigneur Du Bartas consist. Such a passage as the following in its enforcement of the idea 'hora novissima, tempora pessima' is worthy of D'Aubigné himself:

" Nos exécrables moeurs dedans gomorrhé aprises,
Les troubles saisons, les civils fureurs,
Les menaces du ciel sont les avant-coureurs
De Christ, qui vient tenir ses dernières assises."

A rather longer quotation will illustrate the style of the author still better, and will certainly remind all readers of modern French poetry of the greatest of the living (shall we say of the living and dead?) Poets of France:

" Un jour, de comble en fond, les rochers crouleront,
Les monts plus sourcilieux, de peur de dissoudront ;
Le ciel se crevera : Les plus basses campagnes,
Boursouffées, croîtront en superbes montagnes ;
Les fleuves tariront, et si dans quelque estang
Reste encor quelque flot, ce ne sera que sang ;
La mer deviendra flamme, et les sèches balenes,
Horribles, mugleront sur les cuites arenas,
En son midy plus clair le jour s'espaisira
Le ciel d'un fer rouillé sa face voilera ;
Sur les astres plus clairs courra le biev neptune,
Phœbus s'emparera du noir char de la lune,
Les étoiles cherront. Le désordre, la nuit,
La frayeur, le trespas, la tempeste, le bruit,
Entreront en quartier, et l'ire vengeresse
Du juge criminel, qui jà desjà nous presse,
Ne fera de ce tout qu'un bucher flamboyant,
Comme il n'en fit jadis qu'un marest ondoyant."

There are accents here which were, save now and then in the work of Regnier Rotrou and Corneille, not to be heard in France till the author of the Contemplations and the Châtiments began to sing. Nor are the sources of Du Bartas' inspiration hard to discover. A diligent perusal of the Scriptures, and of the splendid if sombre vernacular prose which Calvin had drawn from the study of those Scriptures and of the Latin Fathers, must rank first of all; next to it must be placed a familiarity with the profaner classics, and last a knowledge of the brilliant literature which the Poet's own country had produced in earlier times. All that was wanting to make Du Bartas a poet of the first rank was some portion of the faculty of self-criticism; for of natural verve and imagination he certainly had no lack. But in such critical faculty he seems to have been totally deficient, and his memory has paid the inevitable penalty. His beauties, rare in kind and not small in amount, are alloyed with vast quantities of dull absurdity, and the alloy, as has so often happened, has attracted more attention than the true metal. Had he, like the lighter singers of our time, written short pieces, he would almost certainly have produced some whose unalloyed beauty

would have saved him as Belleau and Du Bellay have been saved. But vast Scriptural epics need a Milton to maintain them at a safe distance above the waters of oblivion; and Du Bartas, though undoubtedly Milton's creditor, was scarcely Milton's equal.¹

I do not know that it is needful to enlarge on my accomplished friend's verdict on Du Bartas. I would wish, however, to emphasise that much of the 'alloy' in Sylvester's Du Bartas must be credited to Du Bartas himself. I do not gainsay that his Translator has his own faults and blame. There is much too frequently a *fantastique* of bathos—as 'glorious John' waggishly recalled²—or a perverse mingling of sorriest lath and plaster with noblest marble. But *as a rule* the intermixture is only a too-faithful and unsifted rendering of his original. This I will avouch for JOSHUAH SYLVESTER, that wherever Du Bartas chances to be great, he is co-equally great. No 'purple patch' loses its depth of colour in his hands, as no true note is robbed of its melodious richness. We shall find anon that the compound epithets of Du Bartas are not merely 'translated,' but that, with rare skill and seeingness, the Translator fashions new with a fine audacity that only occasionally overleaps itself. These are not French but English, with felicitous reminiscences of Greek.

As a Translator JOSHUAH SYLVESTER 'grew' marvellously. I have taken pains to study and collate the original and early 'parcel' issues of his Du Bartas; and nothing has struck me more than the advance in the after-editions. This has never, that I am aware, been noticed. Had it been, we should have been spared the nonsense of Mr. J. PAYNE COLLIER'S criticism and general treatment of our Worthy.³

¹ See Vol. I. p. 124, ll. 186-7, and Dryden's Translation of Belleau's Art of Poetry, with his application of it to English Writers.

² In his Bibl. Cat., s. n., Mr. Collier criticises Sylvester on the strength, i. e. weakness, of the two early tractates, in utter ignorance of the 'sea-change' subsequently wrought, and the universally conceded after-triumph.

The first known translation by our Sylvester was 'A Canticle of the Victorie obtained by the French King, Henrie the Fourth at Yvry' (1591). It thus opens:—

'A Canticle of the Victorie obtained by the French King, Henrie the fourth at Yvry.

O God! what glorious sun, beams bright about our bounds?

What high triumphall hymne, so sweetly shirle re-sounds;

In our arch temples faire? what noise runs longest our streets?

What ruddy flakes of fire with clouds high climbing meets?

Then is the victory ours: and heauen's most righteous wrath

Vpon the cruell campe of Leaguers showered hath.

My browes beslick your-selues, and you my throbbing thoughts

(Deepe sunke in sigh-full cels of sorrowes sable vaughts)
Soar vp to heauen againe: you sisters three-fold three,
Which of your sweets some yeeres haue now bin niggardlie,

And left my lips a-drie: insuckt now my tong
In your best syrops; now poure downe vpon this song,

A lake of learned gold, a rich May-wreath of flowers.
Let not my blubbered eies disturbe with sorrowes showers,

The common publike ioy: nor mee dumbe-thanklesse hide,

Among so many Orphes, these braue Trophés tride.—
(P. 1.)

Cf. this with our text in Vol. II. p. 247, l. 1-16.

His second book was his 'Triumph of Faith.' 'The Sacrifice of Isaac.' 'The Shipwracke of Ionas,' etc. (1592). Take these *bits* from the 'Triumph of Faith,' which is different throughout:—

'The Triumph of Faith.

'I hate the pens that practise to backbite;
I hate the pens that shamelese sooth vp sin:
For eniuous th' one, the other claw-backs bin:
But he is wise can chuse the meane aright.
Nor oft to pinch, nor oft to praise I vse,
Yet must I praise, the praise-deseruing still,
For (free) I cannot hold my forward quill,
From those who heauen with speciall beams indues.

Now all that God giues by retaile (I see)
To perfect'st men, to thee in grosse he giues,
That's 'cause my muse thy praise so often drives,
For duties sake, but not to flatter thee,' etc., etc.

'The first song of the Triumph of faith.

The God of dreames came in through's hornie gate
(When Erycine Aurora cal'd in Ynde,
And she the Sunne) and shewed my musing minde,
A sacred Virgin's triumph full of state.

Then Faith (for that's hir name) commands with speed,

That pen and paper I prepare to write,
What friendly heauen would offer to my sight,
To be recorded to our after-seed,' etc., etc.

Cf. this again with our text in Vol. II. p. 11, onward.

The other pieces of the title-page are 'fragments' taken from Du Bartas' great poem; and more than even those thus far quoted, illustrate the after *labor lima*. Thus—

'The Sacrifice of Isaac.

The babe is blest that godly parents breed;
And sharp-sweet Tutors traine in louing-dreed:
But cheefie that (in tender cradle-bed),
With sincere milke of pietie is fed.

So blest is Isaac. But his inclination
Excels his birth and carefull education,
His faith, his knowledge, wit, and iudgement sage,
(Preuenting times), anticipates his age.

Being but a babe, he feares the liuing Lord,
And (wise) depends vpon his father's word;
Whose steady steps the child obserueth so
That by his gesture he his mind dooth know,
So far, that euery word, each glance and nod,
Serues for a certaine warning, lesson, rod:
And thus this child by diligence out-reacht.
The holy precepts that his father preacht.

Now though that Abram were a man discreet,
Graue, wise, and modest, knowing what was meet:
Though his sweet son sometime he seeme to chide,
Yet can he not his kind affection hide,
Nor shrowd his loue, but still his eyes are pight
And fixed still on Isaac his delight.
Sweet *Isaac's* face serues for his looking-glasse,
No name but *Isaac* through his mouth doth passe.

But God who sees how perfect is this loue,
Takes thence occasion Abram's faith to proue
And tempteth him; but not as dooth the diuell
His vassals tempt, or man his mate to euill:
When Sathan tempts he seeks our faith to foile,
But God dooth seale it neuer to recoile:
Sathan suggesteth it, God moues to grace:
The diuel seeks our baptisme to deface,
But God to make our burning zeale to shine
Amongst the candles of his church deuine.—(P. 1-2.)

'Now giue to me a voice (O voice deuine)
With heauenly fire inflame this brest of mine:

Ah rauish me, and make all kind of men,
Admire thine Abram, picturd with my pen.
And let that voice (of kings the only kinger)
Lead mine vnlearned eie and art-lesse finger,
To imitate in English dies vn-darke,
This faire French patternne of that Patriarke,
So that (excepting change of ture alone)
The French and English Abram may be one.—(P. 3.)

Abram, mine Abram (quoth the God of power)
I am thy God, thy king, thy strength, thy tower,
Go straight to *Salem*, and in any wise
Thy sweet sonne Isaac see thou sacrifice :
There slay the child, and in consuming fire
Offr' vp his lims t' appease my iealous ire.—(P. 4.)

Yet on he goes and mounts the hil apace.
And strengthd by faith he dooth seréne his face,
Like siluer Cynthia when in Thetis waues
Her amber tresses wantonlie she laues,
He builds his aultar, laies his wood thereon,
And tenderly he binds his sonne anon.—(P. 11.)

Isaac my sonne, my sweet (too sweet indeed)
Alas, thy sweetnesse makes me more to bleed,
Makes my losse greater, and like red-hot tongs
Gripes hard my heart, torments my lights and longs,
I take deere sonne (not mine but God's i wis)
My last fare-wel, seal'd with my latest kisse.—(P. 13.)

Christ dies (indeed) but Isaac is repriu'd
Because the Lord had otherwise contriu'd ;
The blood of Isaac was too base a price
To free our soules and purge our filthy vice ;
Our soules defilde with such foule faults of ours
Had need be washed with more plentious showres.—
(P. 17.)

Cf. this once more with our text in Vol. I.
p. 178, ll. 12-49, and p. 179, line 86 onward,
and line 90 onward.

Again there is—

'The Ship-wrache of Ionas.

As after th' end of long and wearte raine
The hunny-birds hast from their hiues again,
Sucke here and there, and beare unto their bower,
The sweetest sap of euery fragrant shower :
So of the towne beseegd each burges hies
Straight to the tents of feare-fled enemies,
And there such store of corne and wine they pill,
That in one day their hungrie towne they fill :
And th' issuing presse treads downe amid the throng
Th' incredule courtiar nice the dust among :
So that (at once) euen both effects agree
Iust with Elisha's holy prophesie.

From this schoole parts the prophet *Anethyte*
The wise-borne preacher, doctor Niniuite.
Go (saith the Lord) go hast thee hence with speed,
To high-wald Niniu' and cry out (sans dreed)
Both day and night, yet forty daies to come
And *Niniue* shall perish all and some.—(P. 18.)

Then God reacht out his hand, vnfolde his frowns,
Dis-arms his arme of thunder-bruising-crownes,
Bowes downe his holy hed that flames like fire
And milde he grants these harrolds last desire.
Now readers, if your gentle doome shall daigne
With good aspect to grace my lowly muse :
If you vouchsafe a friendly entertaine,
To these first frutes shee offers to your veiwes :
If you accept these patterns of her paine,
Andhelp her faultes with fauour to excuse :
If this first messe doe not your mouthes misleeeke,
Your second course shall be the *Second Weeke*.—(P. 24.)

YOUR IOSVAH SILVESTER.

Cf. Vol. I. p. 248, l. 896 onward.

These may suffice. Everywhere it will be
observed pleasantly, that the after-work has
not worn away the original substance, but
contrariwise replaced tin with gold or gold-
leaf with bullion.

Another way of marking the power and
plenitude of Sylvester is to put him in com-
parison with contemporary Translators of
Du Bartas. King James I. tried his
'prentise hand' on portions. To-day, though
be-praised at the time, the royal 'paraphrases,'
rather than translations, are beneath criticism.
Equally poor are those of THOMAS HUDSON
(whose 'Judith' was bound up with all the
folios of Sylvester, and earlier). There
remain THOMAS WINTER and WILLIAM
L'ISLE OF WILLBURGHAM—for alas! Sir
Philip Sidney's has perished.

The former—Thomas Winter—is thus
entered in the Stationers' Register (Arber's
Transcript):—

'(a.) 18 Novembris 1602: James Shawe. Entred
for his Copie vnder the handes of master
Doctor Mountford and the Wardens, A booke
called the *Second Daye of the first weeke of the
most excellent Learned and Devine poet William
Lord Bartas Donne* into English by Thomas
Winter vj^d (vol. iii. p. 221, bottom paging).

(b.) 13 Septembris [1604]: Thomas Clerke. Entred for his Copie vnder the handes of the wardens A booke called *the Third Dayes Creation*, donne by William Lord Bartas, and translated out of Frenche by Thomas Winter, Master of Artes.

Provided that yf any other partie hath Right therevnto or that *the firste and seconde bookes* of the said Lord Bartas be not alreadie printed: then this entrance to be void, vj^d (*ibid.* p. 271).'

It so chances that I have the latter now before me. Its title-page is as follows:—
'The Third Dayes Creation. By that most excellent, learned, and diuine Poet, William Lord Bartas. Done verse for verse out of the original French by Thomas Winter, Master of Arts' (1604). It is dedicated to Henry Prince of Wales, who had 'accepted' the former part. This is the opening:—

'The Third Dayes Creation. By that most excellent, learned, and diuine Poet, William Lord Bartas. Done verse for verse out of the original French by Thomas Winter, Master of Arts. London 1604.'

'My Muse that whilome ouer-topt each speare
Whose course life-giuing influence doth beare;
That in so braue a stile discours'd of Winds
And ayrie meteors frightening silly minds:
And did of sulphur'd-lightning stormes intreate,
And made her verse so graue a path to beate:
Creeping to-day in the base elements,
Must cloath her speech with base habiliments:
Where if by chaunce she sing a loftie straine,
She's lifted higher by the swelling Maine.

Great King of earth, and of the liquide plaine,
Whose very heate doth dreadfully constraîne
The sturdiest hills to quake, and oft exaults
The stormie waues vp to the starrie vaults,
Grant that my reasoning skill may well suruay
The fleeting and firme element this *Day*.
Grant that my learned verse may well discover,
The nature of the sea, and of our Mother:
That with a flowing stile I may pourtray
The flowers, that cloath the earth with rich array.

All those high hills, whose forked tops do border
Vpon the clouds, that wander in disorder,
Did hide their bossed backs vnder the flood,
While on the earth a pudled marish stood,' etc.

(P. 1.)

Cf. Sylvester, Vol. I. p. 40, onward.

This is near the close:—

'In clymbe-fall court he spends no wretched yeares,
His will depends not on the greatest peares:
He changeth not religion with his Lord,
His mercenarie stile doth not accord
With lies to make an Ant an Elephant,
Or stile a coward hard and valiant;
Or make an Adon of some foule Thersite,
Or wrong leud Flora with Alcestes right:
But liues within himselfe, serues God in feare,
And sings the verie thought his heart doth beare.
Pale feare doth neuer feede vpon his heart;
Nor doth he practise conicatching art,' etc.

Cf. Sylvester, Vol. I. 49-50.

William L'isle's volume is also under my eye. It was not published until 1625; but from an appended Epistle to the Lord Admirall dated 1596, it seems to have been done before or in 1596. The following is its title-page:—

'Part of
DV BARTAS
English and French,
and in his owne kinde of
Verse, so neare the French Englished, as
may teach an English-man French, or
a French-man English.

By William L'isle of *Willburgham*,
Esquier for the King's Body.
London 1625, 4^o. (9 leaues and pp. 188).'

This is the commencement:—

'*The end of Adam and beginning of Nōe.*

Then thus he gan foretel | the wauy territorie
Of people skalie-backt, | all this high vaulted story,
Wherein the thundring God | by his e'rlasting might
Hath placed sentinel | Sunne for day, Mone for night.
The highest Aire, the Mean | wherein the clouds do play,
And this below, the field | appointed for the fray
Of sturdie counterwinds | that with a roaring sound
Throw many a wood that stands | betwixt them, to the
ground:
The flower-decked Inne | that lodgeth crazie Man,
Were all by this aull word, | in six daies made, and
than
Washallowed theseuenth. | In like sort Earth, See, Aire,
And th' Asure-guilt that foldes | the world in curtane
faire,
Shall last six other daies, | but long and faire vnlike
The daies that Heauens bright eye | meates out with
golden stroke,' etc. (P. 1.)

Cf. Sylvester, Vol. I. p. 132, onward.

This will I daresay be reckoned enough ; but I must add the explanatory Epistle with its serene condemnation of Spenser :—

‘ TO THE READER.

‘ Thus much onely may suffice (I presume) to helpe an Englishman vnderstand the whole French of Bartas, or a Frenchman the whole English of Siluester. If you aske me why I keepe this kind of Hexameter verse, I need say no more but that it is the same, which the Author kept in the originall, etc.

‘ The Bartasian verse, (not vnlike herein to the Latin Pentameter) hath euer this propertie, to part in the mids betwixt two wordes ; so much doe some French prints signifie, with a stroke interposed, as here in the first two pages you may see for example. The neglect of this hath caused many a braue stanza in the Faerie Queene to end but harshly, which might haue bene preuented at the first ; but now the fault may be sooner found than amended.’

Robert Ashley—school-fellow at Saravia’s with our Poet as we have seen¹—in 1589 published ‘ L’Vranie or mvse celeste de G. de Saluste Seigneur du Bartas. Vrania sive Mvsa cœlestis Roberti Ashelei de Gallica G. Sal. Bartasij delibata, 1589. Comparison here is scarcely possible ; yet the opening stanza may be acceptable :—

‘ Nondum florentem, viridemque etatis Aprilem
Contigeram, sacro cum mens, mea rapta furore,
Tentandum docet esse viam, qua me quoque possim
Tollere humo, & post fata virûm volitare per ora.

I thought once of similarly presenting the various readings so as to exhibit VERBAL CHANGES in the successive editions of Sylvester’s translations of Du Bartas. I have decided to withhold these (a), Because the Works have already considerably exceeded the extent estimated, and (b), Because neither Du Bartas nor the Translator so belong to our highest literature as to call for either the toil, or the cost, of tabulated variations. Enough to state, that in almost every edition the revising hand is seen, and that love of

¹ ROBERT ASHLEY, besides his Latin ‘Urania,’ wrote and translated a number of now long-forgotten books. See all the bibliographical authorities. I have examined most of them, but they brought me no reward.

labour that transmutes even task-work into a labour of love.

But though I do not care to inflict upon myself or readers elaborate variations of texts, it were to wrong our Worthy not to show his power as a Translator. I can only at most offer merest specimens of noteworthy things ; and what have struck me may be held by others as excelled by him elsewhere. So be it as it must ever be.

Here is a noble outburst (Vol. I. p. 20, ll. 152-159) :—

‘ It glads me much, to view this Frame ; wherein
(As in a Glasse) God’s glorious face is seen :
I love to look on God ; but, in this Robe
Of his great Works, this Universall Globe.
For, if the Sun’s bright beams do blear the sight
Of such as fix’dly gaze against his light ;
Who can behold above th’ Emperiall Skies,
The lightning splendor of God’s glorious Eyes ?’

There is the calm of night itself in this of ‘The cōmoditie that the night bringeth us’ (Vol. I. p. 24, ll. 546-99) :—

‘ But yet, because all Pleasures wax unpleasant,
If without pawse we still possesse them, present ;
And none can right discerne the sweets of Peace,
That have not felt War’s irkesom bitterness ;
And Swans seem whiter if swart Crows be by
(For, Contraries each other best descry.)
Th’ All’s Architect, alternately decreed
That night the day, the day should night succeed.
The Night, to temper daie’s exceeding drought,
Moistens our Aire, and makes our Earth to sprout.
The Night is she that all our travailles easeth,
Buries our cares, and all our griefes appeaseth.
The Night is she, that (with her sable wing,
In gloomy Darkness hushing every thing)
Through all the World dumb silence doth distill,
And wearied bones with quiet sleep doth fill.
Sweet Night, without Thee, without Thee (alas !)
Our life were loathsome ; even a Hell to passe :
For, outward paines and inward passion still,
With thousand Deaths, would soule and body thrill.
O Night, thou pullest the proud Mask away
Wherewith vaine Actors in this World’s great Play,
By Day disguise-them. For, no difference
Night makes between the Peasant and the Prince,
The poore and rich, the Prisoner and the Judge,
The foule and faire, the Master and the Drudge,
The foole and wise, Barbarian and the Greeke :
For, Night’s black Mantle covers all alike.
He that, condemn’d for some notorious vice,
Seeks in the Mines the baits of Avarice ;

Or, swelting at the Furnace, fineth bright
 Our soule's dire sulphur ; resteth yet at night.
 He that, still stooping, toghes against the tide
 His laden barge alongst a River's side,
 And filling shoares with shouts, doth melt him quite ;
 Upon his pallet resteth yet at Night.
 He, that in Sommer, in extremest heat
 Scorched all day in his owne scalding sweat,
 Shaves with keen Sythe, the glory and delight
 Of motly Medowes ; resteth yet at night,
 And in the arms of his deere Pheer forgoes
 All former troubles and all former woes.
 Onely the learnèd Sisters' sacred Minions,
 While silent Night under her sable pinions
 Folds all the world, with pain-lesse paine they tread
 A sacred path that to the Heav'ns doth lead ;
 And higher than the Heav'ns their Readers raise
 Vpon the wings of their immortall Layes.

EVEN NOW I listned for the Clock to chime
 Dayes latest hower ; that for a little time,
 The Night might ease My Labours : but I see
 As yet *Aurora* hath scarce smil'd on me ;
 My Work still growes : for, now before mine eyes
 Heav'n's glorious hoast in nimble squadrons flies.'

In our first quotation from 'The First Day' the description of the 'eyes' of God arrests. Equally notable is another (Vol. I. p. 34, ll. 803-8) :—

' Me thinks I hear, when I doe hear it thunder,
 The voice that brings Swains up, and *Cæsars* under :
 By that Towr-tearing stroak I understand
 Th' undaunted strength of the Divine right-hand :
 When I behold the Lightning in the Skies,
 Me thinks I see th' Almighty's glorious Eies.'

One of the most signal interpolations into the text of *Du Bartas*—printed carefully like all the others in italics—by the translator, is a striking and wistful and patriotic address to England 'to rouze her from her present security' (Vol. I. p. 35, ll. 899-958) :—

' And wanton ENGLAND, why hast Thou forgot
 Thy visitation, as thou hadst it not ?
 Thou hast seen Signes, and thou hast felt the rod
 Of the revenging wrathfull hand of God.
 The frowning Heav'ns in fearfull Sights fore-spoke
 Thy Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman Yoke :
 And since (alas !) unkinde wounds then those,
 The Civill rents of thy divided ROSE :
 And, last of all, the raging Wolves of Rome,
 Tearing thy Limbs (Christ's Lambs) in Martyrdome.
 Besides Great Plagues, and grievous Dearthes, which erst
 Have oft the sinewes of thy strength reverst.

*But Thou, more faulty, more forgetfull art
 Then Boyes that fear but while they feel the smart :
 All this is past, and Thou, past fear of it,
 In Peace and Plenty, as a Queen, dost sit ;
 Of Rods forgetfull, and for Rest ingratefull,
 (That, sottish dulnesse ; this, a sin most hatefull :)
 Ingratefull to thy God, who all hath sent ;
 And thy late Queen, his sacred Instrument,
 By whose pure hand he hath more blessed Thine,
 Then erst his own Choice-planted Hebrew Vine :
 From whence hee look'd for Grapes (as now from thee) :
 That bore him Crabs : Thou worse (if worse may be) :
 That was destroy'd, the wild Boar entred in.
 ENGLAND, beware : Like punishment, like sin.*

*But, O ! what boots, or what avails my song
 To this deaf Adder, that hath slept so long,
 Snorting so loud on pillows of Security,
 Dread-lesse of danger, drowned in Impurity :
 Whose senses all, all over-growne with fat,
 Have left no doore for fear to enter at ?
 Yet once again (dear Country) must I call :
 ENGLAND, prevent ; Fall, to repent thy Fall.
 Though thou be blinde, thy wakefull Watchmen see
 Heav'n's irefull vengeance hanging over thee
 In fearfull Signes, threatning a thousand Woes
 To thy Sins' Deluge, which all over-flowes.*

*Thine uncontrold, bold, open Atheism :
 Close Idol-service : cloaked Hypocrism :
 Common Blaspheming of God's Name in Oaths :
 Usual profaning of his Sabbaoths :
 Thy blind, dumb Idol-shepherds, choak'd with steeples,
 That fleece thy Flocks, and do not feed thy Peoples :
 Strife-full Ambition, Florentizing States :
 Bribes and Affection swaying Magistrates :
 Wealth's mercy-lesse Wrong, Usury, Extortion :
 Poore's Idleness, repining at their portion :
 Thy Drunken Surfets ; and Excesse in Diet :
 Thy Sensuall wallowing in Lascivious Riot :
 Thy huff d, puff d, painted, curl d, purl d, wanton Pride,
 (The Band to Lust, and to all sins beside)
 These are thy sins : These are the Signes of Ruin,
 To ev'ry State that doth the same pursue-in :
 Such, cast the Jewes and Asians Desolation,
 Now turned Turks, that were the holy Nation.
 Happy who take by others' dangers warning :
 All that is writ, is written for our learning ;
 So preach thy Prophets : But, who heeds their cry ?
 Or who beleeves ? then much lesse hope have I.'*

John Vicars in his 'Elegie' commemorates our Poet's dauntless 'courage of his convictions' :—

' No Temporizer ; yet, the Court frequenting :
 Scorning to sooth, or smooth this Age's crimes :
 At War with Vice, in all thy holy Rymes :
 Thine Israel's Sins (with Jeremie) lamenting.'

(Vol. I. p. 10, st. 7.)

Here is another proof of this fearlessness and seer-like fidelity in rebuke of the highest-seated (Vol. I. p. 44, ll. 508-39):—

' O Princes (subjects unto pride and pleasure)
Who (to enlarge, but a hair's-breadth, the measure
Of your Dominions) breaking Oaths of Peace,
Cover the Fields with bloody Carcases !
O Magistrates, who (to content the Great)
Make sale of *Justice*, on your sacred Seat !
And, breaking Laws for Bribes, profane your Place,
To leave a Leek to your unthankfull Race !
You strict Extorters, that the poor oppress,
And wrong the Widdow and the Father-less,
To leave your Off-spring rich (of others' good)
In Houses built of Rapine and of Blood)
You City-Vipers, that (incestious) joyn
Use upon use, begetting Coyn of Coyn !
You Marchant Mercers, and Monopolites,
Gain-greedy Chap-men, perjurd Hypocrites,
Dissembling Broakers, made of all deceits, }
Who falsifie your Measures and your Weights
T' enrich your selves, and your unthrifty Sons
To Gentilize with proud possessions !
You that for gaine betray your gracious Prince,
Your native Country, or your dearest Friends !
You that to get you but an inch of ground,
With cursèd hands, remove your neighbour's bound,
(The ancient bounds your Ancestors have set)
What gaine you all ? alas ! what do you get ?
Yea, though a King by wile or war had won
All the round Earth to his subjection ;
Lo here the Guerdon of his glorious pains,
A needle's point, a Mote, a Mite he gains,
A Nit, a Nothing (did he All possess) ;
Or if then Nothing any thing be less.'

But none the less was he proud of the great Queen. The poorest contemporary rhymester somehow becomes ennobled, and is given larger utterance when his theme is 'sacred Elizabeth.' It certainly again and again inspires Sylvester, as in this quaintly imaged tribute to her (Vol. I. pp. 45-6, ll. 620-57):—

' Here (dear S. BARTAS) give thy Servant leave
In thy rich Garland one rare Flower to weave,
Whose wondrous nature had more worthy been
Of thy divine immortalising Pen :
But, from thy sight, when SEIN did swell with bloud,
It sunk (perhaps) under the Crimson Flood
(When Beldam Medices, Valois, and Guise,
Stain'd Hymen's Robe with Heathen cruelties)
Because the Sun, to shun so vile a view,
His Chamber kept, and wept with Bartholmew.
For so, so soon as in the Western Seas
Apollo sinks, in silver Euphrates

*The Lotos dives, deeper and deeper ay
Till Mid-night : then, remounteth toward Day :
But not above the Water, till the Sun
Doth re-ascend above the Horizon.
So ever true to Titan's radiant Flame,
That (Rise he, Fall he) it is Still the same.
A Reall Emblem of her Royall Honour
That worthily did take that Word upon her ;
Sacred ELIZA, that ensu'd no less
Th' eternall Sun of Peace and Righteousness ;
Whose lively lamp (what ever did betide-her)
In either Fortune was her onely Guider.
For in her Father's and her Brother's Dayes,
Fair rose this Rose with truth's new-springing raises :
And when again the Gospel's glorious Light
Set in her Sister's superstitious Night,
She sunk withall under affliction's streams
(As sinks my Lotos with Sol's setting beams) :
But, after Night, when Light again appear'd,
There-with, again her Royall Crown she rear'd ;
And in an Ile amid the Ocean set
(Maugre the Deluge that Rome's Dragon spet,
With spightfull storms striving to over-flowe her,
And Spain conspiring jointly t' over-throwe-her)
Her Maiden Floure flourish'd above the Water ;
For, still Heav'n's Sun cherish'd his loving Daughter.'*

We have seen how he used to steal away in earlier years to Eltham and Fulham, and in later to Stafford and Berkshire. He was a lover of the country. He breathed freer among the green fields and lanes. The bird within him 'sang' under the shine and shadow of the green-wood. His life-weariness and wornness fell away from him as he left the roar of the great city behind him. He renewed his youth in contact with mother-earth. Its fragrances, its dewiness, its sparkle, its inviolate skies, brought tranquillity. The homely simplicities, the unrestrained intercourse with 'gentle and simple,' the bright laughter of children, the breath of kine, the smell and refreshment of milk, and butter, and honey, the sweetness and brightness of the daisied meadow, the butter-cupped fallows, the pollard trees, the bird-voices from 'red-stomachèd Robin' to the cawing rooks, set themselves to spontaneous music in his soul. Accordingly, if the Reader is vigilant, he will observe nicety of epithet wherever rural memories are worked in, or tree-beauty, flower-beauty, grass-beauty,

brook-beauty, country-beauty in ever-varying aspects, are recalled. I select one complete passage, which, if it have weaknesses, has also strength and cunningness of word-painting (Vol. I. p. 49, ll. 1016-91):—

'All-hail fair Earth, bearer of Towns and Towns,
Of Men, Gold, Grain, Physick, and Fruits and Flowrs ;
Fair, firm, and fruitfull, various, patient, sweet,
Sumptuously clothed in a Mantle meet
Of mingled-colour ; lac't about with Floods,
And all imbrod'ed with fresh blooming buds,
With rarest Gemmes richly about embost,
Excelling cunning, and exceeding cost.
All-hail great Heart, round Base, and stedfast Root,
Of all the World, the World's strong fixed Foot,
Heav'n's chastest Spouse, supporter of this All,
This glorious Building's goodly Pedestall.
All-hail deer Mother, Sister, Hostess, Nurse
Of the World's Sovrain : of thy liberall purse,
W' are all maintained : match-less Emperess,
To doe thee service, with all readiness,
The Sphears before thee bear ten thousand torches ;
The Fire, to warm thee, foulds his heatfull Arches
In purest flames above the floating Cloud :
Th' Aire, to refresh thee, willingly is bow'd
About the Waves, and well content to suffer
Milde *Zephyr's* blasts, and *Boreas* bellowing rougher :
Water, to quench thy thirst, about thy Mountains
Wraps her moist arms, seas, rivers, lakes, and fountains.
O how I grieve, deer Earth, that (given to gays)
Most of best Wits contemn thee now a-dayes :
And noblest hearts proudly abandon quite
Study of Hearbs, and *Countray-life's* delight,
To brutest men, to men of no regard,
Whose wits are Lead, whose bodies Iron-hard.
Such were not yerst the reverend Patriarks,
Whose praise is penned by the *sacred* Clarke.
Noah the just, meek *Moses*, *Abraham*
(Who *Father of the Faithfull Race* became)
Where Shepheards all, or Husbandmen (at least)
And in the Fields passed their Dayes the best.
Such were not yerst *Attalus*, *Philemetor*,
Archelaus, *Hiero*, and many a *Pretor* ;
Great Kings and Consuls, who have oft for blades
And glistring Scepters, handled hooks and spades.
Such were not yerst, *Cincinnatus Fabricius*,
Serranus, *Curius*, who un-self-delicious,
With Crowned Coulters, with Imperiall hands,
With Ploughs triumphant plough'd the *Roman* lands.
Great *Scipio*, sated with fain'd curtsy-capping,
With Court-*Eclipses*, and the tedious gaping
Of golden beggars : and that Emperour
Of Slave turn'd King ; of King turn'd Labourer ;
In countray Granges did their age confine :
And ordered there, with as good Discipline,
The Fields of Corn, as Fields of Combat first ;
And Ranks of Trees, as Ranks of Souldiers yerst.

O thrice, thrice happy He, who shuns the cares
Of City-troubles, and of State-affairs ;
And, serving *Ceres*, tills with his owne Teem
His own *Free-land*, left by his Friends to him !
Never pale *Envie's* poysonie heads do hiss
To gnaw his heart ; nor *Vultur Avarice* :
His Fields' bounds, bound his thoughts : he never
For *Nectar*, poyson mixt in silver Cups ;
Neither in golden Platters doth he lick
For sweet *Ambrasia*, deadly *Arsenick* :
His hand's his boaul (better then Plate or Glass) :
The silver Brook his sweetest *Hippocrass* :
Milk, Cheese, and Fruit (fruits of his own endeavour)
Drest without dressing, hath he ready ever.
False Counsellors (Concealers of the Law)
Turn-coat Attorneys, that with both hands draw ;
Sly Peti-Foggers, Wranglers at the Bar,
Proud Purse-Leaches, Harpies of *Westminster*,
With fained chiding, and foul jarring noyse,
Break not his brain, nor interrupt his joyes :
But cheerfull Birds, chirping him sweet *Good-morrowes*,
With Nature's Musick to beguile his sorrows ;
Teaching the fragrant Forrests, day by day,
The *Diapason* of their Heav'nly Lay.'

Again, with a fine yearning and consciousness of possibilities of 'higher strains' (Vol. I. p. 50, ll. 1160-71):—

'Let me, good Lord, among the Great un-kend,
My rest of dayes in the Calm *Countray* end.
Let me deserve of my deer *EAGLE-Brood*
For *Windsor-Forrest*, walks in *Almes-wood* :
Bee Hadley Pond, my *Sea* ; *Lambs-bourn*, my *Thames* ;
Lambourn, my *London* ; *Kennet's silver streams*,
My fruitfull Nile ; my *Singers and Musicians*,
The pleasant Birds with warbling repetitions ;
My company, pure thoughts, to work thy will ;
My Court, a Cottage on a lowely Hill ;
Where, without let, I may so sing thy Name,
That times to-come may wonder at the same.

There are memorable things of the birds ;
and what of jar there is through artificial and
technical terms, belongs, be it remembered, to
Du Bartas, while what of vividness belongs
to them is of the Translator. Take the
Lark and Nightingale (Vol. I. p. 67, ll. 672-
709):—

'The pretty *Lark*, climbing the Welkin clear,
Chaunts with a cheer, *Heer peer-I neer my Dear* ;
Then stooping thence (seeming her fall to rew)
Adieu (she saith) *adieu deer Deer adieu*.
The *Spink*, the *Linot*, and the *Gold Finch* fill
All the fresh Aire with their sweet warbles shrill.
But, These are nothing to the *Nightingale*,
Breathing so sweetly from a brest so small,

So many Tunes ; whose Harmony excels
 Our Voyce, our Violls, and all Musick els.
 Good Lord ! how oft in a green Oaken Grove,
 In the cool shadow have I stood and strove
 To marry mine immortall Layes to theirs,
 Rapt with delight of their delicious Aiers !
 And (yet) me thinks, in a thick thorn I hear
 A *Nightingale* to warble sweetly, clear.
 One while she bears the Base, anon the Tenor,
 Anon the Treble, then the Counter-Tenor :
 Then all at once ; (as it were) chalenging
 The rarest voices with herself to sing.
 Thence thirty steps, amid the leafe Sprayes,
 Another *Nightingale* repeats her Layes,
 Just Note for Note, and adds some strain at last,
 That she hath conned all the Winter past :
 The first replyes, and descants there-upon ;
 With divine warbles of Division,
 Redoubling Quavers ; And so (turn by turn)
 Alternately they sing away the Morn :
 So that the conquest in this curious strife
 Doth often cost the one her voyce and life :
 Then, the glad Victor all the rest admire,
 And after count her Mistress of the Quire.
 At break of Day, in a delicious song
 She sets the *Gam-us* to a hundred yong :
 And, when as fit for higher Tunes she sees them,
 Then learnedly she harder Lessons gives-them ;
 Which, strain by strain, they studiously recite,
 And follow all their Mistress' Rules aright.'

There is power as well as vehemence in his
 'Detestation of Avarice' (Vol. I. p. 67,
 ll. 738-61) :—

'O ! ever may'st thou fight so (valliant Fowl)
 For this dire bane of our seduced soule :
 And (with thee) may the *Dardan* Ants so ward
 The Gold committed to their carefull Guard,
 That hence-forth hopeless, man's frail mind may rest her
 From seeking that, which doth it's Masters master.
 O odious poyson ! for the which we dive
 To *Pluto's* dark Den : for the which we rive
 Our Mother Earth ; and, not contented with
 Th' abundant gifts she outward offereth,
 With sacrilegious Tools we rudely rend-her,
 And ransack deeply in her bosom tender,
 While under ground we live in hourly fear
 When the frail Mines shall over-whelm us there :
 For which, beyond rich *Taproban*, we roule
 Through thousand Seas to seek another Pole ;
 And maugre Winde's and Water's enmity,
 We every Day new vnknow'n Worlds descry :
 For which (alas !) the Brother sels his Brother,
 The Sire his Son, the Son his Sire and Mother,
 The Man his Wife, the Wife her wedded Pheer,
 The Friend his Friend : O ! what not sell we here ?
 Sithence, to satiate our Gold-thirsty gall,
 We sell ourselves, our very soules, and all.'

Very considerable dexterity and ingenuity
 is shown alike by Du Bartas and Sylvester,
 in the physical-metaphysical descriptions
 of man's creation and nature in the 'Sixth
 Day of the First Week.' Thus (Vol. I.
 p. 78, ll. 744-65) :—

'T sufficeth me in some sort to express,
 By this Essay, the sacred mightiness,
 Not of *Japhetus'* witty-fained Son,
 But of the true *Prometheus*, that begun
 And finisht (with inimitable Art)
 The famous Image, I have sung in part.
 Now, this more peer-less learned Imager,
 Life to his lovely Picture to confer,
 Did not extract out of the Elements
 A certain secret Chymick Quint-essence
 But, breathing, sent as from the lively Spring
 Of his Divineness, some small Riverling,
 Itself dispersing into every Pipe
 Of the frail Engin of this Earthen Type.
 Not, that his own Self's-Essence blest he brake,
 Or did his *Triple-Unity* partake
 Unto his work ; but, without Self's expence,
 Inspir'd it richly with rare excellence :
 And by his powr so spread his Rayes thereon,
 That, even as yet, appears a portion
 Of that pure lustre of Coelestiall Light
 Wherewith at first it was adorn'd and dight.'

Compare Vol. I. p. 81, ll. 1002-13. The
 image of the spider was later utilised by Sir
 John Davies and Pope. One is startled to
 come upon this anticipation of chloroform
 or anæsthetics ; and surely the Eve is a vision
 that could not fail to be greeted with rapture
 by young John Milton (of whose familiarity
 with Sylvester's Du Bartas onward)—Vol. I.
 p. 81, ll. 1030-65 :—

'Even as a Surgeon, minding-off-to-cut
 Some-cureless Limb ; before in ure he put
 His violent Engins on the vicious member,
 Bringeth his patient in a sense-less slumber,
 And grieffe-less then (guided by Use and Art)
 To save the whole, sawes off th' infested part :
 So, God empal'd our Grandsires' lively look,
 Through all his bones a deadly chillness strook,
 Siel'd-up his sparkling eyes with Iron bands,
 Led down his feet (almost) to *Lethe* Sands ;
 In brief, so numm'd his Soule's and Bodie's sense,
 That (without pain) opening his side, from thence
 He took a rib, which rarely He refin'd,
 And thereof made the Mother of Mankinde :
 Graving so lively on the living bone
 All *Adam's* beauties ; that, but hardly, one

Could have the Lover from his Love descri'd,
Or known the Bridegroom from his gentle Bride :
Saving that she had a more smiling Eye,
A smoother Chin, a Cheek of purer Dye,
A fainter Voyce, a more inticing Face,
A deeper Tress, a more delighting Grace,
And in her Bosom (more then Lillie-white)
Two swelling Mounts of Ivory, panting light.

Now, after this profound and pleasing Transe,
No sooner *Adam's* ravisht eyes did glance
On the rare beauties of his new-come Half,
But in his heart he gan to leap and laugh,
Kissing her kindly, calling her his Life,
His Loue, his Stay, his Rest, his Weal, his Wife,
His other-Selfe, his Help (him to refresh)
Bone of his Bone, Flesh of his very Flesh.

Source of all joyes ! sweet *Hee-Shee-Coupled-One* !
Thy sacred Birth I never think upon,
But (ravisht) I admire how God did then
Make Two of One, and One of Two again.'

Puritan born and bred, he 'commends'
the public services of the Church, and his
was a bright not a gloomy Sunday (Vol. I.
p. 87, ll. 422—77) :—

' God would, that men should in a certain place
This-Day assemble as before his face,
Lending an humble and attentive ear
To learn his great Name's dear-drad Loving-Fear :
He would, that there the faithfull Pastor should
The Scripture's marrow from the bones unfold,
That we might touch with fingers (as it were)
The sacred secrets that are hidden there.
For, though the *reading* of those holy lines
In private Houses som-what move our minds ;
Doubtless, the Doctrin *preacht* doth deeper pierce,
Proves more effectuall, and more weight it bears.
He would, that there in holy Psalmes, we sing
Shrill praise and thanks to our immortal King,
For all the liberrall bounties he bestow'th
On us and ours, in soule and body both :
He would, that there we should confess his Christ
Our onely Saviour, Prophet, Prince, and Priest :
Solemnizing (with sober preparation)
His blessed Seals of Reconciliation :
And, in his Name, beg boldly what we need
(After his will) and bee assur'd to speed ;
Sith in th' Exchequer of his Clemency
All goods of Fortune, Soule, and Body ly.

He would, this Sabbath should a figure be
Of the blest Sabbath of Eternity.
But th' one (as Legall) heeds but outward things ;
Th' other to Rest both Soule and Body brings :
Th' one but a Day endures ; th' other's Date
Eternity shall not Exterminate :
Shadows the one, th' other doth truth include :
This stands in freedome, that in servitude :

With cloudy cares th' one's muffled up som-whiles ;
The other's face is full of pleasing smiles :
For never grief, nor fear of any Fit
Of the least care, shall dare come neere to it.
'Tis the grand *Jubile*, Feast of all Feasts,
Sabbath of Sabbaths, end-less Rest of Rests ;
Which, with the Prophets, and Apostles zealous,
The constant Martyrs, and our Christian Fellows,
God's faithfull Servants : and his chosen Sheep,
In Heav'n wee hope (within short time) to keep.

He would this Day, our Soule (sequestered
From busie thoughts of worldly cares) should read
In Heav'n's bow'd Arches, and the Elements,
His bound-less Bounty, Power, and Providence ;
That every part may (as a Master) teach
Th' illiterate, Rules past a vulgar reach.

Come (Reader) sit, come sit thee downe by mee ;
Think with my thoughts, and see what I doe see :
Hear this dumb Doctor : study in this Book,
Where day and night thou maist at pleasure look,
And thereby learne uprightly how to live :
For every part doth speciall Lessons give,
Even from the gilt Studs of the Firmament,
To the base Centre of our Element.'

Very admirable is this 'turning aside' to
laud Samuel Daniel (Vol. I. p. 99, ll. 30-69) :—

' *And gracious Guide, which dost all grace infuse,
Since it hath pleas'd thee task my tardy Muse
With these high Theames, that through mine Art-less
Pen*

*This holy Lamp may light my Country-men :
Ah, teach my hand, touch mine unlearned lips ;
Lest, as the Earth's grosse body doth Eclipse
Bright Cynthia's beams when it is interpos'd
'Twixt her and Phoebus : so mine ill-dispos'd,
Dark gloomy Ignorance, obscure the rayes
Of this divine Sun of these learned dayes.
O ! furnish me with an un-vulgar stile,
That I by this may wain our wanton ILE
From Ovid's heires, and their un-hallowed spell
Here charming senses, chaining soules in Hell.
Let this provoke our modern Wits to sacre
Their wondrous gifts to honour thee their Maker ;
That our mysterious ELPHINE Oracle :
Deep, morall, grave, Invention's miracle ;
My deer sweet DANIEL, sharp conceipted, brief,
Civill, sententious, for pure accents chief :
And our new NASO, that so passionates
The Heroick sighes of love-sick Potentates :
May change their subject, and advance their wings
Up to these higher and more holy things.
And if (sufficient rich in selfe-invention)
They scorn (as I) to live of Stranger's Pension,
Let them devise new Weeks, new Works, new Waies
To celebrate the supreme Prince of praise.
And let not me (good Lord) be like the Lead
Whick to some City from some Conduit-head*

*Brings wholesome Water ; yet (self-wanting sense)
Itself receives no drop of comfort thence :
But rather, as the thorough-seasoned But
Wherein the tears of death-press Grapes are put,
Retains (long after all the Wine is spent)
Within it selfe the Liquor's lively sent :
Let me still savour of these sacred sweets
Till Death fold-up mine earth in earthen sheets ;
Lest my young layes, now prone to preach thy glory
To BRUTUS' heirs, blush at my elder Story.'*

So too of Dowland (Vol. I. p. 109, ll. 214-225):—

*' But this stands sure, how-ever else it went,
Th' old Serpent serv'd as Satan's instrument
To charme in Eden, with a strong illusion,
Our silly Grandam to her self's confusion.
For, as an old, rude, rotten, tune-lesse Kit,
If famous Dowland daign to finger it,
Makes sweeter Musick then the choicest Lute.
In the grosse handling of a clownish Brute :
So, whiles a learned Fiend with skilfull hand
Doth the dull motions of his mouth command,
This self-dumb Creature's glozing Rhetorike
With bashfull shame great Orators would strike.'*

Still again—of ESSEX (Vol. I. p. 112, ll. 622-641):—

*' Those that (in quarrell of the Strong of strongs,
And just revenge of Queen, and Countrie's wrongs)
Were witnesses to all the wofull plaints,
The sighs, and tears, and pitifull complaints,
Of braving Spaniards (chiefly brave in word)
When by the valiant Heav'n-assisted sword
Of Mars-like ESSEX, England's Marshall-Earle
(Then Albion's Patron, and Eliz's Pearle)
They were expuls'd from Cad's, their dearest pleasure,
Losing their Town, their Honour, and their Treasure :
Wo worth (said they) wo worth our King's ambition ;
Wo worth our Clergie, and their Inquisition :
He seeks new Kingdoms, and doth lose his old ;
They burne for Conscience, but their thirst is Gold :
Wo, and alas, wo to the vain bravados
Of Typhon-like invincible ARMADOS ;
Which, like the vaunting Monster man of Gath,
Have stirr'd against us little David's wrath :
Wo worth our sins : wo worth our selves, and all
Accursed causes of our sudden fall.'*

There is more than quaintness or strangeness in this metaphor (Vol. I. p. 87, ll. 522-531):—

*' Nay, there is nought in our dear Mother found,
But pithily some Vertue doth propound.*

¹ Cf. I. p. 69, l. 968: also on Sidney, I. 41, l. 198.

O ! let the Noble, Wise, Rich, Valliant,
Be as the base, poor, faint, and ignorant :
And, looking on the fields when Autumn shears,
There let them learn among the bearded ears ;
Which still, the fuller of the flow'ry grain,
Bow downe the more their humble heads again ;
And ay the lighter and the less their store,
They lift aloft their chaffie Crests the more.'

One gives swift shrive to such an interpolation as the description of old London with its house-bearing bridge, whereof the Translator apologises in a margin-note:—
' In this Comparison my Author setteth downe the famous city of *Paris*: but I have presumed to apply it to our owne City of London, that it might be more familiar to my meer English and un-travell'd Readers' (Vol. I. p. 102, ll. 348-75):—

*' But when he once had entred Paradise,
The remnant World he justly did dispise :
[Much like a Boor far in the Countrey born,
Who, never having seen but Kine and Corn,
Oxen, and Sheep, and homely Hamlets thatcht
(Web, fond, he counts as Kingdoms ; hardly matcht)
When afterward he happens to behold
The wealthy London's wonders manifold,
The silly peasant thinks himselfe to be
In a new world ; and gazing greedily,
One while he, Art-lesse, all the Arts admires,
Then the fair Temples, and their top-lesse spires,
Their firm foundations, and the massie pride
Of all their sacred ornaments beside :
Anon he wonders at the differing graces,
Tongues, gests, attires, the fashions and the faces,
Of busie-bussing swarmes, which still he meets
Ebbing and flowing over all the streets ;
Then at the signes, the shops, the weights, the measures,
The handy-crafts, the rumours, trades, and treasures.
But, of all sights, none seemes him yet more strange
Then the rave, beauteous, stately rich Exchange.
Another while he marvels at the Thames,
Which seems to beare huge Mountaines on her
streams :
Then at the fair-built Bridge ; which he doth judge
More like a tradefull City then a Bridge ;
And glancing thence along the Northrene shore,
That Princely Prospect doth amaze him more.']*

I can picture the mighty poet of 'Paradise Lost,' while he was feeling his way towards its ultimate form, pencil-marking this Rembrandt-etching in words, of Satan (Vol. I. p. 107, ll. 46-75):—

'WHILE *Adam* bathes in these felicities,
Hell's Prince (sly parent of revolt and lies)
Feels a pestiferous busie-swariming nest
Of never-dying Dragons in his brest,
Sucking his bloud, tiring upon his lungs,
Pinching his entrails with ten thousand tongues,
His cursed Soule still most extreemly racking,
Too frank in giving torments, and in taking :
But above all, *Hate, Pride, and Envious* spight,
His hellish life do torture day and night,
For th' hate he bears to God, who hath him driv'n
Justly for ever from the glittering Heav'n,
To dwell in darknesse of a sulph'ry cloud
(Though still his brethren's service be allow'd) :
The Proud desire to have in his subjection
Mankind inchain'd in gyves of Sin's infection :
And th' Envious heart-break to see (yet) to shine
In *Adam's* face God's image all divine,
Which he had lost ; and that Man might achieve
The glorious blisse, his Pride did him deprive ;
Grown a barbarous Tyrant of his treacherous will,
Spurs-on his course, his rage redoubling still.

Or rather (as the prudent Hebrew notes)
'Tis that old *Python* which through hundred throats
Doth proudly hisse, and (past his wont) doth fire
A hell of Furies in his fell desire :
His envious heart, self-swoln with sullen spight,
Brooks neither greater, like, nor lesser wight :
Dreads th' one as Lord ; as equall, hates another ;
And (jealous) doubts the rising of the other.'

JOHN DAVIES OF HEREFORD'S 'Humours
Heauen on Earth' has weird and unforget-
table portraitures of London during the
plague and famine. They do not, however,
surpass those of Sylvester (Vol. I. pp. 116-
117, ll. 280-341) :—

'Having attain'd to our calm Hav'n of light,
With swifter course then *Boreas'* nimble flight,
All fly at Man, all at intestine strife,
Who most may torture his detested life.
Here first comes DEARTH, the lively form of Death,
Still yawning wide, with loathsom stinking breath,
With hollow eyes, with meager cheeks and chin,
With sharp lean bones piercing her sable skin :
Her empty bowels may be plainly spy'd
Clean through the wrinkles of her withered hide :
She hath no belly, but the bellie's seat,
Her knees and knuckles swelling hugely great :
Insatiate Orque, that even at one repast,
Almost all creatures in the World would waste ;
Whose greedy gorge, dish after dish doth draw,
Seeks meat in meat : For, still her monstrous maw
Voyds in devouring, and sometimes she eates
Her own dear Babes for lack of other meats :
Nay more, sometimes (O strangest gluttony !)
She eats her selfe, her selfe to satisfie ;

Lessening her selfe, her self so to enlarge :
And, cruell, thus she doth our Grand-sire charge,
And brings besides from *Limbo* to assist-her,
Rage, Feeblnesse, and Thirst, her ruth-less sister.

Next marcheth WAR, the mistris of enormity,
Mother of mischief, monster of deformity :
Laws, manners, arts, she breaks, she mars, she chaces :
Bloud, tears, bows, towrs ; she spils, swils, burns, and
raises :

Her brazen feet shake all the Earth asunder,
Her mouth's a fire-brand, and her voice a thunder,
Her looks are lightnings, every glance a flash :
Her fingers guns, that all to powder pash.
Feare and *Despaire, Flight* and *Disorder*, coast
With hasty march, before her murderous hoast :
As, *Burning, Waste, Rape, Wrong, Impietie,*
Rage, Ruine, Discord, Horror, Cruelty,
Sack, Sacriledge, Impunitie, and Pride,
Are still stern consorts by her barbarous side :
And *Povertie, Sorrow, and Desolation,*
Follow her Armies' bloody transmigration.

Heer's th' other FURIE (or my judgement fails)
Which furiously man's wofull life assails
With thousand Canons, sooner felt then seen,
Where weakest strongest ; fraught with deadly teen :
Blinde, crooked, cripple, maymed, deaf, and mad,
Cold-burning, blistered, melancholike, sad,
Many-nam'd poyson, minister of Death,
Which from us creeps, but to us gallopeth :
Foule, trouble-rest, fantastick, greedy-gut,
Bloud-sweating, heart's-theef, wretched, filthy Slut,
The Childe of Surfeit, and Ayr's-temper vicious,
Perillous know'n, but unknowne most pernicious.

Th' inammeld meads, in Summer cannot showe
More Grashoppers above, nor Frogs belowe,
Then helliah murmurs heer about doe ring :
Nor never did the pretty little King
Of *Hony-people*, in a Sun-shine day
Lead to the field, in orderly array,
More busie buzzers, when he casteth (witty)
The first foundations of his waxen Citie ;
Then this fierce Monster musters in her train
Fell Souldiers, charging poor mankind amain.'

Again (Vol. I. p. 120, ll. 654-717) :—

'But, lo ! foure *Captains* far more fierce and eager,
That on all sides the Spirit it selfe beleaguer,
Whose Constancy they shake, and soon by treason
Draw the blinde Judgement from the rule of Reason :
Opinions issue ; which (though selfe unseen)
Make through the Body their fell motions seen.
Sorrow's first Leader of this furious Crowd,
Muffled all-over in a sable cloud ;
Old before Age, afflicted night and day,
Her face with wrinkles warped every-way ;
Creeping in corners, where she sits and vies
Sighs from her heart, tears from her blubber'd eyes ;
Accompani'd with selfe-consuming *Care,*
With weeping *Pity, Thought,* and mad *Despaire,*

That bears, about her, burning Coales and Cords,
Asps, Poysons, Pistols, Halters, Knives, and Swords :
Foule-squinting *Envie*, that selfe-eating Elfe,
Through others' leanenesse fattening up her selfe,
Joying in mischief, feeding but with languor
And bitter tears her Toad-like-swelling anger :
And *Jelousie* that never sleeps, for fear
(Suspicious Flea still nibbling in her eare)
That leaves repast and rest, neer pin'd and blinde
With seeking what she would be loth to finde.

The second Captain is excessive Joy ;
Who leaps and tickles, finding th' *Apian-way*
Too-streight for her : whose senses all possesse
All wished pleasures in all plenteousnesse.
She hath in Conduct, false vain-glorious *Vaunting*,
Bold, soothing, shameless, loud, injurious, taunting :
The winged Gyant lofty-staring *Pride*,
That in the clouds her braving Crest doth hide :
And many other, like the empty bubbles
That rise when rain the liquid Crystall troubles.

The third, is bloud-less, heart-less, witless *Fears*,
That like an Asp-tree trembles every-where :
She leads black *Terror*, and base clownish *Shame*,
And drowsie *Sloth*, that counterfeiteth lame,
With Snail-like motion measuring the ground,
Having her arms in willing fetters bound,
Foule, sluggish Drone, barren (but, sin to breed)
Diseased, beggar, starv'd with wilfull need.

And thou *Desire*, whom nor the Firmament,
Nor Aire, nor Earth, nor Ocean can content :
Whose-lookes are hooks, whose belly's bottomlesse,
Whose hands are gripes to scrape with greedinesse,
Thou art the Fourth ; and under thy Command,
Thou bring'st to field a rough unruly Band :
First, secret-burning, mighty swoln *Ambition*
Pent in no limits, pleas'd with no Condition ;
Whom *Epicurus* many Worlds suffice not,
Whose furious thirst of proud aspiring dyes not
Whose hands (transported with fantastick passion)
Bear painted Scepters in imagination :
Then *Avarice* all-arm'd in hooking Tenters
And clad in Bird-lime ; without bridge she venters
Through fell *Charybdis*, and false *Sertes* Nesse ;
The more her wealth the more her wretchednesse ;
Cruell, respect-lesse, friend-lesse, faith-lesse, Elf,
That hurts her neighbour, but much more her self :
Whose foule base fingerr in each dunghill poar
(Like *Tantalus*) starv'd in the midst of store :
Not what she hath, but what she wants she counts :
A wel-wing'd Bird that never lofty mounts.'

Patriotism and homage to Elizabeth are
once more united (Vol. I. p. 122-3, ll. 50-
73) :—

*' Much more, let us (dear, World-divided land)
Extoll the mercies of Heav'n's mighty hand,
That (while the World, War's bloody rage hath rent)
To us so long, so happy Peace hath lent*

*(Masg're the malice of th' Italian Priest,
And Indian Pluto (prop of Antichrist)
Whose Hoast like Pharaoh's threatening Israel,
Our gaping Seas have swallowed quick to hell)
Making our Ile a holy safe retreat
For Saints exil'd in persecution's heat.*

*Much more let us with true-heart-tuned breath,
Record the praises of ELIZABETH
(Of martiall Pallas and our milde Astræa,
Of grace and wisdom the divine Idea)
Whose prudent Rule, with rich religious rest,
Wel-neer nine Lustras hath this kingdom blest.
O ! pray we him that from home-plotted dangers,
And bloody threats of proud ambitious strangers,
So many years hath so securely kept her,
In just possession of this flowering Scepter ;
That (to his glory, and his dear Son's honour)
All happy length of life may wait upon her :
That we her Subjects, whom he blesseth by her,
Psalming his praise, may sound the same the higher.'*

I must draw a halt at this point in respect
of larger examples ; but the reader will
scarcely turn over a page from first to last
without being struck with something. 'Com-
monplace' applies to little in the vast
translation. With every concession as to
the 'wood, hay, stubble' built into it, the
structure of the translated Du Bartas is a
noble four-square pile. The man must be
a mere goose who fails to be interested, or
to be led on in faith to read and re-read.

Memorabilia, or short proverb-like and
inevitably-noted things abound. I have
gleaned a number that may, perchance, send
the reader to 'search' for himself.

1. Contrasts.

'Swans seem whiter if swart Crows be by.'
(Vol. I. p. 24, l. 550.)

2. Ingratitude.

'On thanklesse furrowes of a fruitlesse sand
Their seed and labour lose, with heedlesse hand.'
(*Ibid.* p. 27, ll. 20/1.)

3. Labour lost.

'Resemble Spiders that with curious pain
Weave idle Webs, and labour still in vain.'
(*Ibid.* p. 27, ll. 23/4.)

4. Sleep.

'When the honey of care-charming sleep
Sweetly begins through all their veines to creep.'
(*Ibid.* p. 69, ll. 88a/3.)

5. *Lips.*

'Two moving Leaves of Corall, soft and sweet.'
(Vol. I. p. 77, l. 601.)

6. *A Landscape.*

'Anon, upon the flowry Plains he looks,
Lacèd about with snaking silver brooks.'
(*Ibid.* p. 84, ll. 80/1.)

7. *Jealousy.*

'Jelousie that never sleeps, for fear
(Suspicious Flea still nibbling in her eare).'
(*Ibid.* p. 120, ll. 674/5.)

8. *Snow.*

'And perriwig with wool the balde-pate Woods.'
(*Ibid.* p. 124, l. 187.)

9. *Noah as a Preacher.*

'So the care-charming hony that distils
From his wise lips, his house with comfort fills,
Flatters despair, dryes tears, calms inward smarts,
And re-advanceth sorrow-daunted hearts.'
(*Ibid.* p. 133, ll. 68-71.)

10. *Written-memory.*

'And there-with-all, my Dream had flown (I think)
But that I lim'd his limber wings with ink.'
(*Ibid.* p. 144, ll. 710/11.)

11. *New World.*

'W^h Spain (like Delos floating on the Seas)
Late digg'd from darknesse of Oblivion's Grave.'
(*Ibid.* p. 148, ll. 397/8.)

12. *Good deeds.*

'For Alms (like leaven) make our goods to rise
And God his own with blessings plentifulies.'
(*Ibid.* p. 175, ll. 1144/5.)

13. *Recognition.*

... 'a fire so great
Could not live flameless long : nor would God let
So noble a spirit's nimble edge to rust
In Shepheard's idle and ignoble dust.'
(*Ibid.* p. 213, ll. 54-7.)

14. *Braggarts.*

'Big-looking Minions, brave in vaunts and vows,
Lions in Court, now in the Camp be Cows.'
(*Ibid.* p. 214, ll. 168/9.)

15. *Bad use of Holy Scripture.*

'That, in the Sugar (even) of sacred Writ.
He may em-pill us with some bane-full bit.'
(*Ibid.* p. 220, ll. 766/7.)

16. *Beauty's Splendor.*

'Bright Beautie's eye, like to a glorious Sun,
Hurts the sore eye that looks to-much there-on.'
(*Ibid.* p. 223, ll. 1186/7.)

17. *Law-Favour.*

'Let not thy Lawes be like the Spider's Caul,
Where little Flies are caught and kil'd ; but great
Passe at their Pleasure, and pull down their Net.'
(Vol. I. p. 228, ll. 219-21.)

18. *Divine Art.*

'Some sacred Picture admirably drawn
With Heav'nly pencill, by an Angel's hand.'
(*Ibid.* p. 229, ll. 376/7.)

19. *Time servers.*

'Loose with the Lewd ; among the gracious, grave :
With Saints, a Saint : and among Knaves, a Knave.'
(*Ibid.* p. 254, ll. 312/3.)

20. *Vain Expectations.*

'Alas ! poor People, I lament your hap,
This lewd Impostor, doth but puff you up
With addle hope, and idle confidence.'
(*Ibid.* p. 256, ll. 564/5.)

21. *Vaunter.*

'A jolly Prater, but a Jade to doe ;
Braver in Counsaill then in Combat, far.'
(*Ibid.* p. 259, ll. 893/4.)

22. *Many rather than much.*

'Who readeth much and never meditates
Is like a greedy Eater of much Food
Who so sureloyes his stomach with his Cates,
That commonly they doe him little good.'
(Vol. II. p. 28, st. 62.)

23. *Subtlety.*

'The Mind 's before the Work ; and works within,
Upon th' Idea yer the deed begin.'
(*Ibid.* p. 90, ll. 573/4.)

24. *Evill turned to good.*

'As from a Bramble springs the sweetest Rose.'
(*Ibid.* p. 185, l. 505.)

25. *Permanence.*

'Straw kindles quickly, and is quickly past :
Iron heats slowly, and its heat doth last.'
(*Ibid.* p. 192, ll. 192/3.)

26. *Ghost.*

'I stalke and walke and wander day and night,
Even like a ghost with unperceived foote.'
(*Ibid.* p. 324, Son. 16.)

27. *Love-passion.*

'Weepe wayward eyes, then let my soule complain
For it hath tasted Love's immortal paine.'
(*Ibid.* p. 326, Son. 24.)

These further *notabilia* the reader will not
regret turning to—

28. *Language, words*, (Vol. I. p. 142, l. 482) : 'worm
gnawn words of yore' (l. 491).

29. *Antiquity of Nations* (Vol. I. p. 147, l. 230).
 30. 'Peopled a village of a hundred fires' (*Ibid.* p. 150, l. 536).
 31. *National characteristics* (*Ibid.* p. 151, l. 640).
 32. *London* (*Ibid.* p. 151, l. 666).
 33. 'All hail, dear Albion'—noble description (*Ibid.* p. 152, l. 766).
 34. *Pestilence* (*Ibid.* p. 152, l. 845).
 35. *Sleep* (*Ibid.* p. 169, l. 596).
 36. *Hare-coursing* (*Ibid.* p. 201, l. 384).
 37. *Right Common-weal* (*Ibid.* p. 207, l. 1012).
 38. *Democracy* (*Ibid.* p. 207, l. 1076).
 39. *Powder Plot* (*Ibid.* p. 209, l. 1230).
 40. *David's Poesie* (*Ibid.* p. 221, l. 942).
 41. *Bersabe* (*Ibid.* p. 222, l. 1100).
 42. *Sylvester's retrospect, Powder Plot in Pestilence* (*Ibid.* p. 224, l. 1304).
 43. *Love's Grove* (*Ibid.* p. 232, l. 655).
 44. *Superstition, etc.* (*Ibid.* p. 243, l. 328).
 45. *Drought (very vivid)* (*Ibid.* p. 243, l. 400).
 46. *Fear* (*Ibid.* p. 247, l. 862).
 47. 'People less settled than the sliding sand' (Vol. II. p. 40, Son. 24).
 48. 'Supernall Lord, Eternall King of Kings' (*Ibid.* p. 85, l. 65).
 49. 'Prayers were her stairs' (*Ibid.* p. 189, l. 417).
 50. 'Gain-greedy Fathers' (*Ibid.* p. 191, l. 77).
 51. *London's poverty, vanity, etc.* (*Ibid.* p. 210, l. 189).
 52. 'That Kings were made for subjects; and not they, Not they for kings' (*Ibid.* p. 235, l. 607).
 53. *Combat between Lion and Bull* (*Ibid.* p. 248, l. 115, seq.).
 54. 'Alas! to see a goodly field of wheat' (*Ibid.* p. 291, l. 41).
 55. *Sonnet 12—airy and elegant verses.*
 56. *Lists of Diseases* (Vol. I. pp. 117/18).
 57. *Great Authors* (*Ibid.* p. 143).
 58. *Places* (*Ibid.* p. 148).
 59. *Miltoic mixture of heathen and Christian names* (*Ibid.* p. 85, l. 297, et frequenter).
 60. *Miltons' comet, 'with fear of change perplexing'* (*Ibid.* p. 33, l. 681).
 61. *Wyatt* (*Ibid.* p. 46, l. 660).
 62. *Flavio* (*Ibid.* p. 49, l. 983).
 63. *Hunt is up* (*Ibid.* p. 50, l. 1114).
 64. *George Goodwin* (Vol. II. p. 264.) See Index of Names, p. 432.
 65. 'Pearl-shell helmets' = *finger nails* (*Ibid.* p. 50, col. 2, l. 20). Dr. George Mac Donald quotes this couplet in (if I err not) his Scottish story of 'Malcom.'
 66. *Pipes of Middleton* = supply of water to London by the famous knight, who was inter-related to Sylvester through the Plumbe and Greshams (*Ibid.* 292/120).
 67. *Mores*, Vol. I. 46/676—apparently = quality, nature, properties (Latin), as in Plautus (18, 24, 56, sect. 266). See the Dictionaries, s.v.

In reading Sylvester's *Du Bartas* and other Works, the open-eyed and open-eared Reader will constantly be reminded of after-parallel passages. I do not affirm that in each separate instance the parallel is other than fortuitous; but in not a few there is evidence of knowledge of Sylvester. I deem it only right to adduce some representative examples from my own note-book, with additions from my always-helpful and thoughtful reading friend and fellow book-lover, GEORGE H. WHITE, Esq. of Glenthorne, Torquay. Turning back again to the beginning, these successively suggest themselves:—

1. . . . 'Chaos
Where hot and cold were jarring with each other.'
(Vol. I. p. 21, l. 258).
- Cf. Milton, *Par. Lost*, Bk. II. l. 898.
'For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four Champions fierce
Strive here for Maistrie.'
2. . . . 'round-round-round it rumbles.'
(*Ibid.* p. 33, l. 712 and p. 116, l. 264, 271.)
Is this an inspiration caught from Phaer's *Virgil*?
 3. 'Poudred with Stars streaming with glorious light.'
(*Ibid.* p. 54, l. 209.)
'With glistering Stars imboast and poudred rich.'
(*Ibid.* p. 156, l. 273.)
- Cf. Milton, *Par. Lost*, Bk. VII. l. 579—
'That milkie way
Which nightly as a circling Zone thou sees't
Poudred with starrs.'
4. 'To the bright Lamp that serves for *Cynosure*
To all that sail upon the Sea obscure.'
(*Ibid.* p. 88, l. 584.)
- Cf. Milton, *L'Allegro*—
'The *Cynosure* of neighbouring eyes.'
5. (Turtle-Dove) 'On dry boughs doth her dead Spouse
deplere.'
(*Ibid.* p. 88, l. 619, and II. p. 194, l. 318.)
- Cf. Spenser, *Son.*—
'Like as the Culver on the bared bough,' etc.
6. 'As the wise Wilde-geese, when they over-soar
Cicilian Mounts, within their bills do bear
A pebble-stone both day and night,' etc.
(Vol. I. p. 88, l. 623.)
- See Glossarial Index to Davies of Hereford, s.v. *Geese*.
7. 'Whose hair doth stare, like bristled Porcupine.'
(*Ibid.* p. 120, l. 720.)
- Cf. Sh. *Hamlet*, I. sc. 5—
'Like quills upon the fretful Porcupine.'
8. '. . . round about the Desert Op, where oft
By strange *Phantasma's*, Passengers are scooft.'
(*Ibid.* p. 148, l. 338.)

- Cf. Milton, *Comus*, l. 206—
'Of calling shapes, and beckning shadows dire,
And airy tongues that syllable men's name.'
9. 'Planting the Trophies of thy glorious Arms
By Sea and Land, where ever Titan warms.'
(Vol. I. p. 152, l. 771.)
- Cf. Milton, *Sonnet 8*—
'And he can spread thy name o're Lands and Seas,
Whatever clime the Sun's bright circle warms.'
10. 'The supream Voce placed in every Sphear
A Syren sweet; that from Heav'n's Harmony
Inferiour things might learn best melody.'
(*Ibid.* p. 160, l. 723.)
- Cf. Sh. *Merchant of Venice*, v. sc. 1.
11. 'While milde-ey'd Mercy stealeth from his hand
Th' sulph'ry Plagues prepar'd for sinfull Man.'
(*Ibid.* p. 161, l. 682.)
- Cf. Giles Fletcher, p. 129, st. 84 (my ed.).
12. . . . 'on the sea of richest Histories
Hulling at large.'
(*Ibid.* p. 164, l. 28.)
- Cf. Milton, *Par. Lost*, Bk. II. l. 836—
'He lookd, and saw the Ark hull on the flood.'
13. 'With staffe in hand, and wallet at our back,
From Town to Town to beg for all we lack.'
(*Ibid.* p. 166, l. 190.)
- Cf. Sh. *Troilus and Cressida*, III. sc. 3—
'Time hath my Lord a Wallet at his back.'
14. . . . 'and now began
Aurora's Usher with his windy Fan
Gently to shake the Woods on every side.'
(*Ibid.* p. 180, l. 273.)
- Cf. Milton, *Par. Lost*, Bk. v. l. 5—
'Th' only sound
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan.'
15. ' . . . as a Curre, that cannot hurt the flinger,
Flies at the stone and biteth that for anger.'
(*Ibid.* p. 216, l. 380.)
- A commonplace. So S. Nicholson in '*Acolastus*,' p. 226 :
'Much like a Curre, who smitten with a stone
Bites the poor peble, lets the man alone.'
16. 'While Hesperus in azure Waggon brought
Millions of Tapers over all the Vault.'
(*Ibid.* p. 235, l. 1096.)
- Cf. Sh. *Titus Andronicus*, IV. sc. 2—
'The burning tapers of the sky.'
17. 'His Cake is dough. . . .' (*Ibid.* p. 252, l. 138.)
- Cf. Sh. *Taming of the Shrew*, v. sc. 1—
'My cake is dough.' See also Breton, *s.v.*, *Glossarial Index*.
18. 'Scarce had the Aprill of mine Age begun. . . .'
(Vol. II. p. 3, l. 1.)
- Cf. S. Nicholson, *Acolastus*, p. 79 (my ed.)—
'Although the Aprill of my dayes be spent.'
19. 'This goodly Globe,
Wherein they see but (as it were) his Robe
Embroidered rich, and with Great Works embost.
Of Pow'r, of Prudence, and of Goodnesse, most.'
(Vol. II. p. 85, l. 21, and see I. p. 20, l. 154.)
- Cf. 'The living visible Garment of God.' Faust.
(Carlyle, *Sartor Resartus*, p. 54, l. 1838.)
20. 'Her winged manage rightly to command
With hempen Rains, and wooden Bridle.'
(*Ibid.* p. 130, l. 704.)
- Cf. 'With hempen bridles, and horse of tree.'
Scott, *Minstrelsy*, IV. p. 155 (Thomas the Rhymer.)
21. 'I must recant, lest I be stript and whipt.'
(*Ibid.* p. 211, l. 228.)
- An allusion to Wither's *Satire*?
22. (The Soul) 'Pure, in shee came; there living, shee
impurea.'
(*Ibid.* p. 219, st. 70.)
- Sir John Davies, vol. i. p. 88, etc. (my ed.), discusses
this question at large.
23. 'Wasps break the Web, Flies are held fast and hurt.'
(*Ibid.* p. 226, st. 55.)
- A frequent commonplace.
24. 'Nature hath broke the Mould shee made him in.'
(*Ibid.* p. 243, l. 459.)
- A commonplace, and recently :—
'And broke the mould in forming Washington.'
25. 'Sorrow, with us doth both lye down and rise.'
(*Ibid.* p. 244, l. 589.)
- Possibly an echo of Sh. *King John*, Act III. sc. 4—
'Grief fills the room up of my absent child
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me.'

It will be noticed that in these 'parallel passages' Milton is most frequently recalled. This demands fuller statement and illustration than I can conveniently find space for here. But it is the less to be regretted, in that the subject has been treated exhaustively and with rare scholarliness and urbanity, in a volume which no one who cares for either Milton or JOSHUA SYLVESTER will go without, and which is readily to be picked up in London. The following is the title-page of this now classic book :—'Considerations on Milton's early Reading and the Prima Stamina of his *Paradise Lost*; together with extracts from a poet of the Sixteenth Century. In a letter to William Falconer, M.D., from Charles Dunster, M.A., London, 1800 (12'

pp. 249). Very different from the malignant and fraudulent dealing with the problem of our illustrious Poet's 'Early Reading,' by WILLIAM LAUDER (cheu! Samuel Johnson's protégé), is that of CHARLES DUNSTER. The former first tracked Milton in the footsteps of Sylvester, and thus triumphed in his discovery:—'Du Bartas's divine Weeks and Works, Milton has made use of as a hidden mine. Besides the numberless fine thoughts Milton is indebted to this author for, he has contracted from him his low trick of playing upon words, and his frequent use of technical terms; for which he has been often censured. For though this last may properly enough challenge a place in such a poem as Du Bartas's, which purposely treats of the creation, nature and property of things; yet in Milton it appears only as an unnecessary ostentation of learning, finely calculated to amuse the illiterate part of his readers, and raise their wonder at the profundity of his erudition; but without giving the least addition to the real dignity or worth of his poem. Milton has borrowed from this author the long conference between Adam and Michael, which constitutes the greater part of the two last books of Paradise Lost; and has done little more than refined Sylvester's language, the translator of Du Bartas, with a few additions and variations, according to his usual custom. From this author Milton has borrowed many elegant phrases and single words, which were thought to be peculiar to him; such as *palpable darkness*, and a thousand others. In short, as I showed before, Milton has used this work of Du Bartas as a mine producing gold, silver, and precious stones, and sometimes pebbles and trash.'¹ Dunster, on the other hand, *in limine* thus judiciously writes:—'Nothing can be further from my intention than to insinuate that Milton was a plagiarist, or servile imitator; but I con-

ceive, that, having read these sacred poems of very high merit, at the immediate age when his own mind was just beginning to teem with poetry, he retained numberless thoughts, passages, and expressions therein, so deeply in his mind, that they hung inherently on his imagination, and became, as it were, naturalized there. Hence many of them were afterwards insensibly transfused into his own compositions. In common conversation we imperceptibly to ourselves adopt the particular phraseology or tone of voice of those persons whom we perhaps admire; and we frequently catch their characteristic manners, without meaning in any respect to copy them, nor being at all aware of any observable resemblance between us. From Milton's frequent adoption of Sylvester's language, I similarly infer his having been *much conversant* with it, and his earnest admiration of his poetry' (pp. 11-12). Again:—'Upon the whole, from the internal evidence of the book itself, combined with all the additional circumstances which I have been enabled to lay before you, I think you will admit "Milton's early acquaintance with Sylvester's Du Bartas, and his predilection for it:"—let me add, "his obligations to it."—By *obligations*, as I have already intimated, I certainly do not mean such as in any respect detract from his genius and talents; but such as render them more conspicuous, by marking the fineness of his penetration and the accuracy of his judgment. Neither do I merely point to its immediately suggesting (which I have no doubt it did) the "argumentum ingens" of his sublime poem; but I look to obligations of a higher and more general kind. I cannot but consider Sylvester's Du Bartas as having primarily taught Milton (what he was exquisitely framed to learn, and what was, at that time, very little understood) that "SACRED POETRY" was capable of assuming the most elevated *tone*; and that, while neither Calliope, nor

¹ Essay on Milton's Use and Imitation of the Moderns, 1750, 8vo.

Clio, could aspire to the *divine sublimity* of Urania, the Heavenly Muse in reality united with her own *native dignity* the *sweetness* of the ONE, and the power of the OTHER' (pp. 232-3).

In my judgment, while substantially CHARLES DUNSTER vindicates his thesis, he does so rather as broadly regarded than in detail. Many of his resemblances are purely fanciful or trivial, not a few are common to others, and some have the parallelism put into them—much as 'holy preachers' with their Old Testament texts. But with every deduction, the book was a real addition to our critical literature, and an effective contribution to our understanding of Milton's early training and discipline at the most impressionable and plastic period of his age. Extrinsicly, the early quartos and -duodecimos and folios of Sylvester's Du Bartas were printed and published in Milton's own street of 'Bread Street,' and while he was still resident there. The elder Milton, as himself a bookish man, was unquestionably on familiar terms with the successive occupants of the 'Bread Street Hill' press establishment, to wit, of Peter Short, Humphrey Lownes, and Robert Young. There is the imprint of 1613: 'printed by Humphrey Lownes, dwelling in Bread-street-hill at the sign of the Star,' which had been Short's.¹ The first folio was published there in 1621, when Milton was just turned thirteen; and everybody knows that Milton has told us in his *Defensio Secunda*, how from his 12th year he was so passionately fond of reading, as hardly ever to retire from his books to bed before midnight—*Pater me puerulum humaniorum literarum studiis destinavit; quas ita avidè arripui, ut ab anno ætatis duodecimo, vox unquam ante mediam noctem a lucubrationibus discederem; quæ prima oculorum perniciës fuit,* etc.

I must now content myself with a sum-

¹ Cf. Dunster, as before, pp. 5, 7, 8, 219-231.

mary view of the indebtedness to Sylvester of Milton; and this is laid to my hand in an interesting paper in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (New Series, vol. xxvi. pp. 339-47) by the late Rev. JOHN MITFORD:—

'We will give a small specimen of these imitations from the large number produced by Mr. Dunster; but sufficient, we think, to prove with what attention Milton, in his youthful days, had studied the *language* of the older poet, so that he appeared to have composed his early poems with Sylvester's volume opened before him.¹

Psalm cxxxvi. v. 45—

Milton. The ruddy waves he cleft in twain,
Of the Erythrean main.

Sylvester. His dreadful voice to save his ancient sheep
Did cleave the bottom of th' Erythrean deep,
Where the Erythrean ruddy billows roar.

Psalm cxxxvi. v. 53—

M. 'But full soon they did devour
The tawny king with all his power.

¹ Cf. Dunster, as before, pp. 5, 7, 8, 219-231. In the elaborate closing reference (pp. 219-231) it is conclusively shown that the Printers and Publishers of the 'Bread Street Hill' press were Puritan as distinguished from mere Church of England. So that the elder Milton and his family-tutor (Dr. Young) would the more readily introduce Master John Milton to Sylvester's Du Bartas. Sylvester himself was pronouncedly Puritan, while the Sylvesters of Mansfield—from whom Joseph Hunter boasted he descended—held their mansion as a kind of asylum for the persecuted Nonconformists. All this being so, Dunster over-refines when he sets about to prove that Milton's home was on the 'Hill of Bread Street.' The street was only a short one altogether, and it may safely be assumed that young Milton needed no such immediate neighbourhood to draw him to the book-shop of Lownes and Robert Young.

It is somewhat noticeable that to-day the 'Bread Street Hill' press has lost none of its ancient quality. The name of CLAY is found in many of the foremost books of our generation.

En passant, Mr. Mitford in a foot-note to our quotation (*ut supra*) hastily notes:—'On Sylvester's thefts from Spenser, see Todd's edition of Spenser, vol. iv. p. 2.' This is simple nonsense. Todd refers to a solitary epithet, which he assigns to Spenser as Milton's source rather than Sylvester. This is all. Sylvester certainly read Spenser, and revered him, but was very slightly indebted to him. Mr. Mitford also notes as follows:—'There is a curious piece mentioned in the British Bibliographer, iv. 220, "The Miracle of the Peace in France, by the Ghost of Du Bartas, translated by J. Sylvester;" and we may mention that a poem called "The Trophies of the Life and Tragedy of the Death of that Virtuous and Victorious Prince, Henry the Great, translated by J. Sylvester," consisting of twenty-nine pages, is appended to Matthieu's "Heroyk Life and Deplorable Death of the most Christian King Henry iv., translated by Grimestone," 4to, 1612.'

S. But contrary, the Red Sea did devour
The barbarous tyrant, with his mighty power.

Vacation Exercise, 93—

M. Trent, who spreads
His thirty arms along the *indented* meads.

S. Silver Medway, which doth deep *indent*
The flowery meadows of my native Kent.

Vales, with hundred brooks *indented*.

The word "indent," as applied to the course of a river, being very unusual.

Penseroso, v. 6—

M. And fancies formed which gaudy shapes
possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay moats that people the sunbeams,
Or likest hovering dreams, etc.

S. Fantastic swarms of dreams there hovered,
Green, red and yellow, tawny, black and blue;
They make no noise, but right resemble may
Th' unnumbered moats that in the sun-
beams play.

Comus, v. 636—

M. And yet more medicinal is it than moly
Which Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave.

S. Or else the rich fruit of the garden rare,
Or pretious moly, which Jove's pursuivant,
Wing-footed Hermes, brought to th' Ithacan.

Lycidas, v. 136—

M. —Where the mild whispers use.

Mr. Dunster says, 'I do not recollect to have met with "*use*," precisely in this sense, *anywhere but in Sylvester*; where Urania is represented as exciting Du Bartas to the study of Heaven-born poesy.'

S. Dive day and night in the Castalian fount;
Dwell upon Homer and the Mantuan
muse;
Climb day and night the double-topped
mount,
Where the Pierian learned maidens *use*.

Sonnet to Sir Henry Vane—

M. Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel old.

S. Isaac, in years young, but in wisdom grown.

Sonnet on his Blindness—

M. —Thousands at his bidding stand,
And *post* o'er land and ocean without rest.

S. The ministry of angels shall be here,
But these quick *posts* with ready expedition
Try to accomplish their divine commission.

We extract as the last specimen a longer passage from the *Vacation Exercise*, written when Milton was only *nineteen years of age*; and it might be reasonably asked if these were the *original* ideas of so young a mind:—

M. Yet I had rather, if I were to choose,
Thy service in some graver subject use.
Such where the deep transported mind may
soar,
Above the wheeling poles, and at Heaven's
door
Look in, and see the blissful deity,
How he, before the thundrous throne, doth lie,
List'ning to what unshorn Apollo sings
To th' touch of golden wires, while Hobe
brings
Immortal nectar to her kingly sire,
Then, passing through the spheres of watch-
ful fire,
And misty regions of rude air next under,
And hills of snow and lofts of piled thunder,
May tell at length how green-eyed Neptune
raves
In the air defiance, mustering all his waves;
Then sing of secret things that came to pass
When beldam Nature in her cradle was.

Let the following *mental excursion* into the elementary and celestial regions of the sacred poet be compared with the above:—

S. And though our soul live as imprisoned here
In our frail flesh, and buried, as it were,
In a dark tomb, yet at one flight she flies
From Calpe to Imaus, from th' earth to skies,
Much swifter than the chariot of the sun,
Which in a day about the world doth run;
For sometimes, leaving these base slimy
heaps,
With cheerful spring above the clouds she
leaps,
Glides through the air, and there she learns
to know
The original of wind, and air, and snow,
Of lightning, thunder, blazing stars, and
storms,
Of rain, and ice, and strange exhaled forms.
By the air's steep steps she boldly climbs
aloft
To the world's chambers. Heaven she
visits oft,
Stage after stage; she marketh all the
spheres,
And all th' harmonious various course of
theirs.
With sure ascent, and certain compasses,
She counts the stars, and metes their dis-
tances

And different paces ; and, as if she found
No object fair enough in all this round,
She mounts above the world's extremest wall,
Far, far beyond all things corporeal,
Where she beholds her Maker, face to face,
His frowns of justice and his smiles of grace ;
The faithful God, the chaste and sober port,
And sacred pomp of the celestial court.

P. 133.

Milton, as has been observed, has in fact compressed Du Bartas's description, only reversing the order of it, and *heathenising*, with some fine classical touches, the *Ολυμπια δώματα* of his predecessor.

It must be acknowledged that Sylvester was a poet whose work, in many parts and passages, was well worthy of Milton's attention and respect. Poets of his age are at all times making strange deviations from the rules of taste, and offending the judgment and feeling ; but they must be judged by their best passages, their highest achievements, and then there will be found much to praise and to approve. We take the following lines from the Creation of Eve as a proof of our assertion :—

And thereof made the mother of mankind.
Graving so lively on the living bone
All Adam's beauties, that but hardly one
Could have the lover from his love descried,
Or known the bridegroom from his gentle bride,
Saying that she had a more smiling eye,
A smoother chin, a cheek of purer dye,
A fainter voice, a more enticing face,
A deeper tress, a more delighting grace.

THE SITE OF PARADISE.

Yet, over-curious, question not the site
Where God did plant this garden of delight ;
Whether beneath the equinoctial line,
Or on a mountain near Latona's shrine,
Nigh Babylon, or in the radiant East :
Humbly content thee, that thou know'st, at least,
That that rare, plenteous, pleasant, happy thing,
Whereof the Almighty made our grandsire king,
Was a choice soil, through which did roaring glide
Swift Gihon, Pishon, and rich Tigris' tide,
With that fair stream whose silver waves do kiss
The monarch towns of proud Semiramis.

THE DECAY.

Ye honey-dropping hills we erst frequented,
Ye milk-full vales with hundred brooks indented,—
Delicious gardens of dear Israel !
Hills ! gardens ! vales ! we bid you all farewell.
Turn, therefore, turn your bloody blades on me,
But let these harmless little ones go free.
O ! stain not with the blood of innocents
Th' immortal trophies of your great attents.

So ever may the Riphean mountains quake
Under your feet ; so ever may you make
South, east, and west your own ; on every coast
So may victorious march your glorious host !¹

The GLOSSARIAL INDEX—so matterful and noticeable—will guide the student-Reader to many a curious word and thing and allusion. Your 'Word-Hunter' in these our days of special word-hunting, will never consult it in vain.

My appointed task—though 'task' is not the right word for what has been a joy—is completed. Now I feel somewhat confident that a 'fit audience' if 'few' because of the elect, may be afresh counted on for my 'silver-tongued' Worthy and Poet. John Vicars notes wonderingly that he was chary of speech :—

'Thy Wisedome, in thy Sparing-Speech was shown.
'Tis strange his *Words* should drop, whose *works* did stream :
Yet words and works shone, all, with grace's beam :
Thy *Piety*, *sobriety*, well known.' (Vol. I. p. 10, st. 5.)

The same good friend had engraved under Cornelius Van Dalen's portrait of him—reproduced for us—these lines :—

'Honestissimi Poetæ et Gallici Du Bartæ translatoris
inclytissimi
M'ri Joshuo Sylvestri vera Effigies.
Behold the man whose words and workes were one ;
Whose life and labours have few equals knowne ;
Whose sacred layes his browes with bayes have bound,
And him his age's poet-laureat crowned ;
Whom Envy scarce could hate, whom all admir'd,
Who liv'd beloved, and a saint expir'd.
John Vicars.'

MICHAEL DRAYTON dedicated his 'Miracles of Moses' to Du Bartas and Sylvester :—

'Sallust, to thee and Sylvester thy friend,
Comes my high poem, peaceably and chaste,
Your hallowed labours humbly to attend,
That wreckful time shall not have power to waste.'

¹ I would invite attention to Dunster's remarks on Milton's lines in 'The Passion' :—

'The leaves should all be black whereon I write
And letters where my tears have wash'd a wannish white,'
as illustrated by Sylvester's 'Lachrymæ Lachrymarum' as originally published. I have seen contemporary Elegies with 'wannish white' tears on a jet-black ground.

Du Bartas is constantly quoted in Swan's *Speculum Mundi*, 1643 (4to), where he is called 'that Nightingale of France ;' and the same bird-name is applied to his Translator. So in Nicoll's *Vertue's Encomium* :—

'Beneath the shadow of your favour's wing
A sweet *Silvester* Nightingale doth sing.'

In a copy of the folio on a fly-leaf were written certain old verses on Du Bartas and Sylvester signed W. H. ; which initials I am willing to believe represent WILLIAM HERBERT. They are thus given by the bookseller who owned the exemplar :—

'*Silvester* signifies a woode
that's green, that's goode ;
That like a Spring doth bloome and budd,
And like to Autumne, fruit doth beare
that's ripe, that's rare,
Not once alone but all the yeare.'¹

EDWARD PHILLIPS—nephew of Milton, and writing under his supervision—observes of the Du Bartas that it 'has ever had many great admirers among us' (*Theatrum Poet. s.n.*). Among the 'commendatory poems' (Vol. I. pp. 13, 14, 15) 'rare Ben,' well-languaged Daniel, and Bishop Hall² may be singled out; and I gladly add to them an unpublished celebration of him from a ms. in the British Museum, 'The Newe Metamorphosis or a Feast of Fancie' (Addl. ms. 14824/5, 1600) :—

¹ See my dedicatory Sonnet to Mr. David M. Main of this edition of Sylvester.

² Dunster remarks—'Ben Jonson, indeed, in a general censure [judgment] of the poets of his time (recorded from his conversation by Drummoud of Hawthornden), says :—"*Silvester's* translation of Du Bartas was not well done; but he [Jonson] wrote his verses before he understood to confer." By which we may understand Jonson censuring the *exactness* of the translation, which he must have done on the report of others, as his verses confess that he did not understand the original. The poetry of Sylvester (which is my object) stands unimpeached' (pp. 10-11). In these famous Conversations Drummond praises Sylvester's 'Judith,' momentarily forgetting it was by Hudson; but he further speaks of 'his happy translations in sundry places equalling the original.' Drummond knew French well.

It is to be noted that besides his verse-praise of Sylvester, Bishop Hall mentions him very pleasingly in one of his Letters, e.g. writing to Mr. Hugh Cholmley (*Epist. Decade II. Ep. v.* : Works by Wynter, vol. vi. p. 173) concerning his 'metaphrase of the Psalms' he thus introduces him :—'Many great wits have

'Monday, Lilly, Britton, Danyell, Draiton,
Chapman, and Jonson, Withers, auncient Tusser,
With the divine Soule-pleasing *Silvester*,
And noble Spencer.'

Finally, there is his own assurance of after-remembrance in the 'Toomb of Words' before his 'Triumph of Faith' :—

'Which (though it cost lesse) shall out-last
The proud cloud-threat'ning Battlements,
Th' aspiring Spires by Nilus plac't,
And Hell-deepe-founded Monuments.'

(Vol. II. p. 9.)

And so adopting and (slightly) adapting JAMES SHIRLEY'S verses to 'Master Philip Massinger in his Renegado,' I leave JOSHUA SYLVESTER as recalled to memory at this later day, to win new admirers :—

'Dabblers in poetry, that only can
Court this weak lady, or that gentleman,
With some lowe wit in rhyme ;
Others that fright the time
Into belief with mighty words, that tear
A passage through the ear ;
Or nicer men
That through a perspective will see a play,
And use it the wrong way,
(Not worth thy pen),
Though all their pride exalt them ; cannot be
Competent judges of thy lines, or thee.
I must confess, I have no glorious name
To rescue judgment ; no poetic flame
To dress thy muse with praise,
And Phœbus his own bays ;
Yet I commend these POEMS, and dare tell
The world, I like them well.'¹

undertaken this task, which yet have either not effected it, or have smothered it in their private desks and denied it the common light. Amongst the rest were those two rare spirits of the Sidneys, to whom poesy was as natural as it is affected of others : and our worthy friend Mr. Sylvester hath showed me how happily he hath sometimes turned from his Bartas to the sweet singer of Israel.'

I may as well give here another allusion while Sylvester was living, viz., Robert Fletcher in his 'Nine English Worthies' (1606, 40) :—

'The worthy Poet Daniel by name,
Silvester, Drayton can build sumptuous bowers,
And many more bedewed with heavenly showers.'

John Dunbar, in his 'Epigrammaton' (1616), also flatteringly remembers him in association with Daniel and Davies of Hereford : 'Nay *Silvester* leaves doubtful the wreath on Daniel's brow'—significant by its surplusage of praise of his position then.

¹ Works by Gifford and Dyce (6 vols. 8vo, 1833 : vol. vi. p. 487).

I have only to add that I am under no common obligations to my friend GEORGE H. WHITE, Esq. of Glenthorne, in the preparation of the Glossarial Index and otherwise, and also to my friend the REV. T. L. O. DAVIES, M.A., Woolston, Southampton, whose

'Bible English' deserves higher recognition than it has yet met with.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

ST. GEORGE'S VESTRY,
BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE,
3d July 1880.

APPENDIX TO MEMOIR I. BIOGRAPHICAL.

A. THE WILL OF WILLIAM PLUMBE. See page xi. col. 2.

In the name of the father the sonne and the hollye ghost three parsons and one eternall and everlasting god amen the twentieth day of July one thousand fyve hundred nynyte and three and in the fyve and thirte yere of the raygne of our most gracious soueraygne Queene Elizabeth I Wiltm Plumbe of ffulham in the countye of Myddlesex gentleman knowinge that I was borne to dye and that the tyme therof may be in soe shorte a momente as the twynckling of an eye, and fynding by daylye experience the manyfolde and intricate suytes and questions in lawe which doe arise for lacke of disposing and advising of such havior as y^t pleaseth the allmyghtie to comytt vnto vs, haue thought y^t very meete and convenyent in this contagious tyme of infetion, whilst it pleaseth almightie god of his greate mercye and goodnes to gyue me perfect remembraunce of mynd and reasonable health of bodye to make and Declare this my last will and testament conteyning the full Disposiçon of all the worldly wealth wherewyth it hath pleased god to indew me in manner and forme following first and pryncipallie I doe most humbly beseech allmightie god the father my creator, Jesus Xpist the sonne my onelie savioure and redeemer, and the hollie sperite my comforter beinge three persons and yet but one god, that according to the multitude of his great mercies he will vouchsafe to haue mercy vppō me and receiue my sowle, for into his handes I doe whollye commende y^t most stedfastly beleeuinge that for the sonnes sake I shall be made partaker of that heauenly kyngdome which is prepared for the electe before the foundaçon of the worlde : God o father haue mercye vppon me, God o sonne haue mercye vppon me, God o hollye ghost haue mercy vpon me three persons and one god haue mercy vppon me and all the people, saue me good

lord an all thyne inheritaunce, keepe thie Church from all herisyas, and mayneteyne thie true religion amonge thye chosen that they may trulie serue the in such sort as thou hast commanded, and alwayes freely prayse the to whom all honor and glory for euer belongeth, And my body I doe bequeath to the earth from whence y^t came to be buried in such decenete christian sorte as to my Executrix hereafter named shall seeme conveyente wythout any pompe or worldly glory, onely fyue powndes I giue and bequeath to be Distributed amonge the poore that shalbe present at my funerall and fortye shillings to the poore mens box of the parish where I shall fortune to Decease, Item I giue and bequeath to my sonne ffrancis two thowsand powndes of good & lawfull money of England to be levyed and had of my goodes and Chattelles which said two thousand powndes my mynde and will is shall be bestowed in landes or leases to the vse and behoofe of my sayd sonne ffrancis by the ayde, advice and discreçon of my overseeres or any of them hereafter named wyth asmuch conveyent speed as may be after my Decease and I doe most hartely pray them in all curtesye and charytie to doe for me herein as they woulde haue me or any other doe for them in the like case, Item I giue and bequeath vnto my said sonne ffrancis all my Jewelles of golde as well Ringes as browches buttons bracelettes and tablettes sett wyth stones or otharwise excepte such as are in the possession of Elizabeth my wife and are for the use of her owne boddye, and allso excepte such as I shall otherwise dispose hereafter, Item I giue and bequeath vnto my sayd sonne ffrancis all my apparrell of silke, or cloth lyned wyth sylke or trymed wyth gold or syluer lace or furred (excepte such as I shall otherwise dispose here after and excepte the meanest and basest of

myne Apparell which I will be distributed amonge my servauntes at the discrecion of myne executrix, Item I giue and bequeath vnto my sayd sonne ffrancis all my bookes as well lattyne as Englishe and all manner of thinges in my Closett as y^t nowe standeth excepte all manner of coyne of syluer or golde. Item I giue and bequeath vnto Thomas Gressham my wives eldest sonne three hundred powndes of lawfull Englishe money to be deliuered vnto him at the age of one and twentye yeres, and in the meane tyme to remayne in the handes of his mother. Item I giue and bequeath vnto William Gressham my wives seconde sonne three hundred powndes of lawfull Englishe money to be Deliuered vnto him at the age of one and twentye yeres, and in the meane tyme to remayne in the handes of his mother hoping that hereby and by their educacon and preferment in service which hath bynn very chardgeable to me I haue made full satisfaction for three hundred and ffytie powndes which I receyued of St. John Goodwyn and was allotted vnto their mother and them of the goodes of the Lady Gressham their grandmother And if y^t happen that any of the two sonnes Thomas or William to Decease before the age of one and twenty yeres, then I will that the porcion of him soe dyinge shall remayne vnto him that shall surviue, And yf yt shall happen that they both dye before the age of one and twentye yeres then I will that both their porcions of three hundred pownde a peice be equally devided betweene Elizabeth my wife and ffrancis my sonne, And also if yt shall fortune my said sonne ffrancis to Decease before the age of one and twentye yeres then I will that his sayed porcion of two thousand powndes or such landes or Leases as shalbe purchased therwyth shall be to the onelie vse and behoofe of Elizabeth my wife and Thoñs and William her sonnes, Provided allwayes and my mynde and will is that of these two thousand powndes or the landes or leases purchased therewyth and soe commynge to their handes there be payed vnto my Cosyn John Smyth for the reliefe of himselfe his wife and children two hundreth powndes of lawfull Inglish mony and to be Dilyuered vnto him wythin one yeare after the Decease of my sayed sonne ffrancis, Item I giue and bequeath vnto my sayed Cosyn John Smyth to be payed him wythin sixe monethes after my Decease twentye powndes in mony and a dublett a payer of hose and a cloake at the Discrecion of myne executrix. Item I giue and bequeath vnto ffrancis Smyth his sonne for the preferment of him in service twentie powndes to be also payd wythin sixe monethes after my Decease. Item I giue and bequeath vnto my Cosyn William Smyth capteyne in Ostende one dublett and a payer

of hose of white and greene wroughte veluett and one cloake of purple cloth layd wyth gould lace and faced wyth purple Taffaty, Item I giue and bequeath vnto my good brother and freind Mr. James parkynson a dutche Cloake of watchett chamlett garded wyth veluet, Item I giue and bequeath vnto my deare Christian freindes Mr. Henry Ayray and Mr. Richard Sibson fellowes of the queenes Colledge in Oxon twenty shillings a peece to make them Rynge and vnto the sayd Mr. Sibson I giue also my mourneinge Cloake of blacke cloth, Item I giue and bequeath vnto the poore schollers of the sayd queenes Colledge to buy them bookes fortye shillings, and that to be ordered by the Discrecion of the sayd Mr. Airay and Mr. Sibson, Item I giue and bequeath vnto the poore of the parrishe of Eltham in the countie of Kente where I was borne fortye shillings to be distributed by the discrecion of Mr. Richard Willims. Item I giue and bequeath to the poore of the parrishe of ffullham fortye shillings to be distributed by the discrecion of myne executrix. Item I giue and bequeathe to the poore of the parrishe of Meereworth in the sayed countye of Kente where I haue inhabited fortye shillings to be distributed by the discrecion of Mr. Roger Twysden esquire, Item I giue and bequeath to every man servaunte in my howse takinge wages twenty shillings in money and a mourneinge cote. Item I giue and bequeathe vnto my servaunte Joane Hill widdowe fortye shillings and a mourneing gowne and to every other woman servante in my howse takinge tenn shillings, All the rest of my goodes and Cattelles money plate howshold stuffe corne Cattle and whatsoever elles my Debtes and legacies being payed and my funerall chardges discharged I giue and bequeath to Elizabeth my deere wife whom I make and ordeyne my sole and only executrix of this my last will and Testament praying her to excepte therof and to see every thinge therin performed according to my meaninge as my sure trust is in her not doubtinge (the lord be prayed therefore) but that shee shall fynde sufficiente to discharge both thone and the other, wyth an over plus, and shee her selfe provided for in a reasonable sort, and I doe make and ordayne my trusty and deere freindes Mr. William Lambert of Kent Mr. Richard Willims and Mr. Henry Thornton my ouerseers of this my last will and Testament most earnestly praying them in the bowells of Jesus Christ to take some paynes herin and to be ayding and assisting vnto my poore wife whoe is an ignorante body in these cases, and therefore shall haue greate neede of their helpe, and for their paynes herein to be taken I giue and bequeath to every of them one peece of plate of the vallewe of fyve markes to be made of

purpose for them and my name to be ingraved vpon each of them. In witsse whereof I haue written this wyth myne owne hand and herevnto subscribed my name as a testimony that yt is my full intençon and last will conteyned in three sheetes of paper which I pray god may take effecte according to my meaninge, soe as yt may be most to his glory and my salvaçon amen. Sealed and deliuered for his last will in the presence of Henry Thornton John Lappy Richard Willson and Johan Hill.

Probatum fuit Testamentum hñoi suprascriptũ apud London coram Magño Johẽ Amy legum dõore surĩ venerabilis viri magñi Wiltmi Lewin legum etiam doctoris Curie prerogatiue Cantuarieñ Magñi Custod sine Commissarij primo die mensis martij anno dñi iuxta cursũ et computaõem ecclie Anglicane millesimo quingentesimo nonagesimo tertio Juramento Thome White notarij publicis et procuratoris Elizabethe relicte et executre in hñoi Testamento noiãt Cui comissa fuit administraõ bonorum Jurium et creditorum dñi Defuncti De bene et fideliter Administrandũ &c. ad sancta dei Evangelia Juraĩ.

Prerog. Court of Canty.
Somerset House.'

24 Dixy.

* * These biographical *data* may be here added:—William Plumbe was son of John Plumbe of Eltham, co. Cant. He married (1.) Margaret, daughter and heiress of Sir Thomas Nevil of the Privy Council to Henry VIII., and one of the Secretaries. She had previously been married to Sir Robert Southwell of Moreworth in Kent, Master of the Rolls, to whom she bore a son Thomas (of Woodlising in Norfolk), and he a son, Sir

Robert Southwell, who in turn married Elizabeth, d. of Charles Gent of Nottingham. '1561, Nov. 13. Mr. Wm. Plumbe and the Lady Margaret Southwell married . . . of Moreworth.' The first Mrs. Plumbe died 25th December, aged 55, and was buried at Widdial in Herts, where is a monument to her memory by her second husband. Her mother was Lady Fitzhugh, d. of Lord Dacre of the North. Cf. Salmon's Herts, p. 307. It was intended that Margaret (*supra*) should marry Gregory Cromwell, Gent. See will of Guy the Lord Abergavenny, her uncle. His second wife was Elizabeth, d. of Edward Dormer of Fulham, Gent., and his only heir: she too had been a widow, viz., of John Gresham of Mayfield, co. Sussex, cousin-german of Sir Thomas Gresham, and second cousin of Sir John Gresham, Lord Mayor of London. It will be noticed that two of her sons are named and remembered in the will. William Plumbe died 9th February 1593, æt. 60: M. I. at Chelsea in Munday's Stowe, p. 787. I have gleaned most of above from Hunter's Collections in *Chorus Vatum*, as before. It is pleasant to find that as Plumbe's wife was a Nevil, so Sylvester dedicated certain of his Poems to Nevils (see Index of Names, *s.n.*); and so with others. It must be added that Elizabeth Plumbe, widow, was living at Fulham 31 Elizabeth.

C.—OCCASIONAL POEMS. See p. xx.

I. From

'November the 5. 1605.
The
QUINTESENCE OF CRVELTY,
or
MASTER-PEICE OF TREACHERY,
The Popish Pouder-Plot,
Invented by Hellish-Malice
Prevented by Heavenly-mefcy.

Truly related, and from the Latine of the Learned
Religious and Reverend Dr. Herring,
translated and very much dilated
By John Vicars.

London, 1641 (8vo).

To my good friend M. John Vicars.
Thy love to Truth, I love, thy hate of errors,
Thine honesty, thine industry, thy zeale,

For God, the king, the Church and common-weal,
 Against the rage of Rome's intended terrors.
 I like thy loathing of those Treason-stirrers,
 That for *Apollyon*, in these plots do deale
 With ghastly, ghostly fathers, that concale,
 Or rather counsaile, so inhumane horrors.
 I praise thine Authour's and thine owne desire,
 To haue recorded unto all posterity,
 Th' Ignatian-furies ignominious fire,
 Flaming from bell against Christ's heavenly verity:
 In *Fauks, Grants, Garnets, Winters, Caterbies,*
Percies,
 Let others praise thy Vowes, I praise thy Verses.

JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

II. From 'Observations vpon Cæsars Commentaries.
 By Clement Edmwndes, Remembrancer of the
 cittie of London. 1609' (folio).

To his worthy friend, Maister Clement Edmonds.

'Observing well what *Thou* hast well *Observ'd*
 In *Cæsar's Workes*, his *Warres*, and *Discipline*;
 Whether His Pen hath earn'd more Praise, or Thine,
 My shallow Censure doubtfully hath suerv'd.
 If strange it were, if wonder it *deserv'd*,
 That what *He wrought* so faire, *Hee wrote* so fine;
 Me thinks it's stranger, that *Thy* learned Line
 Should our best *Leaders* lead, not hauing *serv'd*.
 But hereby (*Clement*) hast Thou made thee knowne
 Able to counsaile, aptest to recorde
 The Conquests of a *CÆSAR* of our owne;
 HENRY, thy Patron, and my Princely Lord,

Whom (O!) Heav'n prosper, and protect from harmes,
 In glorious Peace, and in victorious Armes.

JOSVAB SYLVESTER.

It may be noted that Samuel Daniel (spelled Danyell) and Ben Jonson, also prefix commendations, and Camden one in Latin. For the 'commendation' of Blaxton, see Vol. II. p. 362. In Thomas Tuke's 'Painting of Women' (1616), a quotation is made from Sylvester's Du Bartas on 'Dress.'

I have unfortunately mislaid a short French poem contributed by Sylvester to a Dutch Volume. It was kindly sent me by my friend E. W. Gosse, Esq., some time since, and must have been too carefully put past. However, we have already, in good sooth, more than enough of Sylvester's attempts in French, Italian, etc. His French he was well-grounded in, but I suspect it was cultivated mainly by his practice as a Merchant-adventurer. So with the others. Vicars lauds his knowledge of languages. We must understand spoken rather than critically read. This Appendix is marked C at page xx., by oversight; and accordingly is here so headed.

DO
BARTAS



The
Complete Works
of
Joshuah Sylvester.



NOTE.

OUR text is the fine and most careful folio of '1641.' In the Memorial-Introduction will be found Various Readings from the original and early editions of the separately issued portions, together with a critical examination of Du Bartas himself. At the close of each division Notes and Illustrations are given. On the odd architectural enclosures of certain of the opening and later poems, see the Memorial-Introduction. A facsimile of the portrait of du-Bartas and of the Sidney symbol, and other woodcuts, appear in their several places. Throughout, the text and notes are furnished in integrity.—G.

DU
BARTAS
HIS
DIVINE WEEKES
AND WORKES:

WITH
A Complete Collection of all the other most delightfull
WORKES, Translated and Written
by that famous *Philomusus*
JOSUAH SYLVESTER, Gent.

With Additions.



LONDON,
Printed by ROBERT YOUNG, and are to bee sold by
William Hope, at the signe of the Unicorne
in Cornehill, 1641.



ANAGRAMMATA REGIA :

REGI.

Iacobus Stuart :

Justa Scrutabo.

James Stuart :

A just Master.

FOr A just Master *have I labour'd long ;*
To A just Master have I vow'd my best ;
 By A just Master *should I take no wrong ;*
With A just Master would my life be blest.
In A just Master are all Vertues met :
From A just Master flows abundant grace ;
But, A just Master is so hard to get,
That A just Master seems of Phoenix race ;
Yet, A just Master have I found in fine.
Of A just Master, if you question This,
Whom A just Master I so just define ;
My Liege JAMES STUART A just Master is.
And A just Master could my Worke deserve,
Such A just Master would I justly serve.

Voy Sire Saluste.

AU TRES-PUISSANT, TRES-PRUDENT, ET TRES-AUGUSTE

Iaques (par la grace de Dieu) Roy de la Grand
 Britaign, de France, & d'Ireland : Defenseur de la
Foy unique Catholique, Apostolique, &
 CHRISTIENE.

VOY (SIRE) ton SALUSTE habillé en *Anglois*
(Anglois encore plus de Cœur que de langage)
 Qui, cognissant loyall ton Royall *Heritage*
 En ces beaux *Lis Dorez* au Sceptre des *Gaulois*
 (Comme au vray *Souverain* des vray Subjects *Francois*)
 Cy a tes pieds sacrez te fait son saint *Hommage*
 (De ton *Hæur* & *Grandeur* eternal tesmoignage)
 Miroir de tous *Heros*, Miracle de tous *Royz*.

VOY (SIRE) ton SALUSTE, ou (pour le moins) son ombre ;
 Ou l'ombre (pour le moins) de ses *Traits plus*
 divins,
 Qui, ores trop noyré par mon pinceau trop sombre,
 S'esclairciront aux Raiz de tes Yeux plus benins.
 Donques d'un *œil benin* & d'un accueil *Auguste*
 Recooy ton cher *Bartas*, & VOY SIRE SALUSTE.

Anagrammatisme
 de JOSUA SYLVESTER :

de vostre Majesté
 Tres humble Subject & Serviteur.

A l'istessa sua Majestà serenisma.

NEptun', *gueloso de La Muse Inglesè,*
L'immura si del Braccio crystallino,
Ch'il piu divin del Canto suo divino
Poco 's intende fuòr del suo Patru :
 Pero (Signor) *Come già la Francèze*
T' à Celebrato di-quà l' Apenino
Di-là, l' ITALICA al Peregrino
Anche far à l'atte tue Lodi intète.
Siche, la Sèna, el Pàdo prestaranno
Lor Chori sacri, per Cantàr l' immensa
Alma Virtù, Valdèr, Pietà, Prudèna
 Di GIACOMO (*gran SALOMOM* Britanno)
Per di tua Gloria (vdsta qual' e quanta)
Raptr' il Mondo in maraviglia santa.

L' Istesso Osservantissimo

J. S.

To England's, Scotland's, France and Ireland's KING :
Great Emperour of EUROPE'S greatest Iles :
Monarch of Hearts, and Arts, and every thing
Beneath BOOTES, many thousand miles :
Upon whose Head, Honour and Fortune smiles :
About whose brows, clusters of crowns do spring :

Whose Faith, Him Cham-
pion of the FAITH en-stiles :
Whose Wisedome's Fame
Ore all the World doth ring :

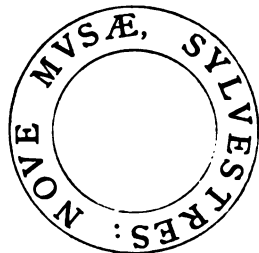
MNEMOSYNE
&

Her faire Daughters bring
The DAPHNEAN Crown
To Crowne Him (Lawreat)
Whole and sole Sovereigne

Of the THESPIAN Spring :
Prince of PARNASSUS, and Pierian State :

And with their crown, their kingdoms Arms they yeald :
Thrice three Penns Sunne-like in a Cynthian field.
Sign'd by TIMES-SELVES, and their high Treasurer
BARTAS, the Great : Ingross'd by SYLVESTER.

Our SUN did Set, and yet no NIGHT ensew'd ;
Our WOE-full losse so JOY-full gaine did bring,
In teares wee smile, amid our sighes wee sing :
So suddenly our dying LIGHT renew'd.
As when th' ARABIAN (only) Bird doth burne
Her aged body in sweet FLAMES to death,
Out of Her CINDARS
A new Bird hath breath,



In whom the BEAUTIES
Of the FIRST returns ;
From Spicie Ashes of the sacred URNE
Of Our dead Phoenix (dear ELIZABETH)
A new true PHOENIX lively flourisheth,
Whom greater glories then the First adorne.
So much (O KING) thy sacred Worth presume-I-on,
JAMES, thou just Heire of *Englands joyfull UNION.*

JAMES, Thou just Heir of *Englands joyfull UNION.*
UNITING now too This long sever'd ILE
(Sever'd for strangers, from it selfe the while)
Under one Scepter, in One Faith's Communion :
That in our Loves may never bee dis-union,
Throughout-all Kingdoms in thy Regall Stile,
Make CHRIST thy Guide
(In whom was never guile)

CLIO.

To RULE thy Subjects
In his GOSPELS Union.

So, on thy Seat thy Seede shall ever Flourish
To SION's Comfort, and th' eternall Terror
Of GOG and MAGOG, Athëisme and Error :
So shall one TRUTH thy people train and nourish
In meeke Obedience of Th' Almighty's Pleasure.
And to give CAESAR what belongs to CAESAR.

And (to give CAESAR what belongs to CAESAR)
To sacred Thee (drad Sovereigne) dearest JAMES,
While sad-glad ENGLAND yealds Her Diadems,
To bee dispos'd at Thine Imperiall Pleasure :
While Peers & states expose their pomp & treasure
To entertain thee from thy Tweed to THAMES,
With ROYALL Presents,
And rare-precious Gemmes ;

THALIA.

As Mindes and Meanes
Concurre in happy measure.

Here (gracious Lord) low prostrate I present you
The richest Jewell my poore FATE affords,
(A sacrifice, that long-long since I meant you)
Your Minion BARTAS, masked in my words :
With him, my Selfe, my Service, Wit and Art,
With all the SINNEWES of a Loyall Heart.

With all the SINNERS of a Loyall Heart,
Unto Your ROYALL Hands I humbly Sacre
These Weeks (the works of the worlds glorious Maker)
Divinely warbled by LORD BARTAS Art
(Though through my rudeness here mis-tun'd in part).
For, to whom meeter should this Muse betake her,

*Than to YOUR Highnesse,
Whom (as chiefe Partaker)*

MELPOMENE.

*All MUSES Crowne
For Principall Desert?*

To whom should sacred Art and learned Pietie
In Highest Notes of Heav'nly Musicke Sing
The Royall Decdes of the redoubted Deities,
But to a Learned and Religious KING?
To whom but You should Holy Faith commend-her,
Great King of England, Christian Faith's Defender?

Great King of England, Christian Faith's Defender ;
No Selfe—presuming of my Witt's perfection
(In what is mine of this Divine Confection)
Boldens mee thus to You the Same to tender:

But with the rest the best I have to render
For Loyall Witnessse of my glad affection,

*My MITE I offer
To your High Protection;*

CALLIOPE.

*Which MORE it needs,
Themore it selfe is slender.*

But, for mine AUTHOR, in his sacred-furie,
I know your Highnesse knows him Prince of Singers,
And his rare Workes worthy Your Royall fingers
(Though here His lustre too-too-much obscure-I):
For His sake therefore, and Your Selfes Benignitie,
Accept my ZEALE, and pardon mine Indignitie.

Accept my ZEALE, and pardon mine Indignitie
(Smoothing with smiles sterne Majesties Severitie)
Sith from this Error of my bold Temeritie,
Great good may grow, through heav'ns & your benignity:

For, farre more equal to your BARTAS Dignitie,
This may provoke (with more divine Dexteritie)

*Some NOBLER Wit,
To SING to our Posterity*

TERPSICHORE.

*This NOBLEST Worke,
After it Self's Condignitie:*

Or else the sweet Rayes of your Royall Favour
May shine so warm on these wilde fruits of mine,
As much may mend their vertue, taste, & savour,
And Ripen faire the Rest that are behinde:
The rather, if some Clowde of COMFORT drop
Amid the Branches of my blasted Hope.

Amid the Branches of my blasted Hope,
Three Noble pearches had my Muse of late,
Where (Turtle-like) groaning sad tunes she scate:
But (O!) curst ENVIE did untimely lop

The First: the Next, bruiz'd with his fall, did drop:
The Third remains, grow'n a great arm of State:

*Most WORTHIE So,
But so pra—occupate*

EUTERPE.

*With others MUSES,
That OURS hath no scope.*

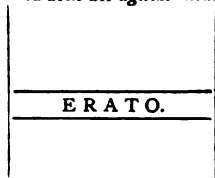
Wherefore for succour in her wearie flight
Hardly pursu'd by that sharp Vulture, WANT,
She's fain my Liege (with your good leave) to light
Amid the Top-leaves of Your CEDAR Plants:
Where, if you daign Her Rest from Fortune's wrong,
Shee shall more sweetely End her solemne Song.

Shee shall more sweetely End Her solemne Song
(If Heav'n grant Life, and You give leave to doe-it)

*By adding fitly All those Parts unto it
Which more precisely to your Prayse belong*

(Wherein expresly, with a Thankfull Tongue,
To your great Self, APOLLO's self applies-him,

*Yeelds YOU His Lawrels,
And doth all agnize-him*



*Rapt with the Wonder
Of Your Vertues, Young).*

All the Posthumiall race of that rare Spirit
(His Swan tunes, sweetest neer his latest breath)

*Which, of his glorie their Childes-part inherit
(Though born, alas! after their Father's death)*

As Epilogue, shall PAY our gratefull Vowes
Under the shadow of Your Sacred Boughes.

Under the shadow of Your Sacred Boughes,
Great, Royall CEDAR of Mount LIBANON

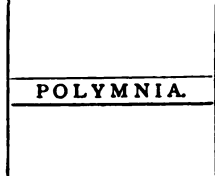
(Greater then that great Tree of BABYLON)

No marvaile if our TURTLE seek to House;

Sith CESAR's Eagles that so strongly Rouse:

Th' old Haggard FALCON, hatcht by *Pampelon*:

*Th' IBERIAN GRIPHIN
(And not THESE alone,*



*But every Bird and Beast)
With HUMBLE vowes,*

Seeks roost or rest under your mighty Bowers:

So mighty hath the Almighty made you now:

O Honour Him who thus hath Honour'd you,

And build His house who thus hath blessed Yours.

So STUARTS ay shall stand (propt with His Power)

To Foes a Terrour, and to Friends a Tower.

To Foes a Terrour, and to Friends a Tower:
ERROR's Defyer, and True FAITH's Defence:

A Sword to Wrong, a Shield to Innocence:

Cheering the milde; checking the wilde with power:

The Starre of other States, and Sterne of Our:

The Rod of Vice, and VERTUE's Recompence:

Long Live King JAMES

In all MAGNIFICENCE:



And (full of DAYES)

When (in his Bliss-full Bowre)

Heav'ns King shal crowne thee with th' immortal flowr,

Fall all These Blessings on that forward Prince

HENRY (*our Hope*) to crowne His Excellence

A KING *at home, abroade* a CONQUEROR;

So Happily, that wee may still Conclude,

Our Sunne did set, and yet no Night ensew'd.

YOUR MAJESTIES



Most loyall Subject

AND



Humble Servant

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

THE
ORDER OF THE BOOKES,
OR TRACTS OF THESE
VOLUMES.

The First Weeke containeth Seven Dayes.

The {
1. Day.
2. Day.
3. Day.
4. Day.

THE {
5. Day.
6. Day.
7. Day.

The Second Week likewise Seven Dayes :
whereof three were never finished.

ADAM, {
1. Day. {
Eden.
The Imposture.
The Furies.
The Handy-Crafts.
NOAH, {
2. Day. {
The Arke.
Babylon.
The Colonies.
The Columnes.

ABRAHAM, {
3. Day. {
The Vocation.
The Fathers.
The Law.
The Captains.
DAVID, {
4. Day. {
The Tropheis.
The Magnificence.
The Schisme.
The Decay.

Urania.
The Triumph of Faith.
The Quadrains of Pibrac.
The Miraculous Peace of France.
A Paradox against Liberty.
Judith.
Little Bartas.
The Map of Man.
The Maidens blush, or Joseph.
Panaretus.
Job Triumphant.
Bethulia's Rescue.
A Hymn of Almes.
Memorials of Mortality.
St. Lewis the King.
The Tropheis of Henry the Great.
The Battell of Yurie.
All is not Gold that glisters.

New Jerusalem.
Selfe-Civill-Warre.
A Cup of Consolation in Christian conflict.
Tobacco battered.
Lacrymæ Lacrymarum.
An Elegie upon Sir William Sidneys death.
Honours Farewell.
An Elegie upon the death of Doctour Hills Wife.
A Briefe Catechisme.
Spectacles.
Mottoes.
The Wood-mans Beare.
A Preparation to the Resurrection.
A Table of the Mysterie of Mysteries.
Severall Poems of the same Authors.
*Lastly, Seven Letanies upon the severall Petitions of the
Lords Prayer, not formerly extant, are now added.*



CEs Tempes laurisez, du *Laurier* meame honneur ;
 Ces Yeux contemple-Cieux, ou la *Vertu* se lit ;
 Ces traits au front, marques de *Scavoir & d'Esprit* ;
 Ne sont que du BARTAS un ombre *exterieur*.
 Le Pinçeau n'en peut plus : Mais de sa propre Plume
 Il s'est peint le *Dedans*, dans son divin *Volume*.

These laureat Temples which the Laurel grace :
These Honest Lines, these Signes of Wit and Art ;
This Map of Vertues, in a Muse-full Face ;
Are but a blush of BARTAS outward part.
The Pencil could no more : but his owne Pen
Limes him, with-in, the Miracle of Men.



SACRUM MEMORIÆ
Ornatissimi Pientismique ipsius A-

mici, Magistri *Josuae Sylvester* ; Qui in Oppido Middle-
burgensi, vicesimo octavo die Septembris,

Anno Dom. 1618. Annoq. *Ætatis suæ* 55.

Fatis Concessit.

HIS LIFE, &c.

IN *Verse* to personate what *Art* hath painted,
Craves not *Apelles*, but *Apollo's* skill ;
The *veine* and *straine* of *Maro's* learned Quill,
Or *some*, with sweet *Vrania* best-acquainted.

Yet, sith ev'n all, whose *brows* are deckt with *bayes*,
Seem to neglect Thee ; *Pan* hath ta'n the paines
(With Oaten-pipe, in homely rustick *Strains*)
To sound, not *Arts*, but *Hearts* plain warbled *layes*.

Is't not a Wonder, worthy admiration,
In this so *Sin-full*, *Sin-foule* Age, to see
All reall *Vertues* in one Man to be ?
All, met in one, to have cohabitation ?

Thou wast not Lordly great *Cosmopolite* ;
Yet, much renownèd by thy vertuous *Fame* :
A *Saint* on Earth (No need of greater Name.)
A true *Nathanael*, *Christian-Israelite*.

Thy *Wisdom*, in thy *Sparing-Speech* was shown.
'Tis strange his *Words* should drop, whose *works* did
stream :

Yet words & works shone, *all*, with *graces* beam :
Thy *Piety*, *sobriety*, well known.

Religious, *valiant*, like good *Josua*.
Religious, in Thy Selfe and Familie :
Courageous, to withstand Adversitie
And worldly *Cares* ; which most men, most dismay.

No *Temporizer* ; yet, the *Court* frequenting :
Scorning to *sooth*, or *smooth* this Ages crimes :
At *War* with *Vice*, in all thy holy *Rymes* :
Thine *Israels-Sins* (with *Jeremie*) lamenting.

No *Cræsus*-rich, nor yet an *Irus*-poore :
The *Golden-Mean*, was thy Chiefe Loves delight.
Thy *Portion* pleas'd thee well ; and well it might :
Then *Piety*, what Riches better ? more ?

Adornèd with the *Gift of Gods good Spirit* :
I mean the *Gift of Tongues* ; French, Spanish, Dutch,

Italian, Latin. As thy Selfe, few such :
But, for thy Native-English, of most Merit.

Wherein, like former fluent *Cicero*
(With Figures, Tropes ; Words, Phrases, sweetly rare)
Of Eloquence thou mad'st so little spare,
That *Nile* (in *Thee*) may seem to overflow.

Witness *Du Bartas* (that rare *Master-peece*
Of *Poetry*) to past and future Times :
By whose mellifuous, sugred, sacred *Rimes*,
Thou got'st more fame, then *Jason* by his *Fleece*.

Of which thy *Work* (I justly may averre)
The radiant Sun-shine is so fair, so trim,
As other Poets Moon-light much doth dim ;
Admirèd *Silver-Tongued Sylvester*.

Yea, All thy full-ear'd Harvest-Swathes are such,
As (almost) all thy *Brethrens* high-topt *Sheaves*
Bend, bow to thine, like Autumn-scattered *leaves*.
So *white* thy *Wheat* is, and the *Weight* so much.

Nor wrong I them, by this harsh appellation.
Their pleasing *Veine* was oft too vaine : but, *Thine*,
Still-pleasant-grave : Here, *Morall* ; There, *Divine*.
Right *Poet Laureat* Thou wert of our Nation.

This then, say I (maugre the Spleen infernall
Of Elvish-*Envie*) shall promote thy *Prayse*,
And trim thy Temples with ne'er-fading *Bayes*.
Such heav'nly *Off-springs* needs must live *Eternall*.

What should I say ? much more then I can say.
A *Man* thou wert ; and yet, then man much more.
Thy Soule resembled, right, an *House of Store* ;
Wherein all *Vertues*, in *Thee*, treasur'd lay.

A *blessèd Death* a *holy Life* ensues,
Thy pious End this *Truth* hath well exprest :
Such as thy *Life*, such was thy *Death* ; all-blest :
Thy Heav'n-born *Soule*, her Native-home did chuse.

His lan-
guages.

And hadst thou dy'd at *Home* it had been better ;
It would (at least) have given thee much Content :
But, herein, *England's* worthy to be shent,
Which to thy *Worth* did prove so bad a *Debter*.

Nor minde I this, but then I blush for shame
To think, that though a *Cradle*, *Thee*, it gave,
Yet (O unkinde) deny'd thy *Corps* a *Grave* ;
Much more a *Statue*, reared to thy *Name*.

But, *Thou* wert wise ; who to *thy Selfe* built'st One
(Such, such an *One*) as is of endless Date :
A reall, royall-one ; which (spite of Hate)
To *Times* last time shall make thy *Glory* known.

Now, though thy step-Dame Country cast thee off ;
(Ah! too ungratefull, most unkinde, to Thee.)
Yet here accept a Mite of Love from Mee,
(Thy meanest Brother) This Mean Epitaph :

HIS EPITAPH.

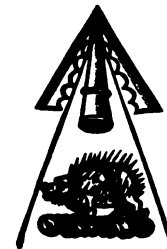
Here lyes (*Death's* too-rich *Prize*) the *Corps* enterr'd
Of *JOSUAH SYLVESTER*, *DU BARTAS* Peer ;
A *Man of Arts* best *Parts*, to *God, Man*, deare
In formost *Rank* of *Poets* best, preferr'd.

JOHN VICARS.



The Printer to the Reader.

THe Name of *Josuah Sylvester* is garland
enough to hang before This doore ; a name
worthily deare to the present Age, to
Posteritie. I doe not therefore goe about
to apologize for this Worke, or to commend it ; it shall
speake for it selfe, louder then either others friendship,
or envie. I onely advertise my Reader, that since the
death of the Author (if at least it be safe to say those
men are dead, who ever survive in their living monuments)
I have carefully fetcht together all the dispersed Issue of
that divine Wit ; as those which are well worthie to live
(like Brethren) together under one faire roofoe, that may
both challenge time, and out-weare it. I durst not con-
ceale the harmlesse fancies of his inoffensive youth,
which himselfe had devoted to Silence and Forgetful-
nesse ; it is so much the more glory to that worthy
Spirit, that hee who was so happy in those youthfull
strains, (some whereof, lately come to hand, and not
formerly extant, are in this Edition inserted) would
yet turne and confine his pen to none but holy
and religious Dities. Let the present and future
times enjoy so profitable and pleasing a work ; and
at once honour the Author, and thank the Editor.



ENGLAND'S
Apelles (rather
OUR APOLLO)
WORLD'S wonder
S Y D N E Y,

That rare more-than-man,
This LOVELY VENUS
First to LIMNE beganne,
With Such a PENCIL
As no PENNE dares follow :
How then should I, in wit & art so shallow,
Attempt the *task* which yet none other can ?
Far bee the thought, that mine unlearn'd hand
His heav'nly Labour should so much unhallow :
Yet, lest (that Holy-RELIQUE being shrin'd
In some high-Place, close lockt from common light)
My Country-men should bee debarr'd the sight
Of these DIVINE pure Beauties of the Minde ;
Not daring meddle with APELL ESTABLE,
THIS have I muddled, as my MUSE was able.

INDIGNIS.

Hence profane Hands, Factors for Hearts profane :
Hence hissing *Atheists*, Hellish Misse-Creants :
Hence Buzzard Kites, dazled with Beauties glance :
Hence itching Eares, with Toyes and Tales up-tane :

Hence Green-sick Wits, that relish nought but bane :
Hence dead-live Idiots, drown'd in Ignorance :
Hence wanton *Michols*, that deride my Dance :
Hence *Mimike* Apes, vaine *Follies* Counter-pane :

Hence prying *Critiks*, carping past your Skill :
Hence dull Concepts, that have no true Discerning :
Hence envious *Momes*, converting Good to Ill :
Hence all at-once, that lack (or love not) LEARNING :

Hence All un-holy, from the *Worlds Birth Feast* :
URANIA'S Grace brooks no unworthy Guest.

OPTIMIS.

But (my best Guest) welcom great King of FAERIE :
Welcom fair QUEEN (his vertue's vertuous Love) :
Welcom right ÆGLETS of the ROYAL Eyrie :
Welcom sound Eares, that sacred Tunes approve :

Welcom pure Hands, whose hearts are fixt above :
Welcom dear Soules, that of Art's choice are charie :
Welcom chaste Matrons, whom true zeal doth move :
Welcom good Wits, that gracefull mirth can varie :

Welcom milde Censors, that meane slips can cover :
Welcom quick Spirits, that sound the depth of Art :
Welcom MECÆNAS, and each LEARNING-lover :
Welcom All good : Welcom, with all my Heart :

Sit—downe (I pray) and taste of every Dish :
If ought mis-like You, better Cooke I wish.

Intimo

JOSUÆ SYLVESTRI,
HEXASTICON.

UT prodesse suis possit, Salustius offert
Gallis, quod nobis Josua noster opus :
Ille ergo eximiis hoc uno nomine dignus
Laudibus ; et duplici nititur hic merito :
Quem simul Authoris fama, charaque videmus
Communi Patriæ consuluisse bono

Jo. Bo. Miles.

Ad Iosuum
SYLVESTERUM,
G. SALUSTII
Genuinum Interpretem.

FAre agē, divini cultissima lingua Salusti,
(SYLVESTER) Clarii cen fuit ille Dei ;
Elyzii qua parte Jugi convenerat, & te
Edocuit sensus & sua verba Senex ?
An mage, corpore Herois compage soluta,
In te Anima Elynum fecerat ipsa sibi ?
Credo equidem ; & Samii rata Dogmata sunt Senis ;
unde,
Non Translata mihi, sed genuina camis.
Quin & Posteritas, si pagina prima taceret,
Interpres dubitet tūne vel ille siet.

Car. Fitz-Geofridus Lati-Portensis.

JOSUA SYLVESTER,
ANAGRAM.

Vere Os Salustii.

OS tu SYLVESTER nostro cur Ore vocaris ?
An quodd in ORE feras Mel? quod in Aure Mel-os ?
An quodd BARTASI faciem dum pingis & ORA,
ORA tui pariter qualibet ora colit ?
Nempe licet duram præ te fers nomine SILVAM,
Silvas & salebras carmina nulla tenent :
Sed quod Athenarum COR, dux Salaminius olim
Dixit, Inest libris Osque vigorque tuis.
Ergo OS esto aliis, mihi Suadæ LINGUA videris :
Musis & Phæbo charus OCELLUS eris.

Ad Gallum

DE BARTASIO JAM
Toto Anglicè donato.

QUod Gallus factus modò sit, mirare, Britannus,
Galle ? novum videas, nec tamen invideas :
Silvester vester, noster Bartasius, ambo
Laude quidem gemina digni, ut & ambo pari.

IN DETRACTORES

Ad Authorem.

TAcet malevolum Os malli strepentis Zoili ;
Monstrum bilingue, septuplex Hydræ caput :
Dum Septimanam septies faustam canis
Te Septimana septies faustum facit
Quævis, nec vlla debeat Josuam Dies.
Nempe ORE fari Vera si licet meo,
OS ipse VERE diceris SALUSTII ;
Qui si impetaris dentibus mordentibus
Impurioris, ORIS à Deos Theon
OS non carere dentibus sciat tuum.

E. L. Oxon.

In Duo
 POETARUM LUMINA
 BARTAM & SYLVESTRUM,
*Carmen Asclepiadeum Gliconicum,
 decol. Distroph.*

TE Barta caneret Melpomenes melos,
 Vel Germana soror nympha Polymnia,
 Musarumve potens pater,
 Pulsans plectra sonantia.
Sylvestere, meam tu superas lyram,
 Et linguam modulum dum rudis obstrepit :
 Vatem commeruit decus
 Illustrem ingenii tui.
 Nemo fronte gerens Daphnidis arborem,
 Vel Martem valuit scribere bellicum
 Digne, vel Veneris rosæ
 Vultum purpureæ parem :
 Nec vestram valeo tollere versibus
 Laudem ter geminam Sicælidum meis
 Sacra progenies satis ;
 Non vos æquiparem modis.
 Gallorum Druidas hospites arborum
Bartas grandiloqui carminis alite
 Præstat : noster amat sui
 Ponti vincere Nafadas :
 Ambo sic proprias viribus ingent
 Divas ruricolos ponticolos simul
 Vicistis, trivii meum
 Vicistis miserum melos.
 Coelum percutiat Gallia vertice,
 Ipsos coelicolas terra Britannica,
 Quæ Vates tulerint duos
 Claros præ reliquis novos.

G. B. Cantabrig.

Epigram
 TO MASTER
 JOSUA SYLVESTER.

IF to admire were to commend, my praise
 Might them both Thee, thy Work and Merit raise :
 But, as it is (the Child of Ignorance,
 And utter stranger to all ayre of France,)
 How can I speake of thy great paines, but erre,
 — Since they can onely judge, that can confer ?
 Behold ! the reverend shade of BARTAS stands
 Before my thought, and (in thy right) commands
 That to the World I publish, for him, This ;
 — BARTAS doth wish thy English now were His.
 So well in that are his inventions wrought,
 As His will now be the Translation thought,
 Thine the Originall ; and France shall boast,
 No more, those mayden glories shee hath lost.

BEN. JOHNSON.

In praise of the Translator.

IF divine BARTAS (from whose blessed Braines
 Such Works of grace, or gracefull workes did
 stream)
 Were so admir'd for Wit's celestiall Strains
 As made their Vertues Seat, the high'st Extream ;
 Then JOSUAH, the Sun of thy bright praise
 Shall fixed stand in Arts faire Firmament
 Till Dissolution date Times Nights, and Dayes,
 Sith right thy Lines are made to BARTAS Bent,
 Whose Compassee circumscribes (in spacious words)
 The Universall in particulars ;
 And thine the same, in other tearms, affords :
 So, both your Tearms agree in friendly Wars :
 If Thine be onely His, and His be Thine,
 They are (like God) eternall, sith Divine.

JOHN DAVIES,
 OF HEREFORD.

To Master
 JOSUAH SYLVESTER,
 OF HIS BARTAS
 Metaphrased.

IF Dare confesse, Of Muses more then Nine,
 Nor list, nor can I envie none, but thine.
 Shee, drencht alone in Slon's sacred Spring,
 Her Makers praise hath sweetly chose to sing,
 And reacheth nearest th' Angels notes above ;
 Nor lists to sing or Tales, or Wars, or Love.
 One while I finde her, in her nimble flight,
 Cutting the brasen speares of Heaven bright :
 Thence, straight shee glides, before I be aware,
 Through the three Regions of the liquid Ayre :
 Thence, rushing downe, through Nature's Closet-dore,
 Shee ransacks all her Grandame's secret store ;
 And, diving to the darknesse of the Deepe,
 Sees there what Wealth the Waves in Prison keepe :
 And, what shee sees above, below, between,
 Shee shoves and sings to others eares and eye.
 'Tis true ; thy Muse anothers steps doth presse :
 The more's her paine ; nor is her praise the lesse.
 Freedome gives scope, unto the roving thought,
 Which, by restraint, is curb'd. Who wonders ought,
 That feete vnsettred, walken far, or fast ;
 Which pent with chaines, mote want their wonted haste ?
 Thou follow'st Bartasses diviner streine ;
 And sing'st his numbers in his native veine.
 BARTAS was some French Angel, girt with Bayes :
 And thou a BARTAS art, in English Layes.
 Whether is more ? Mee seems (the sooth to say'n)
 One BARTAS speaks in Tongues, in Nations, twain.

JOS. HALL.

TO MY GOOD FRIEND,
M. SYLVESTER,
In honour of this sacred
WORKE.

Thus to adventure forth, and re-convoy
The best of treasures from a forrain Coast,
And take that wealth wherein they gloried most,
And make it ours by such a gallant prey,
And that without injustice; doth bewray
The glory of the Worke, that wee may boast
Much to have wonne, and others nothing lost
By taking such a famous prize away,
As thou industrious SYLVESTER hast wrought,
And here enrich vs with th' immortall store
Of others sacred lines; which from them brought,
Comes by thy taking greater then before:
So hast thou lighted from a flame devout,
As great a flame, that never shall goe out.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

To Master
JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

A SONNET.

The glorious Salust, morall, true-divine;
Who (all inspired with a Holy rage)
Makes Heav'n his subject, and the Earth his stage,
The Arts his Actors, and the Triple-Trine:
Who his rich language gilds, and graceth fine:
His Countries honour, wonder of our age;
Whose Worlds blest Birth, and blessed Pupillage,
Gain him a world of fame for every line;
Hath here obtain'd a true Interpreter.
Whom fame, nor gaine, but love to Heav'n and us,
Mov'd to un-French his leurnèd Labours thus.
Thus loves, thus lives all-lovèd SYLVESTER:
Forward, sweet friend: Heav'n, Nature, Arts, and
Men,
All to this taske prefer thine onely Pen.

G. GAY-WOOD.

Dilectissimo
JOS. SYLVESTR I.

Gallica visa fuit Princeps modo lingua; nec ulla
Illi vel similis, vel mihi major erat:
Credideram magni nullo sermone referri
BARTASI ingenium posse, vel eloquium:
Cum subito clarum dedit alma Britannia solem,
Ingenii tenebras abstulit ille mei.
Carmina BARTASI SYLVESTER carmine vertit;
Et si successu non meliore, pari.
O ter felicem venam, Dulceisque Camœnas!
Quis tanto Vati contigit esse pares.

Incepto felix SYLVESTER tramite perge;
Tam bene ne cœptum destituatur opus,
Sic pia Sicærides aspirunt Numina Musæ:
Sic faveat cœptis doctis Apollo tuis:
Sic tandem felix te gaudeat Anglia vate:
Sic te Virgilium norit & ipsa suum.

Jo. Mauldeus Germanus.

Amicissimo
JOSUÆ SYLVESTRI,
G. SALUSTII
D. BARTASII INTERPRETI,
Encomium.

Quod conspecta Pharus vario dat lumine vasta
Æquora sulcanti, cum vaga Luna silet:
Et quod lustratis Phœbi dat flamma tenebris
Erranti in sylvis dum manifestat iter:
Hoc dat præstanti methodo SALUSTIUS illis
Cognitio sanctæ queis placet Historiæ.
Ille dedit Gallis quod nobis JOSUA noster,
Qui solus patrio ductus amore dedit.
Ingenium cupitis, non fictaque flumina Vatum?
Hic magnum doctis Hortus acumen habet:
Musa tua est BARTAS dulcissima: Musa videtur
Ipsi tamen NOSTRI, dulcior esse mihi.

St. Ca. Gen.

Flexanimo
SALUSTII DU BARTAS
Interpreti, Jos. Sylvestri, Carmen
Encomiasticon.

Oft have I seene sweete fancie-pleasing faces
Consort themselves with swart mis-shapen features,
To grace the more their soule-subduing graces,
By the defect of such deformed creatures;
As Painters garnish with their shadowes sable
The brighter colours in a curious Table:
So, English Bartas, though thy beauties, here
Excell so far the glory of the rest,
That France and England both must hold the[e] deare,
Sith both their glories thou hast here exprest
(Shewing the French tongues plenty to be such,
And yet that ours can utter full as much)
Let not thy fairest Heav'n-aspiring Muse
Disdaine these humble notes of my affection:
My faulty lines let faithfull love excuse,
Sith my defects shall adde to thy perfection:
For, these rude rimes, thus ragged, base, and poore,
Shall (by their want) exalt thy worth the more.

E. G.

IN COMMENDATION OF

Du Bartas, and his Translator,

MR. JOSUAH SYLVESTER,

A SONNET.

While nights black wings the dayes bright beauties
hide,
And while faire Phoebus dives in western deepe ;
Men (gazing on the heav'nly stages steep)
Commend the Moon, and many Stars beside :
But, when Aurora's windowes open wide,
That Sol's clear rayes those sable clouds may banish
Then suddenly those petty lights doe vanish,
Vailing the glories of their glistening pride :
So, while du Bartas and our Sylvester
(The glorious lights of England, and of France)
Have hid their beames, each glowe-worme durst
prefer
His feeble glimpse of glimmering radiance :
But, now these Suns begin to gild the day,
Those twinkling sparks are soon disperst away.

R. H.

IN COMMENDATION

OF THIS

WORTHY WORKE

Foole that I was, I thought in younger times,
That all the *Muses* their graces sow'n
In *Chaucers*, *Spencers*, and sweet *Daniels* Rimes
(So, good seems best, where better is unknown).
While thus I dream'd, my busie phantasie
Bade mee awake, open mine eyes, and see

How *SALUST*'s English *Sun* (our *SYLVESTER*)
Makes *Moon* and *Stars* to vail : and how the *Sheaves*
Of all his *Brethren*, bowing, doe prefer
His *Fruits* before their Winter-shaken *Leaves* :
So much for *Matter*, and for *Manner* too,
Hath hee out-gone those that the rest out-goe.

Let *Gryll* be *Gryll* : let *Envie*'s vip'rous seed
Gnaw forth the breast which bred and fed the same ;
Rest safe (Sound truth from feare is ever freed,)
Malice may bark, but shall not bite thy Name :
JOSUA, thy Name with *BARTAS* name shall live.
For, double life you each to other give.

But, Mother *Envie*, if this *Arras*, spunne
Of *Golden* threads, be seen of *English* eyes,
Why then (alas !) our *Cob-webs* are undone.
But *Shee*, more subtle, then religious-wise,
Hatefull, and hated, proud, and ignorant,
Pale, swoln as *Toad* (though custom'd to vaunt)

Now holds her *Peace* : but (O !) what *Peace* hath *Shee*
With *Vertue* ? None : Therefore defie her frown.
Gainst greater force growes greater victorie,
As *Camomile*, the more you tread it down,
The more it springs ; *Vertue*, despightfully
Usèd, doth use the more to fructifie :

And so doe Thou, untill thy *Mausole* rare
Doe fill this World with wonderment ; and, that
In *Venus* Form no clumsie fist may dare
To meddle with thy Pencil and thy Plat.
I feare thy life more, till thy goale be run,
Then Wife her Spouse, or Father feares his Son.

R. R.

Malum patienti Lucrum.

AN ACROSTICK

SONNET,

TO HIS FRIEND

MASTER

JOS. SYLVESTER.

J If profit, mixt with pleasure, merit praise,
O Or works divine be 'fore profane prefer'd :
S Shall not this heav'nly Work the Workers raise,
U Unto the Clouds on Columnes selfy-rear'd ?
A And (though his Earth be low in Earth interr'd)
S Shall not DU BARTAS (Poets Pride and glorie)
I In after Ages bee with wonder heard,
L Lively recording th' UNIVERSALL Storie ?
V Undoubtedly Hee shall : and so shalt Thou,
E Eare-charming Echo of his sacred Voyce :
S Sweete SYLVESTER, how happy was thy choyce,
T To taske Thee thus, and thus to quit thee now ?
E End as thou hast begunne ; and then by right
R Rare Muses NON-SUCH, shall thy Worke behight.

R. N. Gent.

TO THE SAME.

H Ad golden Homer, and great Maro kept
In envious silence their admirèd measures,
A thousand Worthies worthy deeds had slept :
They, rest of praise ; and we of learnèd Pleasures.
But (O !) what rich incomparable Treasures
Had the world wanted, had this modern glory,
Divine DU BARTAS, hid his heavenly ceasures,
Singing the mighty World's immortall storie ?
O then how deeply is our Ile beholding
To Chapman, and to Phaer ! but, yet much more
To thee (deare SYLVESTER) for thus unfolding
These holy wonders, hid from us before.
Those works profound, are yet profane ; but thine,
Grave, learnèd, deep, delightfull, and divine.

R. N.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Page 4, '*Anagrammata Regia.*' See Memorial-Introduction on Sylvester's relations to the Court and his various notices of James I., &c., in the present set of poems, and elsewhere.

.. 5, col. 1, l. 4, '*Bootes*' = northern constellation : l. 22, '*Our Sun did Set*' = Elisabeth : l. 26, 'th' Arabian (only) Bird doth Burne' = phoenix. Cf. Shakespeare's 'The Phoenix and the Turtle : ' col. 2, l. 19, '*drad*' = dread : l. 3 (from bottom), '*Minion*' = dependent or humble friend—since deteriorated.

.. 6, col. 1, l. 2, '*Sacre*' = consecrate.

.. 7, col. 1, l. 23, '*Haggard*' = an untrained hawk.

.. 10, col. 2, l. 25, '*trim*' = adorn.

.. 11, col. 2, l. 10, '*JOHN VICARS.*'—On this voluminous if not always luminous writer in prose and verse, see our Memorial-Intro-

duction. He died August 12th, 1652 : l. 11, '*Sidney*' heraldic symbol—appeared in the original and all subsequent editions.

Page 12, col. 1, l. 1, '*Factors*' = actors, as was '*fact*' = act : l. 8, '*Counterpane*' = counterpart : l. 11, '*Momes*' = blockheads : col. 2, l. 15, '*Car. Fitz. Geofridus*' = Charles Fitzjeffrey—on whom and the others who here pay tribute to Sylvester, see our Memorial-Introduction.

.. 13, col. 1 (at bottom), '*BEN. JOHNSON*'—his own spelling : = '*Rare Ben*' : col. 2, at bottom, '*JOS. HALL*'—the afterwards renowned and venerable Bishop Hall.

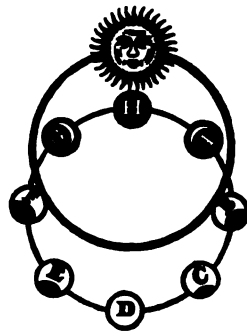
.. 15, col. 1, l. 29, '*vail*' = bow—the reference being to Genesis xxxvii. 9 : col. 2, l. 7, '*Mausole*' = mausoleum. The '*R. N.*' of the two short poems commendatory in this column, was doubtless Sylvester's friend Robert Nicholson—on whom see our Memorial-Introduction.—G.



DU
 BARTAS
 HIS
 FIRST WEEKE:
 OR,
 BIRTH OF THE
 WORLD.

WHEREIN,
 In SEVEN DAYES the glorious Worke of
 The CREATION is divinely handled ;

- In the {
 1 Day, The CHAOS.
 2 Day, The ELEMENTS.
 3 Day, The SEA and EARTH.
 4 Day, The HEAVENS, SUN, MOON, &c.
 5 Day, The FISHES and FOWLES.
 6 Day, The BEASTS and MAN.
 7 Day, The SABBATH. }



Acceptam refero.



THE FIRST DAY OF THE FIRST WEEK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*GOD'S Aide implor'd : the summe of all propos'd :
World not eternall, nor by Chance compos'd :
But of mere Nothing God it essence gave :
It had Beginning : and an End shall have :
Curst Atheist quipt : the Heathen Clerkes control'd :
Doom's glorious day : Star-Doctors blam'd, for bold.
The Matter form'd : Creation of the Light :
Alternate changes of the Day and Night :
The birth of Angels ; some for Pride dejected : 10
The rest persist in Grace, and guard th' Elected.*

Tim-
be gra-
stance of
God of
Earth,
I See,
my hap-
s the
e hand.

Thou glorious Guide of Heav'n's star-glistring
motion,
Thou, thou (true Neptune) Tamer of the
Ocean,

Thou Earth's dread Shaker (at whose only Word,
Th' *Eblian* Scouts are quickly still'd and stirr'd)
Lift up my Soule, my drowsie Spirits refine :
With learnèd Art enrich this Work of mine.
O Father, grant I sweetly warble forth
Unto our seed the WORLD'S renownèd BIRTH :
Grant (gratious God) that I record in Verse 20
The rarest Beauties of this UNIVERSE :
And grant, therein Thy power I may discern :
That, teaching others, I my selfe may learne.

nsiator
and ac-
ting his
ficiency
cellant a
raveth
aid of the
lent God.

*And also grant (great Architect of wonders,
Whose mighty voyce speaks in the midst of Thunders,
Causing the Rocks to rock, and Hills to tears ;
Calling the things that Are not, as they Were ;
Confounding Mighty things by meanes of Weak ;
Teaching dumb Infants thy dread Praise to speak ;
Inspiring Wisdome into those that want,
And giving Knowledge to the Ignorant,) 30
Grant me, good Lord (as thou hast giv'n me Heart
To undertake so excellent a Part)
Grant me such Judgement, Grace, and Eloquence,
So correspondent to that Excellence,*

*That in some measure, I may seem t'inherit
(Elisha-like) my deare Elias spirit.*

CLEAR FIRE for ever hath not Aire imbrac'd,
Nor Aire for aye inviron'd Waters vaste,
Nor Waters alwaies wrap'd the Earth therein ; 40
But all this *All* did once of nought begin.
Once *All* was made ; not by the hand of *Fortune*
(As fond *Democritus* did yerst importune)
With jarring Concords making Motes to meet,
Invisible, immortall, infinite.

The World was
not from ever-
lasting :

Th' immutable divine Decree, which shall
Cause the World's End, caus'd his Originall :
Neither in Time, nor yet before the same,
But in the instant when Time first became.
I mean a Time confusèd : for, the course 50
Of yeeres, of months, of weeks, of dayes, of hours,
Of Ages, Times, and Seasons is confin'd
By th' ordred Dance unto the Stars assign'd.

Neither made by
chance ; But
created together
with Time by the
almighty wisdom
of God.

Before all Time, all Matter, Form, and Place,
God all in all, and all in God it was :
Immutabile, immortall, infinite,
Incomprehensible, all spirit, all light,
All Majestie, all-self-Omnipotent,
Invisible, impassive, excellent,
Pure, wise, just, good, God reign'd alone (at rest) 60
Himselfe alone, self's Palace, Host, and Guest.

God was before
the world was.

Thou scoffing Atheist, that inquirest what
Th' Almighty did before he framèd that :
What weighty work his minde was busied on
Eternally before this World begun,
(Sith so deep Wisdome and Omnipotence,
Nought worse beseems, then sloth and negligence).
Know (bold Blasphemer) that, before, he built
A Hell to punish the presumptuous guilt
Of those ungodly, whose proud sense dares cite 70
And censure too his Wisdome infinite.

He confuteth the
Atheists, ques-
tioning what God
did before he
created the
World.

Can Carpenters, Weavers and Potters passe,
And live without their severall works a space ?

	And could not then th' Almighty All-Creator, Th' All-prudent, <i>BEE</i> , without this frail Theater? Shall valiant <i>Scipio</i> Thus himselfe esteeme, <i>Never less sole then when he sole doth seem ?</i> And could not GOD (O Heav'ns ! what frantick folly !) Subsist alone, but sink in Melancholy? Shall the <i>Pryenian</i> Princely <i>Sage</i> averr, 80 That <i>all his goods he doth about him bear ?</i> And should the LORD, whose Wealth exceeds all measure, Should he be poor without this worldly Treasure? God never seeks out of himself for ought ; He begs of none, he buyes or borrows nought ; But aye, from th' <i>Ocean</i> of his liberal Bounty, He powreth out a thousand Seas of Plenty.	
What God did before he created the World.	Ere <i>Eurus</i> blew, ere Moon did wax or wane, Ere Sea had fish, ere Earth had grasse or grain, God was not void of sacred exercise ; 90 He did admire his <i>Glorie's</i> Mysteries : His Power, his Justice, and his Providence, His bounteous Grace, and great Beneficence Were th' holy Object of his heav'nly thought, Upon the which, eternally it wrought. It may be also, that he meditated The World's <i>Idea</i> , ere it was created :	
Of 3. Persons in one only Essence of God : of the eternall genera- tion of the Son.	Alone he liv'd not ; for his Son and Spirit Were with him aye, equall in Might and Merit. For, <i>sans</i> Beginning, Seed, and Mother tender, 100 This great World's Father he did first ingender (To wit) His Son, Wisdom, and Word eternall, Equall in Essence to th' <i>All-One</i> Paternall.	
Of the holy Ghost proceeding from the Father and the Sonne : The which three Per- sons are one only and the same God.	Out of these Two, their common Power proceeded, Their Spirit, their Love : in Essence undivided ; Only distinct in Persons, whose Divinitie, All Three in One, makes One eternall Trinitie. Soft, soft, my <i>Muse</i> , lanch not into the Deep, Sound not this Sea : see that aloof thou keep From this <i>Charybdis</i> and <i>Capharean</i> Rock, 110 Where many a Ship hath suff' red wofull wrack, While they have fondly vent' red forth too-far, Following frail Reason for their only Star.	
How to thinke and speak of God.	Who on this Gulf would safely venture fain, Must not too-boldly hale into the Main, But 'longst the shore with sails of <i>Faith</i> must coast, Their Star the Bible, Steer-man th' holy Ghost. How many fine Wits have the World abus'd, Because this Ghost they for their Guide refus'd ; And scorning of the loyall Virgin's Thred, 120 Have them and others in this Maze mis-led ? In sacred sheets of either Testament 'Tis hard to find an higher Argument, More deep to sound, more busie to discusse, More usefull, known ; unknown, more dangerous. So bright a Sun dazels my tender sight, So deep discourse my Sense confoundeth quite : My Reason's edge is dull'd in this Dispute, And in my Mouth my fainting words be mute.	
The Heathen Philosophers lost themselves and others in their curiosities : and weening to be wise, became fooles.	This <i>TRINITIE</i> (which rather I adore 130 In humblenesse, then busily explore)	
God the Father, Son, and holy Ghost created of		
	In th' infinite of <i>Nothing</i> , builded all This artificiall, great, rich, glorious Ball ; Wherein appears ingrav'n on ev'ry part, The Builder's beauty, greatnesse, wealth and art ; Art, beauty, wealth, and greatnesse, that confounds The hellish barking of blaspheming Hounds. Climb they that list the battlements of Heav'n ; And, with the Whirl-wind of Ambition driv'n Beyond the World's wals, let those Eagles flie, 140 And gaze upon the Sun of Majestie : Let other-some (whose fainting Spirits do droop) Down to the ground their meditations stoop, And so contemplate on these Workmanships, That th' Author's praise they in Themselves eclipse. My heedfull <i>Muse</i> , trainèd in true Religion, Divinely-humane, keeps the middle Region : Lest, if she should too-high a pitch presume, Heav'n's glowing flame should melt her waxen plume ; Or, if too-low (neer Earth or Sea) she flag, 150 Loaden with Mists her moistned wing should lag. It glads me much, to view this Frame ; wherein (As in a Glasse) God's glorious face is seen : I love to look on God ; but, in this Robe Of his great Works, this Universall Globe. For, if the Sun's bright beams do bear the sight Of such as fix'dly gaze against his light ; Who can behold above th' Emperiall Skies, The lightning splendor of God's glorious Eyes ? O, who (alas) can finde the Lord, without 160 His Works, which bear his Image round about ! God, of himself, incapable to sense, In's Works, reveals him t' our intelligence : Therein, our fingers feel, our nostrils smell, Our palates taste his vertues that excell : He shews him to our eyes, talks to our ears, In th' ord' red motions of the spangled Sphears. The World's a School, where (in a general story) God alwaies reads dumb Lectures of his Glory : A paire of Staires, whereby our mounting Soule 170 Ascends by steps above the archèd Pole : A sumptuous Hall, where God (on every side) His wealthy Shop of wonders opens wide : A Bridge, whereby we may passe-o're (at ease), Of sacred Secrets the broad boundlesse Seas. The World's a Cloud, through which there shineth clear, Not fair <i>Latona's</i> quiv' red Darling deer ; But the true <i>Phabus</i> , whose bright countenance Through thickest vail of darkest night doth glance. The World's a Stage, where God's Omnipotence, 180 His Justice, Knowledge, Love, and Providence Do act their Parts ; contending (in their kindes) Above the Heav'ns, to ravish dullest minds. The World's a Book in <i>Folio</i> , printed all With God's great Works in letters Capitall : Each Creature is a Page ; and each Effect A fair Character, void of all defect. But, as young Trewants, toying in the Schools, In stead of learning, learn to play the fools :	nothing is World's frame Learning is speculum Poet must how to see plate Girl Works God must seele (as it visible is) Works Sundry soes, see what sit tians see in com Works of in this World

We gaze but on the Babies, and the cover, 190
 The gawdy Flowrs, and Edges gilded-over ;
 And never farther for our Lesson look
 Within the Volume of this various Book ;
 Where learnèd Nature rudest ones instructs,
 That, by His wisdom, God the World conducts.
 To read This Book, we need not understand,
 Each stranger's gibbrish ; neither take in hand
 Turk's Characters, nor Hebrew points to seek,
 Nyle's Hieroglyphikes, nor the Notes of Greek.
 The wandring Tartars, the Antarticks wilde, 200
 Th' Alarbies fierce, the Scythians fell ; the Childe
 Scarce sev'n years old, the bleare'd agèd eye,
 Though voyd of Art, read here indifferently.
 But he that wears the spectacles of Faith,
 Sees through the Sphears, above the highest height :
 He comprehends th' Arch-mover of all Motions,
 And reads (though running) all these needfull notions.
 Therefore by Faith's pure rayes illuminèd,
 These sacred Pandects I desire to read,
 And (God the better to behold) behold 210
 Th' Orb from his Birth, in 's Ages manifold.
 Th' admirèd Author's Fancie fixèd not
 On some fantastick fore-conceited Plot :
 Much less did he an elder World erect,
 By form whereof, he might his Frame erect :
 As th' Architect that buildeth for a Prince
 Some stately Palace, yer he doe commence
 His Royall Work, makes choise of such a Court
 Where cost and cunning equally consort :
 And if he finde not in one Edifice 220
 All answerable to his queint device ;
 From this faire Palace then he takes his Front,
 From that his Finials ; here he learns to mount
 His curious Stairs, there finds he Frise and Cornish,
 And other Places other Peeces furnish ;
 And so, selecting every where the best,
 Doth thirty Models in one House digest.
 Nothing, but Nothing had the Lord Almighty,
 Whereof, wherewith, whereby, to build this City :
 Yet, when he, Heav'ns, Aire, Earth, and Sea, did 230
 frame,
 He sought not far, he sweat not for the same :
 As Sol, without descending from the Sky,
 Crowns the fair Spring in painted bravery ;
 Withouten travaile causeth th' Earth to bear,
 And (far off) makes the World young every year.
 The Power and Will, th' affection and effect,
 The Work and Project of this Architect,
 March all at once : all to his pleasure ranges,
 Who Always One, his purpose never changes.
 Yet did this Nothing not at once receive 240
 Matter and Forme : For, as we may perceive
 That He, who means to build a warlike Fleet,
 Makes first provision of all matter meet,
 (As Timber, Iron, Canvase, Cord, and Pitch)
 And when all's ready ; then appointeth, which
 Which peece for planks, which plank shall line the waste,
 The Poup and Prow, which Fir shall make a Mast ;

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As Art and Use directeth, heedfully,
 His hand, his tool, his judgement, and his eye :
 So God, before This Frame he fashionèd, 250
 I wote not what great Word he utterèd
 From 's sacred mouth ; which summon'd in a Masse
 Whats'ever now the Heav'ns wide arms embrace.
 But, where the Ship-wright, for his gainefull trade,
 Findes all his stuff to 's hand already made ;
 Th' Almighty makes his, all and every part,
 Without the help of others' Wit or Art.
 That first World (yet) was a most formless Form,
 A confus'd heap, a Chaos most deform,
 A Gulf of Gulfs, a body ill compact, 260
 An ugly medley, where all difference lackt :
 Where th' Elements lay jumbled all together,
 Where hot and cold were jarring each with either ;
 The blunt with sharp, the dank against the drie ;
 The hard with soft, the base against the high ;
 Bitter with sweet : and while this brawl did last,
 The Earth in Heav'n, the Heav'n in Earth was plac't :
 Earth, Aire, and Fire, were with the Water mixt ;
 Water, Earth, Aire, within the Fire were fixt ;
 Fire, Water, Earth, did in the Aire abide ; 270
 Aire, Fire, and Water in the Earth did bide.
 For yet th' immortal, mighty Thunder-darter,
 The Lord high-Marshal, unto each his quarter
 Had not assignèd : the Celestiall Arks
 Were not yet spangled with their fiery sparks :
 As yet no flowrs with odours Earth revived,
 No scaly shoals yet in the Waters dived :
 Nor any Birds, with warbling harmony,
 Were born as yet through the transparent Sky.
 All, All was void of beauty, rule, and light ; 280
 All without fashion, soule, and motion, quite.
 Fire was no fire, the Water was no water,
 Aire was no aire, the Earth no earthly matter.
 Or if one could, in such a World, spy forth
 The Fire, the Aire, the Water, and the Earth ;
 Th' Earth was not firme, the Fier was not hot,
 Th' Aire was not light, the Water coolèd not.
 Briefly, suppose an Earth, poor, naked, vaine,
 All void of verdure, without Hill or Plaine,
 A Heav'n un-hangd, un-turning, un-transparent, 290
 Un-garnishèd, un-gilt with Stars apparent ;
 So maiest thou gness what Heav'n and Earth was
 that,
 Where, in confusion, reignèd such debate :
 A Heav'n and Earth for my base stile most fit,
 Not as they were, but as they were not, yet.
 This was not then the World : 'twas but the Matter,
 The Nurcery whence it should issue after ;
 Or rather, the Embryon, that within a Weeks
 Was to be born : for that huge lump was like
 The shape-less burthen in the Mother's womb, 300
 Which yet in time doth into fashion come :
 Eyes, eares, and nose, mouth, fingers, hands, and feet,
 And every member in proportion meet ;
 Round, large, and long, there of it selfe it thrives,
 And (Little-World) into the World arrives.

What that new
 created Chaos
 was, before God
 gave it form,
 figure, place, and
 situation.

280 Genes. 1. 2.

The Chaos how to
 be considered.
 A Simile.

Of the secret power of God in quickning the matter whereof the World was made.	<p>But that becomes (by Nature's set direction) From foul and dead, to beauty, life, perfection. But this dull heap of undigested stuff Had doubtless never come to shape or proof, Had not th' Almighty with his quickning breath Blow'n life and spirit into this Lump of death.</p>	310	<p>Thence is 't that Bellows, while the snout is stopt, So hardly heave, and hardly can be op't. Thence is 't that water doth not freeze in Winter, Stopt close in vessels where no aire may enter. Thence is 't that Garden-pots, the mouth kept close, Let fall no liquor at their sive-like nose. And thence it is, that the pure silver source, In leaden Pipes running a captive course, Contrary to it's nature, spouteth high : To all, so odious is Vacuities.</p>	370	Confusion another line such as main- ture and to Heaven's life
The Spirit of God, by an inconceivable meane, maintained, and (as it were brooding) warmed the shape-lesse Masse. Gen. 1.	<p>The dreadfull Darknesse of the <i>Memphytists</i>, The sad black horror of <i>Cimmerian</i> Mists, The sable fumes of Hell's infernall vault (Or if ought darker in the World be thought) Muffled the face of that profound Abyss, Full of Disorder and fell Mutinies : So that (in fine) this furious debate, Even in the birth, this Ball had ruinate, Save that the Lord into the Pile did pour Some secret Mastick of his sacred Power, To glew together, and to govern faire The Heav'n, and Earth, the Ocean, and the Aire ; Who jointly justling, in their rude Disorder, The new-borne Nature went about to murder.</p>	330	<p>God then, not only fram'd Nature one, But also set it limitation Of Forme and Time : exempting ever solely From quantitie his own self's Essence holy. How can we call the Heav'n's unmeasur'd, Sith measur'd Time their Course hath measur'd ? How can we count this Universe immortall, Sith many-ways the parts prove hourly mortall ? Sith his Commencement proves his Consummation, And all things aye decline to alteration ? Let bold <i>Greek</i> Sages faine the Firmament To be compos'd of a fift Element : Let them deny, in their profane profoundnesse, End and beginning to th' Heav'ns rowling roundnes : And let them argue, that Death's lawes alone Reach but the Bodies unto <i>Cynthia's</i> Throne : The sandy grounds of their <i>Sophistick</i> brawling Are all too-weak to keep the World from falling.</p>	380	A lively de- tion of the the Work
That there is but one World : confuting the Error of <i>Leucippus</i> and his Disciples, by two reasons.	<p>As a good wit, that, on th' immortall Shrine Of <i>Memory</i>, engraves a Work Divine ; Abroad, a-bed, at boord, for ever uses To minde his Theam, and on his Book still muses : So did God's Spirit delight itselfe a space To move itselfe upon the floting <i>Masse</i> : No other care th' Almighty's mind possesset (If care can enter in his sacred brest.) Or, as a Hen that fain would hatch a Brood (Some of her own, some of adoptive bloud) Sits close thereon, and with her lively heat, Of yellow-white bals, doth live birds beget : Even in such sort seem'd the Spirit Eternall To brood upon this Gulf ; with care paternall Quickning the parts, inspiring power in each, From so foule Lees, so faire a World to fetch. For 't's nought but all, in 't selfe including All ; An un-beginning, midlesse, endlesse Ball. 'Tis nothing but a world, whose superface Leaves nothing out, but what meer nothing is.</p>	330	<p>One day the Rocks from top to toe shall quiver, The Mountaines melt and all in sunder shiver : The Heav'ns shall rent for feare ; the lowly Fields, Puff up, shall swell to huge and mightie Hills : Rivers shall dry : or if in any Flood Rest any liquor, it shall all be bloud : The Sea shall all be fire, and on the shoar The thirsty Whales with horrid noyse shall roar : The Sun shall seize the black Coach of the Moon, And make it midnight when it should be noon : With rusty Mask the Heav'ns shall hide their face, The Stars shall fall, and all away shall passe : Disorder, Dread, Horror, and Death shall come, Noise, Storms, and Darknesse shall usurp the roome. And then the <i>Chief-Chief-Justice</i>, venging Wrath (Which here already often threatned hath) Shall make a Bon-fire of this mighty Ball, As once he made it a vast Ocean all.</p>	390	Against Astrologie presume ! the very thereof
() Embrace.	<p>Now, though the great <i>Duke</i>, that (in dreadful aw) Upon Mount <i>Horeb</i> learn'd th' eternall Law, Had not assur'd us that God's sacred Power In <i>six Daies</i> built this Universall Bower ; Reason it selfe doth over-throw the grounds Of those new Worlds that fond <i>Leucippus</i> founds : Sith, if kinde Nature many Worlds could () clip, Still th' upper World's water and earth would slip Into the lower ; and so in conclusion, All would returne into the Old Confusion. Besides, we must imagine emptie distance Between these Worlds, wherein, without resistance Their wheels may whirl, not hindred in their courses, By th' inter-justling of each other's forces : But, all things are so fast together fixt With so firme bonds, that there's no void betwixt. Thence comes it, that a Cask peirc't to be spent, Though full, yet runs not till we give it vent.</p>	340	<p>Alas ! how faithlesse and how modest-lesse Are you, that (in your <i>Ephemerides</i>) Mark th' yeer, the month, and day, which evermore 'Gainst yeers, months, daies, shall dā-up <i>Saturn's</i> dore ! (At thought whereof, even now, my heart doth ake, My flesh doth faint, my very soule doth shake) You have mis-cast in your <i>Arithmetick</i>, Mis-laid your Counters, groapingly ye seek In night's black darknesse for the secret things Seal'd in the Casket of the King of kings. 'Tis he, that keeps th' eternall Clock of Time, And holds the weights of that appointed Chime :</p>	410	420

He in his hand the sacred book doth bear
 Of that close-clasp'd final *Calendar*;
 Where, in *Red letters* (now with us frequented)
 The certaine Date of that *Great Day* is printed;
 That dreadful Day, which doth so swiftly post,
 That 't will be seen, before foreseen of most.
 Then, then (good Lord) shall thy dear Son descend
 (Though yet he seem in feeble flesh ypend)
 In complete Glory, from the glistering Skie: 430
 Millions of Angels shall about him flie:
Mercie and *Justice*, marching cheek by joule,
 Shall his Divine *Triumphant Chariot* roule;
 Whose wheels shall shine with Lightning round about,
 And beames of Glory each-where blazing out.
 Those that were loaden with proud marble tombs,
 Those that were swallow'd in wild Monsters' wombs,
 Those that the Sea hath swill'd, those that the flashes
 Of ruddy Flames have burn'd all to ashes,
 Awak'd all, shall rise, and all revest 440
 The flesh and bones that they at first possesst.
 All shall appear, and heare before the Throne
 Of God (the Judge without exception)
 The final Sentence (sounding joy and terror)
 Of ever-lasting Happiness or horror.
 Some shall his *Justice*, some his *Mercy* taste;
 Some call'd to joy, some into torment cast,
 When from the Goats he shall his Sheepe discover;
 These *Blest* in Heav'n, those *Curs'd* in Hell for ever.
 O thou that once (scorn'd as the vilest drudge) 450
 Didst bear the doom of an *Italian Judge*,
 Daign (deere Lord) when the last Trump shall summon,
 To this *Grand Sessions*, all the world in common;
 Daign in that Day to undertake my matter:
 And, as my Judge, so be my Mediator.

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Th' eternall Spring of Power and Providence,
 In Forming of this All-circumference,
 Did not unlik the Bear, which bringeth-forth
 In th' end of thirty dayes a shapelesse birth;
 But after, licking, it in shape she drawes, 460
 And by degrees she fashions out the pawes,
 The head, and neck, and finally doth bring
 To a perfect Beast that first deform'd thing.
 For when his Word in the vast Voyd had brought
 A confus'd heap of Wet-dry-cold-and-hot,
 In time the high World from the low hee parted,
 And by itselfe, hot unto hot he sorted;
 Hard unto hard, cold unto cold he sent;
 Moist unto moist, as was expedient.
 And so in *Six dayes* form'd, ingeniously, 470
 All things contain'd in th' UNIVERSITIE.

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Not but he could have, in a moment, made
 This flowry Mansion where Mankind doth trade;
Spred heav'n's blue curtains and those lamps have burnisht;
 Earth, aire, and sea; with beasts, birds, fish, have furnisht;
 But, working with such Art so many dayes,
 A sumptuous Palace for Mankinde to raise,
 Yer man was made yet; he declares to us,
 How kinde, how carefull, and how gracious,

He would be to us being made, to whom 480
 By thousand promises of things to-come
 (Under the Broad Seal of his deere Son's blood)
 He hath assur'd all Riches, Grace, and Good.
 By his Example he doth also shew-us,
 We should not heedless-hastily bestow us
 In any Work, but patiently proceed
 With oft re-vises, *Making sober speed*
 In dearest business, and observe by proof,
 That, *What is well done, is done soon enough.*
 O Father of the Light! of Wisdom fountain; 490
 Out of the Bulk of that confus'd Mountain
 What should (what could) issue, before the *Light*?
 Without which, Beauty were no beauty high.
 In vain *Timanthes* had his *Cyclop* drawn,
 In vain *Parrhasius* counterfetted Lawn,
 In vain *Apelles Venus* had begun,
Zeusis Penelope; if that the Sun,
 To make them seen, had never shewn his splendor:
 In vain, in vain, had been (those *Works of Wonder*)
 Th' *Ephesian Temple*, and high *Pharian Tower*, 500
 And *Carian Toomb* (Trophies of wealth and power)
 In vain had they been builded every one,
 By *Scopas*, *Sostrates*, and *Ctesiphon*;
 Had all been wrapt-up from all humane sight,
 In th' obscure Mantle of eternall Night.
 What one thing more doth the good Architect
 In Princely Works (more specially) respect,
 Then lightsomness? to th' end the World's bright Eye,
 Careering daily once about the Sky,
 May shine therein; and that in every part 510
 It may seem pompous both for Cost and Art.
 Whether God's spirit moving upon the Ball
 Of bubbling Waters (which yet covered All)
 Thence forc'd the Fire (as when amid the Sky
Auster and *Boreas* justing furiously
 Under hot *Cancer*, make two clouds to clash),
 Whence th' aire at midnight flames with lightning
 flash:
 Whether, when God the mingled Lump dispackt,
 From Fiery Element did Light extract:
 Whether about the vast confus'd Crowd 520
 For twice six-houres he spread a shining Cloud,
 Which after he re-darkned, that in time
 The Night as long might wrap-up either Clime:
 Whether that God made, then, those goodly beams
 Which gild the World, but not as now it seems:
 Or whether else some other Lamp he kindled
 Upon the Heap (yet all with Waters blindled)
 Which flying round about, gave light in order
 To th' un plac'd Climates of that deep disorder;
 As now the Sun, circling about the Ball 530
 (The Light's bright Chariot) doth inlighten ALL.
 No sooner said he, *Be there light*, but lo
 The form-less Lump to perfect Form 'gan grow,
 And, all illustred with Light's radiant shine,
 Doft mourning weeds, and deckt it passing fine.
 All-hail pure Lamp, bright, sacred and excelling;
 Sorrow and Care, Darknes, and Dread repelling:

How men should
 imitate God in
 his works.

The first creature,
 extracted from
 the Chaos, was
 Light.

Sundry opinions
 concerning the
 matter, and crea-
 tion of Light.

Gen. 1. 3.

Of the excellent
 use and commo-
 dities of Light.

Thou World's great Taper, Wicked men's just Terror,
 Mother of Truth, true Beautie's only Mirror,
 God's eldest Daughter : O ! how thou art full
 Of grace and goodnes ! O ! how beautifull ! 540
 Sith thy great Parent's all-discerning Eye
 Doth judge thee so : and sith his Majestie
 (Thy glorious Maker) in his sacred layes
 Can doe noe lesse than sing thy modest praise.

Why God ordained the Night and day alternately to succeed each other.

The comoditie that the Night bringeth us.

But yet, because all Pleasures wax unpleasant,
 If without pawse we still possesse them, present ;
 And none can right discern the sweets of Peace,
 That have not felt War's irkesom bitterness ;
 And Swans seem whiter if swart Crowes be by 550
 (For, Contraries each other best descry.)
 Th' All's Architect, alternately decreed
 That night the day, the day should night succeed.
 The Night, to temper daie's excoeding drought,
 Moistens our Aire, and makes our Earth to sprout.
 The Night is she that all our travailes easeth,
 Buries our cares, and all our griefes appeaseth.
 The Night is she, that (with her sable wing,
 In gloomy Darkness hushing every thing)
 Through all the World dumb silence doth distill, 560
 And wearied bones with quiet sleep doth fill.

Sweet Night, without Thee, without Thee (alas !)
 Our life were loathsome ; even a Hell to passe :
 For, outward paines and inward passion still,
 With thousand Deaths, would soule and body thrill.
 O Night, thou pullest the proud Mask away
 Wherewith vaine Actors in this World's great Play,
 By Day disguise-them. For, no difference
 Night makes between the Peasant and the Prince,
 The poore and rich, the Prisoner and the Judge, 570
 The foule and faire, the Master and the Drudge,
 The foole and wise, *Barbarian* and the *Greek* :
 For, Night's black Mantle covers all alike.

He that, condemn'd for some notorious vice,
 Seeks in the Mines the baits of Avarice ;
 Or, swelting at the Furnace, fineth bright
 Our soule's dire sulphur ; resteth yet at night.
 He that, still stooping, toghes against the tide
 His laden barge alongst a River's side,
 And filling shoares with shouts, doth melt him 580
 quite ;

Upon his pallet resteth yet at Night.
 He, that in Sommer, in extremest heat
 Scorch'd all day in his owne scalding sweat,
 Shaves with keen Sythe, the glory and delight
 Of motly Medowes ; resteth yet at Night,
 And in the arms of his deere Pheer forgoes
 All former troubles and all former woes.
 Onely the learned Sisters' sacred Minions,
 While silent Night under her sable pinions
 Folds all the world, with pain-lesse paine they tread 590
 A sacred path that to the Heav'ns doth lead ;
 And higher than the Heav'ns their Readers raise
 Upon the wings of their immortal Layes.

Before he conclude the first Day, he treateth of Angels.

EVEN NOW I listned for the Clock to chime
 Dayes latest hower ; that for a little time,

The Night might ease My Labours : but I see
 As yet *Aurora* hath scarce smil'd on me ;
 My Work still growes : for, now before mine eyes
 Heav'n's glorious hoast in nimble squadrons flies.
 Whether, *This-Day*, God made you, Angels 600
 bright,

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Under the name of Heav'n, or of the light :
 Whether you were, after, in th' instant borne
 With those bright spangles that the heav'ns adorn :
 Or, whether you derive your high Descent
 Long time before the World and Firmament
 (For, I will stify argue to and fro
 In nice Opinions, whether so, or so ;
 Especially, where curious search, perchance,
 Is not so safe as humble ignorance ;) 610
 I am resolv'd that once th' Omnipotent
 Created you immortal, innocent,
 Good, faire, and free ; in briefe, of Essence, such
 As from his owne differ'd not very much.

But even as those, whom Princes' favours oft
 Above the rest have rais'd and set aloft,
 Are oft the first that (without right or reason)
 Attempt Rebellion, and doe practise Treason ;
 And so, at length, are justly tumbled down
 Beneath the foot, that raught above the Crown :
 Even so some Legions of those lofty Spirits 620
 (Envyng the glory of their Maker's merits)
 Conspir'd together, strove against the streame,
 T' usurpe his Scepter and his Diademe.
 But He, whose hands doe never Lightnings lack
 Proud sacrilegious Mutiners to wrack,
 Hurl'd them in th' Aire, or in some lower Cell :
 For, where God is not, every where is Hell.

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This curs'd Crew, with Pride and Fury fraught,
 Of us, at least, have this advantage got,
 That by experience they can truly tell 630
 How far it is from highest Heav'n to Hell
 For, by a proud leap they have ta'en the measure,
 When head-long thence they tumbled in displeasure.

These fiends are so far-off from bettring them
 By this hard Judgement, that still more extreme,
 The more their plague, the more their pride increases,
 The more their rage : as Lizards cut in peeces,
 Threat with more malice, tho' with lesser might,
 And even in dying shew their living spight.
 For, ever since, against the King of Heav'n 640
 Th' Apostate Prince of Darkenesse still hath striv'n,
 Striv'n to deprave his Deeds, t' interr their story,
 T' undo his Church, to under-mine his Glory ;
 To reave this world's great Body, Ship, and State,
 Of Head, of Master, and of Magistrate.

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But finding still the Majestie divine
 Too strongly fenc'd for him to under-mine ;
 His Ladders, Canons, and his Engines, all
 Force-less to batter the Celestiall wall ;
 Too weak to hurt the head, he hacks the members : 650
 The Tree too hard, the branches he dismembers.

The Fowlers, Fishers, and the Forresters,
 Set not so many toyls, and baits, and snares,

To take the Fowle, the Fish, the savage Beasts,
 In Woods, and Floods, and fearfull Wilderness :
 As this false Spirit sets Engines to beguile
 The cunningest, that practise nought but wile.
 With wanton glance of Beautie's burning eye
 He snares hot Youth in sensuality.
 With Gold's bright lustre doth he Age intice 660
 To Idolize detested Avarice.
 With grace of Princes, with their pomp, and State,
 Ambitious Spirits he doth intoxicate.
 With curious Skill-pride, and vaine dreames, hee
 witches
 Those that contemn Pleasure, and State, and Riches.
 Yea *Faith* itselfe, and *Zeale*, be sometimes Angles,
 Wherewith this Juggler heav'n-bent souls intangles :
 Much like the greene Worm, that in spring devours
 The buds and leaves of choicest Fruits and Flowers :
 Turning their sweetest sap and fragrant verdure 670
 To deadly poyson, and detested ordure.
 Who but (alas !) would have bin gull'd yer-whiles
 With night's black Monark's most malicious wiles?
 To hear stoncs speak, to see strange wooden Miracles,
 And golden gods to utter wondrous Oracles?
 To see him play the Prophet, and insptre
 So many *Sybilz* with a sacred fire?
 To raise dead *Samuel* from his silent Tombe,
 To tell his King Calamities to-come?
 To inflame the Flamme of *Iove Ammon* so 680
 With Heathen-holy fury-fits to knowe
 Future events, and sometimes truely tell
 The blinded World what afterwards befell?
 To counterfeit the wondrous Works of God ;
 His Rod turne Serpent, and his Serpent Rod?
 To change the pure streams of th' *Egyptian Flood*
 From clearest water into crimson blood?
 To rain-down frogs, and Grass-hoppers to bring
 In the bed-chambers of the stubborne King?
 For, as he is a spirit, unseen he sees 690
 The plots of Princes, and their policies ;
 Unfelt, he feeles the depth of their desires ;
 Who harbours vengeance, and whose heart aspires :
 And, as us'd daily unto such effects,
 Such feats and fashions, judges of th' effects.
 Besides, to circumvent the quickest sprighted,
 To blind the eyes even of the clearest sighted ;
 And to enwrap the wisest in his snares,
 He oft foretels what he himselfe prepares.
 For, if a Wise-man (though Man's dayes be don 700
 As soon almost as they be here begun ;
 And his dull Flesh be of too slow a kinde
 T' ensue the nimble Motions of his minde)
 By th' onely power of Plants and Minerals
 Can work a thousand super-naturals :
 Who but will think, much more these Spirits can
 Work strange effects, exceeding sense of Man?
 Sith, being immortal, long experience brings
 Them certain knowledge of th' effects of things ;
 And, free from bodie's clog, with less impeach, 710
 And lighter speed, their bold Designes they reach.

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Not that they have the bridle on their neck,
 To run at random without curb or check,
 T' abuse the Earth, and all the World to blinde,
 And tyrannize o're body and o're minde.
 God holds them chain'd in Fetters of his Power ;
 That, without leave, one minute of an houre
 They cannot range. It was by his permission,
 The *Lying Spirit* train'd *Achab* to perdition ;
 Making him march against that Foe with force, 720
 Which should his body from his soule divorce.
 Arm'd with God's sacred Pass-port, he did try
 Just humble *Iob's* renown'd Constance :
 He reaves him all his Cattell, many wayes,
 By Fire and Foes : his faithfull Servants slayes :
 To loss of goods he adds his Children's loss,
 And heaps upon him bitter cross on cross.
 For th' only Lord, sometimes to make a tryall
 Of firmest *Faith* ; sometimes with Error's violl
 To drench the Soules that Errors sole delight,
 Let loose these *Furies* : who with fell despight
 Drive still the same Nail, and pursue (incensed)
 Their damn'd drifts, in *Adam* first commenced.
 But as these Rebels (maugre all that will)
 T' assist the Good, be forc'd t' assault the Ill :
 Th' unspotted Spirits that never did intend
 To mount too high, nor yet too low descend,
 With willing speed they every moment go
 Whither the breath of divine grace doth blow :
 Their aimes had never other limitation 740
 Then God's owne glory, and his Saints' salvation—
 Law-less Desire ne'er enters in their breast,
 Th' Almighty's Face is their *Ambrosiall Feast* :
 Repentant tears of strayed Lambs returning,
 Their *Nectar* sweet : their *Musick*, Sinners Mourning.
 Ambitious Man's greedy Desire doth gape
 Scepter on Scepter, Crown on Crown to clap :
 These never thirst for greater Dignities ;
 Travail's their ease, their bliss in service lies. —
 For, God no sooner hath his pleasure spoken, 750
 Or bow'd his head, or given some other token,
 Or (almost) thought on an Exploit, wherein
 The Ministry of Angels shall be seen,
 But these quick Postes, with ready expedition,
 Fly to accomplish their divine Commission.
 One followes *Agar* in her pilgrimage,
 And with sweet comforts doth her cares asswage.
 Another guideth *Isaac's* mighty Hoasts ;
 Another, *Iacob* on th' *Idumean* Coasts.
 Another (skill'd in Physick) to the Light 760
 Restores old faithfull *Tobie's* failing sight.
 In *Nasareth*, another rapt with joy,
 Tels that a Virgin shall bring-forth a Boy ;
 That *Mary* shall at-once be Maid-and-Mother,
 And bear at-once her Son, Sire, Spouse, and Brother :
 Yea, that Her happy fruitfull womb shall hold
 Him, that in him doth all the World infold.
 Some in the Desart tendred consolations,
 While *JESUS* strove with Sathan's strong Tempta- Mat. 4. 11.
 tions.

God restraines
 them at his
 pleasure.

1 Kin. 22. 35.

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Job 1. 15, &c.

Why the Lord
 sometimes lets
 loose those
 wicked Spirits.

730

Of the good
 Angels serving to
 the glory of God,
 and good of his
 Church, both in
 generall and
 particular.

740

750

Gen. 21. 17. 18.

Exod. 23. 23.
 and 33. 2.

760

Tobi. 11. 7.
 11. and 12.
 14. and 15.
 Luke 1. 26.

Luke 22. 43.	One, in the Garden, in his Agonies, Cheers-up his feares in that great enterprise, To take that bloody Cup, that bitter Chalice, And drink it off, to purge our sinfull Malice.	770	For, while their Watch within their <i>Corps de Garde</i> About the fire securely snorted hard, From Heav'n th' Almighty looking sternly down	810
Mat. 28. 5.	Another certifies his Resurrection Unto the Women, whose faith's imperfection Suppos'd his cold limbs in the Grave were bound, Untill th' Archangel's lofty Trump should sound.		(Glancing his Friends a smile, his Foes a frown) A sacred Fencer 'gainst th' <i>Assyrians</i> sent, Whose two-hand Sword, at every venny, slent, Not through a single Souldier's feeble bones, But keenly slyces through whole Troops at once ; And hews broad Lanes before it and behinde, As swiftly whirling as the whisking winde.	
Luke 1. 13.	The birth of <i>Iohn</i> , <i>Christ's</i> holy Harbenger.		Now 'gan they fly ; but all too slow to shunn A flying Sword that follow'd every one.	
Act. 12. 7.	One, trusty Serjant for divine Decrees, The <i>Iewes'</i> Apostle from close prison frees :	780	A Sword they saw ; but could not see the arm	820
Exod. 12. 29.	Of all the First-born that the <i>Memphians</i> had ; Exempting Those upon whose doore-posts stood A sacred token of Lambs' tender bloud.		That in one Night had done so dismal harm : As we perceive a Winde-mil's sails to go ; But not the Winde, that doth transport them so.	
2 Kin. 19. 35.	Another mowes-down in a moment's space, Before <i>Ierusalem</i> (God's chosen place) <i>Senacherib's</i> proud over-daring Hoast ; That threatned heav'n, and 'gainst the earth did boast ; In his blasphemous Braves, comparing ev'n His Idol-gods, unto the God of Heav'n.	790	Blushing <i>Aurora</i> , had yet scarce dismist Mount <i>Libanus</i> from the Night's gloomy Mist, When th' <i>Hebrew</i> Sentinels, discov'ring plain An hundred foure score and five thousand slain, Exceeding joyfull, 'gan to ponder stricter, To see such conquest and not know the Victor.	830
	His troups, victorious in the East before, Besieg'd the City, which did sole adore The only God ; so that, without their leave, A Sparrow scarce the sacred Wals could leave. Then <i>Ezechias</i> , as a prudent Prince, Poyzing the danger of these sad events, (His Subjects' thrall, his Citie's wofull Flames, His Children's death, the rape of noble Dames, The Massacre of Infants and of Eld, And's Royall Selfe with thousand weapons queld ; The Temple raz'd, th' Altar and Censer void Of sacred use, God's Servants all destroid) Humbled in Sack-cloth and in Ashes, cries For ayd to God, the God of Victories ; Who hears his suit, and thunders down his Fury On those proud <i>Pagan</i> Enemies of Iury.	800	O sacred Tutors of the Saints ! you Guard Of God's Elect, you Pursuivants prepar'd To execute the Counsels of the Highest ; You Heav'nly Courtiers, to your King the nighest ; God's glorious Heralds, Heav'n's swift Harbengers, 'Twixt Heav'n and Earth you true interpreters ; I could be well content, and take delight To follow farther your celestial Flight ; But that I feare (here having ta'en in hand So long a journey both by Sea and Land) I feare to faint, if at the first too fast	840
			I cut away, and make too-hasty haste : For, Travailleurs, that burn in brave desire To see strange Countries, manners and attire, Make haste enough, if only the <i>First Day</i> From their owne Sill they set but on their way.	

*So Morne and Evening the First Day conclude,
And God perceiv'd that All his Works were good.*

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 6, 'quilt' = sharply retorted: l. 43, 'yerst' = erst. So 'yer' for 'ere': l. 71, 'censurs' = judge: l. 80, 'Pryenian' . . . Sage' = Bias, one of the seven wise men, so called from Priene, an Ionian city, his birth-place. Diogenes Laërtius has recorded many of his (alleged) sayings: l. 88, 'wax' = wax or increase: l. 108, 'lauch' = launch: l. 110, 'Capharean Rock' = Caphareus (*Kaŋiprus*) a rocky and perilous promontory, that forms the S.E. extremity of Eubœa. It was off it the Grecian fleet was wrecked on its return from Troy: l. 115, 'hale' = haul: or possibly 'hail', i.e. go forth: l. 142, 'other-some': see Glossarial Index, s.v.: l. 188, 'Trewants' = truant: l. 202, 'Alarbies'. On these and other proper names see Glossarial Index, s.v.—there not being available space for the longer notes at the close of the successive portions: l. 209, 'Pandects' = an all-comprehensive treatise: l. 217, 'yer' = ere. See line 43 *supra*: l. 223, 'Fisials' = ornamental termination to a pinnacle: l. 224, 'Frise' = frieze: *ib.* 'Cornish' = cornice: see Glossarial Index, s.v.: l. 246, 'waste' = waist: l. 247, 'Pouf' = poop: l. 259, 'deform' = deformed: see Glossarial Index, s.v.: l. 260, 'compact' = compacted: l. 264, 'dank' = damp: l. 291, 'apparent' = appearing: l. 305, 'Little-World' = Microcosm: l. 312, 'Memphytists': see Glossarial Index, s.v.: l. 319, 'rvinate' = ruined: l. 321, 'Mastick' = mortar: l. 344, 'superfice' = surface: l. 346, 'Duke': see Glossarial Index, s.v. for examples and illustrations: l. 369, 'sive-like' = sieve: l. 411,

'*Ephemerides*' = collection of daily tables: l. 413, 'd-d-up' = dam-up: l. 417, 'Counters' = money—used contemptuously: l. 424, 'frequented': see Glossarial Index, s.v.: l. 432, 'chamb by joule', *ibid.*: l. 451, 'Italian' = Roman: so Shakespeare calls the Pope an 'Italian priest' (King John iii. 2): l. 458, 'Bear': see Glossarial Index, s.v.: l. 471, 'Universe' = Universe: l. 493, 'night' = named: l. 511, 'pompons' = grand—the word has since deteriorated: l. 518, 'diepack': see Glossarial Index, s.v.: l. 526, 'blinded': see Glossarial Index, s.v.: l. 550, 'swart' = swarthy, black: l. 551, 'decriy': see Glossarial Index for examples and illustrations: l. 576, 'fineth' = refineth: l. 578, 'toghes' = tugs: l. 586, 'Phorr' = wife, companion: l. 588, 'Minions' = associates—since deteriorated: l. 606, 'nill' = not—contraction of 'nihil': l. 619, 'vaught' = reached: l. 642, 'deprave' = depreciate—see Glossarial Index, s.v.: l. 648, 'Canons' = cannons: l. 672, 'yer-whiles' = ere-while: l. 680, 'Flamine' = flamen: l. 703, 'ensue' = pursue or follow: l. 710, 'impeach' = hinderance: l. 724, 'rresse' = robs: l. 729, 'violl' = vial: l. 733, 'drifts' = purposes: l. 765, 'at once her Son', &c. Herbert Palmer has amplified all this in his 'Paradoxes', so long mis-ascribed to Bacon: l. 778, 'Harbenger': see Glossarial Index, s.v.: l. 779, 'Harbenger': *ibid.* for examples and illustrations: l. 808, 'Corps de Gard' = body-guard: l. 813, 'veny' = venue, i.e. thrust in fencing: *ib.* 'slent' = to rend or tear.—G.



THE
SECOND DAY
OF THE FIRST
WEEK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Lewd Poets checkt : Our Poet's chaste Intents :
Heav'n's Curtain spread : th' all forming Elements ;
Their number, nature, use, and Domination,
Content, excess, continuance, situation :
Aire's triple Regions ; and their Temper's change :
Windes, Exhalations, and all Meteors strange ;
Th' effects, the use (apply'd to Conscience :)
Man's Reason non-plust in some Accidents :
Of Prodigies : of th' Elementall Flame : 10
Heav'n's ten fold Orbs : Waters above the same.*

proofe of
and
is Poets of
it.

THose learned Spirits, whose wits applied wrong,
With wanton Charms of their enchanting
song,
Make of an old, foule, frantick *Hecuba*,
A wondrous fresh, faire, wittie *Helena* :
Of lewd *Faustina* (that loose Emperesse)
A chaste *Lucretia*, loathing wantonnesse :
Of a blinde Bow-Boy, of a Dwarf, a Bastard,
No petty Godling, but the Gods' great Master ;
On thanklesse furrowes of a fruitlesse sand 20
Their seed and labour lose, with heedlesse hand ;
And (pitching Nets, to catch I little wott
What fume of Fame that seems them to besott)
Resemble Spiders that with curious pain
Weave idle Webs, and labour still in vain.
But (though, than time, we have no deerer *Treasure*)
Lesse should I wail their misse-expençe of leasure,
If their sweet *Muse*, with too-well spoken Spell
Drew not their Readers with themselves to Hell,
For, under th' hony of their learned Works 30
A hatefull draught of deadly poyson lurks :

Whereof (alas) Young spirits quaffe so deep,
That, drunk with Love, their Reason fals asleep ;
And such a habit their fond Fancie gets,
That their ill stomach still loves evill meats.

The danger of
their seduced
Readers.

Th' enchanting force of their sweet Eloquence
Hurles headlong down their tender Audience,
Aye (child-like) sliding, in a foolish strife,
On th' Icie down-Hills of this slippery Life.

The songs their *Phœbus* doth so sweet inspire, 40
Are even the Bellows whence they blow the fire
Of raging Lust (before) whose wanton flashes
A tender brest rak't-up in shamefac't ashes.

Therefore, for my part, I have vow'd to Heav'n
Such wit and learning as my God hath giv'n ;
To write, to the' honour of my Maker dread,
Verse that a Virgin without blush may read.

Our Poet's modest
purpose.

Clear Source of Learning, soule of th' Universe,
(Sith thou art pleas'd to chuse mine humble Verse
To sing thy Praises) make my Pen distill
Celestiall *Nectar*, and this Volume fill
With th' *Amalthean* Horn ; that it may have
Some correspondence to a Theam so grave :
Rid thou my passage, and make cleare my way
From all incumbers : shine upon *This Day* ;
That guided safely by thy sacred Light,
My *Rendez-vous* I may attain yer night.

50 Againe he calls
upon God, for
assistance in the
description of the
second daie's
Work.

THAT HUGE broad-length, that long-broad height
profound,

Th' infinite finite, that great moundlesse Mound,
I meane that *Chaos*, that self-jarring Mass,
Which in a moment made of Nothing was ;
Was the rich Matter and the Matrix, whence
The Heav'ns should issue, and the Elements.

60 Which is, the
Firmament men-
tioned by Moses
in the 1. Cha. of
Gen. ver. 6, 7, 8.
Comprehending
the Heavens, and
all the Elementary

Now th' Elements, twin-twins (two sons, two
daughters)
To wit, the Fire, the Aire ; the Earth, and Waters

Regions. Of the
four Elements,
simple in them-
selves : whereof
all things subject
to our sense, are
composed.

Divers Similes.

A vicissitude of
the Elements'
predominance.

Excellent Similes
showing the com-
modity or incom-
modity of the pro-
portion or excess
of every of the
Elements.

Are not *compounded* : but, of them is all
Compounded first, that in our sense can fall :
Whether their qualities in every portion
Of every thing, infuse them with proportion :
Whether in all, their substance they confound,
And so but one thing of their four compound :
As in a *Venice* Glass before our eyne,
We see the Water intermix with Wine :
Or, in our Stomack, as our drink and food
Doe mingle, after to convert to bloud.
This in a Fire-brand may we see, whose Fire
Doth in his Flame toward's native Heav'n aspire,
His Aire in smoak ; in ashes falls his Earth,
And at his knots his Water wheezes forth.
Even such a War our bodie's peace maintains :
For, in our flesh our Bodie's Earth remains ;
Our vitall spirits, our Fire and Aire possess ;
And, last, our Water in our humours rests.
Nay, there's no Part in all this Bulk of ours,
Where each of these not intermix their powers ;
Though 't be apparent (and I needs must grant)
That aye some one is most predominant.
The pure red part, amid the Mass of Blood,
The *Sanguine* Aire commands ; the clotted mud,
Sunk down in *Lees*, Earth's *Melancholy* shows,
The pale thin humour, that on th' out-side flowes,
Is watery *Phlegme* : and the light froathy scum,
Bubbling above, hath Fiery *Choler's* room.
Not, that at all times, one same Element
In one same Body hath the Regiment :
But, by turns reigning, each his Subjects draws
After his Lore ; for, still *New Lords New Lawes* ;
As *sans* respect how Rich or Noble-born,
Each Citizen rules and obeys, by turn,
In chart'ed Towns ; which seem, in little space,
Changing their Ruler, even to change their face ;
(For, as *Chameleons* vary with their object,
So *Princes' manners do transform the Subject*) :
So th' Element in Wine predomining,
It hot, and cold, and moist, and dry doth bring ;
By 's perfect or imperfect force (at length)
Inforcing it to change the taste and strength :
So that it doth Grapes' sharp-green juice transfer
To Must, Must t' Wine, and Wine to Vineger.
As while a Monarch to teach others aw,
Subjects his owne self's-Greatness to his Law,
He ruleth fearless : and his Kingdoms flourish
In happy Peace (and Peace doth Plenty nourish) ;
But if (fell Tyrant) his keen sword be ever
Unjustly drawn, if he be sated never
With Subjects' blood ; needs must his Rage (at last)
Destroy his State, and lay his Countrey waste :
So (or much like) the while one Element
Over the rest hath modest Government ;
While, in proportion (though unequal yet)
With Sovereign Humours Subject Humours fit,
The Bodie's found ; and in the very face
Retains the Form of beauty and of grace :

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90

100

110

120

But if (like that inhumane Emperour
Who wisht, all People underneath his Power
Had but one head, that he might butcher so
All th' Empire's Subjects at one onely blow)
It, tyrannizing, seek to wrack the rest,
It ruines soon the Province it possess ;
Where soon appears, through his proud usurpation, 130
Both outward change, and inward alteration.

So, too-much Moist, which (unconcoct within)
The Liver spreads betwixt the flesh and skin,
Puffs up the Patient, stops the pipes and pores
Of excrements : yea, double bars the doores
Of his short breath ; and slowly-swiftly curst,
In midd't of Water makes him ever thirst :
Nor gives Man Rest, nor Respite, till his bones
Be raked up in a cold heap of stones.

So, too-much Drought a lingering Ague draws, 140 Of Damp
Which seeming pain-less, yet much pain doth cause,

Robbing the nerves of might, of joy the heart,
Of mirth the face, of moisture every part
(Much like a Candle fed with its own humour,
By little and little its own self's consumer)
Nor gives man Rest, nor Respite, till his bones
Be raked up in a cold heap of stones.

So, too-much Heat doth bring a burning Fever, Of Heat
Which spurrs our Pulse, and furs our Palate ever ;
And on the tables of our troubled brain,
Fantastically with various pencil vain
Doth counterfait as many Forms, or moe
Then ever Nature, Art, or Chance could show :
Nor gives man Rest, nor Respite, till his bones
Be raked up in a cold heap of stones.

So, too-much Cold covers with hoary Fleece Of Cold
The Head of Age, his flesh diminishes,
Withers his face, hollows his rheumy eyes,
And makes himselfe even his own selfe despise ;
While through his marrow every-where it enters, 160
Quenching his native heat with endless Winters ;
Nor gives man Rest, nor Respite, till his bones
Be raked up in a cold heap of stones.

Yet think not that this *Too-too-Much* remises
Ought into nought : it but the Form disguises
In hundred fashions, and the Substances
Inly, or outly, neither win nor leese.
For, all that's made, is made of the *First Matter*
Which in th' old *Nothing* made the All-Creator :
All that dissolves, resolves into the same. 170
Since first the Lord of nothing made This Frame,
Nought's made of Nought ; and nothing turns to nothing :
Things birth, or death, chage but their formal clothing :
Their forms do vanish, but their bodies bide ;
Now thick, now thin, now round, now short, now side.

For, if of Nothing any thing could spring,
Th' earth without seed should wheat and barley bring :
Pure Maiden-wombs desired Babes should bear ;
All things, at all times, should grow every where ;
The Hart in Water should it selfe ingender ; 180
The Whale on Land : in Aire the Lambling tender :

Excess
Moist

Of Heat

150

Of Cold

160

Of the
essence of the
matter : as
ing, that
ever is not
formed, but
his nature
the *Matter*
primes : as
soever the
resolves in
nature, that
only first
also could
contrary !

Th' Ocean should yeeld the Pine and Cornell Tree ;
On Hazels Acornes, Nuts on Oaks should be :
And breaking Nature's set and sacred use,
The Doves would Eagles, Eagles Doves, produce.

If of themselves things took their thriving, then
Slow-growing Babes should instantly be Men :
Then in the Forrest should huge boughes be seen
Borne with the bodies of unplanted Treen ;
Then should the sucking Elephant support
Upon his shoulders a well-mann'd Fort ;
And the new-foald Colt, ouragious,
Should neigh for Battell, like *Bucephalus*.

Contrariwise, if ought to nought did fall ;
All, that is felt or seen within this *All*,
Still losing somewhat of itself, at length
Would come to Nothing : If Death's fatal strength
Could altogether Substances destroy,
Things then should vanish ev'n as soon as dy.
In time the mighty Mountains' tops be 'bated ;
But, with their fall, the neighbour Vales are fatted ; 200
And what, when *Trent* or *Avon* over-flow,
They reave one field, they on the next bestow :
Love-burning Heav'n many sweet Dewes doth drop
In his deer Spouse's faire and fruitfull lap ;
Which after she restores, straining those showrs
Through the hid pores of pleasant plants and flowrs.

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weth
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form
ording
asure :
, yet,
ther
ough
finite

Whoso hath seen, how one warm lump of Wax
(Without increasing or decreasing) takes
A hundred figures ; well may judge of all
Th' incessant Changes of this neather Ball. 210
The World's owne Matter is the waxen Lump,
Which, un-self-changing, takes all kind of stamp :
The Form's the Seal ; Heav'n's gracious Emperour
(The living God) 's the great *Lord Chancellor* ;
Who, at his pleasure, setting day and night
His great *Broad Seals*, and *Privie Signets* right
Upon the Masse so vast and variable,
Makes the same Lump, now base, now honourable.
Here's nothing constant : nothing still doth stay ;
For, Birth and Death have still successive sway. 220

Here one thing springs not till another die :
Onely the Matter lives immortally,
(Th' Almighty's Table, body of this All,
Of change-full Chances common Arcenall,
All like itselfe, all in itselfe contained,
Which by Time's Flight hath neither lost nor gained)
Change-lesse in Essence ; changeable in face,
Much more then *Proteus*, or the subtile race
Of roving *Polyppes* ; who (to rob more)

ales
iose.

Transform them hourly on the waving shore : 230
Much like the *French* (or like our selves, their *Apes*)
Who with strange habit do disguise their shapes :
Who loving novels, full of affectation,
Receive the Manners of each other Nation ;
And scarcely shift they shirts so oft, as change
Fantastick Fashions of their garments strange ;
Or like a *Lais*, whose inconstant Love
Doth every day a thousand times remove ;

Who's scarce unfolded from one Youth's embraces,
Yer in her thought another shee embraces ; 240
And the new pleasure of her wanton Fire
Stirs in her still another new Desire :
Because the Matter, wounded deep in Heart
With various Love (yet, on the selfe-same part,
Incapable, in the same time, at once
To take all figures) by successions,
Form after Form receives : so that one face
Another's face's features doth deface.

Now the chiefe Motive of these Accidents
Is the dire discord of our Elements ; 250
Truce-hating Twins, where Brother eateth Brother
By turns, and turn them one into-another,
Like Ice and Water that beget each other ;
And still the Daughter bringeth-forth the Mother.
But each of these having two qualities,
(One bearing Rule, another that Obeyes)
Those, whose effects doe wholly contradict,
Longer and stronger strive in their Conflict,
The hot-dry Fire to cold-moist Water turns not, 260
The cold-dry Earth to hot-moist Aire returns not,
Returns not eas'y : for (still opposite)
With tooth and nail as deadly foes they fight.
But Aire turne Water, Earth may Fierize,
Because in one part they do symbolize ;
And so in combat they have lesse to doo ;
For, 't's easier far to conquer one then two.

The chiefe motive
of this Change
of Forms in the
matter.

Enigma.

Sith then the knot of sacred Marriage,
Which joyns the Elements, from age to age,
Brings forth the World's Babes : sith their Enmities,
With fell divorce, kill whatsoever dies : 270
And sith, but changing their degree and place,
They frame the various Forms, wherewith the face
Of this faire World is so imbellish'd,
[As six sweet Notes, curiously vari'd
In skilfull Musick, make an hundred kindes
Of Heav'nly sounds, that ravish hardest mindes ;
And with Division (of a choice device)
The Hearers' soules out at their ears intice :
Or, as of twice-twelve *Letters*, thus transpos'd,
This world of Words is variously compos'd ; 280
And of these Words, in divers order sow'n,
This sacred *Volume*, that you read, 'is grow'n
(Through gracious succour of th' *Eternall Deity*)
Rich in Discourse, with infinite Variety]
It was not cause-lesse, that so carefully
God did divide their common Seign'ory ;
Assigning each a fit confin'd Sitting,
Their quantity and quality befitting.

Of the Situation
of the Elements,
and of the effects
thereof, compared
to the Notes of
Musick, and to
the Letters of the
Alphabet.

Whoso (sometime) hath seen rich Ingots tride,
When forc'd by fire, their treasures they divide, 290
(How fair and softly Gold to Gold doth passe,
Silver seeks Silver, Brasse consorts with Brasse ;
And the whole Lump, of parts unequal, severs
Itselfe apart, in white, red, yellow Rivers)
May understand, how, when the Mouth *Divine*
Op'ned (to each his proper place 't assigne)

A Simile lively
representing the
separation of the
Elements.

Situation of the Earth and Fire.	<p>Fire flew to Fire, Water to Water slid, Aire clung to Aire, and Earth with Earth abid. Earth, as the Lees, and heavie dross of All (After his kinde) did to the bottome fall : 300 Contrariwise, the light and nimble Fire Did through the crannies of th' old Heap aspire Unto the top ; and by his nature, light No lesse then hot, mounted in sparks upright : As, when we see <i>Aurora</i> passing gay, With Opals paint the Cieling of <i>Cathay</i>, Sad Flouds do fume ; and the celestial Tapors, Through Earth's thin pores, in th' Aire exhale their vapors.</p>	<p>Of wrackfull <i>Neptune</i>, and the wrathfull blasts Of parching <i>South</i>, and pinching <i>Boreas</i>. 'T was meet, her sad slow body to digest Farther from Heav'n then any of the rest : Lest, of Heav'n's Course th' Eternall swift <i>Careers</i>, Rushing against her with their whirling <i>Sphoers</i>, Should her transport as swift and violent, As ay they do their neighbour Element. 360</p>	the other Element of airt	
Of Air and Water placed between the Earth and Fire.	<p>But, lest the Fire (which all the rest embraces) Being too neer, should burn the Earth to ashes ; 310 As chosen <i>Umpires</i>, the great All-Creator Between these Foes plac'd the Aire and Water : For, one suffiz'd not their stern strife to end. Water, as Cousin, did the Earth befriend : Aire, for his Kinsman Fire, as firmly deals : But both, uniting their divided zeals, Took up the matter, and appeas'd the brall ; Which doubtlesse else had discreated All. Th' Aire lodg'd aloft, the Water under it, Not casually, but so dispos'd sit 320 By him, who (Nature in her kinde to keep) Kept due proportion in his Workmanship ; And, in this Store-house of his Wonders' treasure, Observ'd in all things number, weight and measure.</p>	<p>And sith on th' other side th' harmonious Course Of Heav'n's bright Torches is th' immortall source Of earthly life : and sith all alterations (Almost) are caus'd by their quick agitations In all the World, God could not place so fit Our Mother Earth, as in the midst of it. For, all the Stars reflect their lively rayes On Fire, and Aire, and Water, divers wayes ; Dispersing, so, their powerfull influence On, in, and through these various Elements : 370 But, on the Earth, they all in one concurr, And all unite their severall force in her ; As in a Wheel, which with a long deep rut His turning passage in the durt doth cut, The distant Spoaks neerer and neerer gather, And in the Nave unite their points together.</p>	360	Sink
Why the Aire was lodged next the Element of Fire.	<p>For, had the Water next the Fire been plac'd, Fire, seeming then more wrong'd and more disgrac'd, Would suddenly have left his Adversary, And set upon the <i>Umpire</i> (more contrary). But all the Links of th' holy Chain, which tethers The many members of the World together, 330 Are such, as none but only He can break them, Who at the first did (of meer nothing) make them. Water, as arm'd with moisture and with cold, The cold-dry Earth, with her one hand doth hold ; With th' other th' Aire : The Aire as moist and warm,</p>	<p>As the bright Sun shines through the smoothest <i>Sink</i> Glasse, The turning Planet's influence doth passe Without impeachment through the glistening Tent Of the tralucing Fiery Element, 380 Th' Air's triple Regions, the transparent Water ; But not the firm Base of this faire Theater. And therefore rightly may we call those <i>Trines</i> (Fire, Aire and Water) but Heav'n's <i>Concubines</i> : For, never Sun, nor Moon, nor Stars enjoy The love of these, but only by the way, As passing by : whereas incessantly The lusty Heav'n with Earth doth company ; And with a fruitfull seed, which lends All life, With-childes, each moment, his own lawfull wife ; 390 And with her lovely Babes, in form and nature So divers, decks this beautifull Theater.</p>	320	The Water treads the Earth
The disposing and combining of the Elements. A Similitude.	<p>Holds Fire with th' one, Water with th' other arm : As Country-Maidens, in the Month of <i>May</i>, Merrily sporting on a Holy-day, And lusty dancing of a lively Round About the <i>May-pole</i>, by the <i>Bag-pipe's</i> sound ; 340 Hold hand in hand, so that the first is fast (By means of those between) unto the last.</p>	<p>So divers, decks this beautifull Theater. The Water, lighter then the Earthy <i>Masse</i>, Heavier then Aire, betwixt them both hath place ; The better so, with a moist cold, to temper Th' one's over-drinesse, th' other's hot distemper. But, my sweet Muse, whither so fast away ? Soft, soft, my Darling : draw not dry <i>To-day</i> <i>Castalian</i> Springs ; deferr the <i>Cirque</i> and <i>Seat</i>, The power and praise of Sea and Earth as yet : 400 Do not anticipate the World's Beginning ; But, till <i>To-morrow</i>, leave the enter-blinning Of rocky Mounts, and rowling Waves so wide. For, even <i>To-morrow</i> will the Lord divide, With the right hand of his Omnipotence, These yet confus'd and mingled Elements ; And liberally the shaggy Earth adorn With Woods, and Buds of fruits, of flowers and corn.</p>	Leaving the Earth as the next comes to the Air.	
Why the Earth is the lowest, and environed with	<p>For, sith 't is so, that the dry Element Not only yeelds her own Babes nourishment, But with the milk of her abundant breasts Doth also feed th' Air's nimble-winged guests, And also all th' innumerable Legions Of greedy mouths that haunt the Briny Regions, (So that th' Earth's Mother, or else Nurse of all That run, or flee, or swim, or slide, or crawl) 350 'T was meet, it should be itselfe's Counterpoize, To stand still firm against the roaring noise</p>	<p>And liberally the shaggy Earth adorn With Woods, and Buds of fruits, of flowers and corn.</p>	400	

'T is time, my Love, 't is time, mine only Care,
 To hie us hence, and mount us in the Aire : 410
 'T is time (or never) now, my dearest Minion,
 To imp strong parcels in thy sacred pinion ;
 That lightly born upon thy Virgin back,
 Safe through the Welkin I my course may take :
 Come, come, my Joy, lend mee thy Lilly shoulder ;
 That thereon raised, I may reach the bolder
*(Before the rest of my deere Country-men,
 Of better wit, but worse-applied pen)*
 At that green *Laurel*, which the niggard Skies
 So long have hidden from my longing eyes. 420
 Th' *Aire* (hoste of Mists, the bounding Tennis-ball,
 That stormy Tempests tosse and play withall,
 Of winged Clouds the wide inconstant House,
 Th' unsettled Kingdome of swift *Aolus*,
 Great Ware-house of the Windes, whose trafficke gives
 Motion of life to ev'ry thing that lives)
 Is not throughout all one : our Elder Sages
 Have fitly parted it into three Stages.
 Whereof, because the highest still is driv'n
 With violence of the *First-moving* Heav'n, 430
 From East to West, and from the West returning,
 To th' honor'd Cradle of the rosiall Morning,
 And also seated next the Fiery vault ;
 It, by the Learned, very hot is thought.
 That which we touch, with times doth variate,
 Now hot, now cold, and sometimes temperate ;
 Warm-temp' red show'rs it sendeth in the *Spring* :
 In *Autumn* likewise, but more varying :
 In *Winter* time, continuall cold and chill :
 In *Summer* season, hot and soultry still : 440
 For then the fields scorched with flames, reflect
 The sparkling rayes of thousand Stars' aspect ;
 And chiefly *Phabus*, to whose arrows bright
 Our Globy Grandame serves for But and White.
 But now, because the Middle Region's set
 Far from the Fiery sieling's flagrant heat,
 And also from the warm reverberation
 Which aye the Earth reflects in divers fashion ;
 That Circle shivers with eternall colde.
 For, into Hail how should the Water molde, 450
 Even when the Summer hath gilt *Ceres* Gowne,
 Except those Climes with Ycesickles were sowne ?
 So soon as *Sol*, leaving the gentle *Twins*,
 With *Cancer*, or thirst-panting *Leo* inns,
 The mid-most Aire redoubleth all his Frosts ;
 Being besieged by two mighty Hoasts
 Of Heat, more fierce 'gainst his cold force than ever,
 Cals from all quarters his chill troops together,
 T' incounter them with his united Power,
 Which then dispersèd, hath far greater power : 460
 As *Christian* Armies, from the Frontiers far,
 And out of fear of *Turke's* outrageous war,
 March in disorder, and become (disperst)
 As many Squadrons as were Souldiers yerst ;
 So that sometimes th' untrained Multitude
 With bats and bows hath beat them and subdu'd :

But, if they once perceive, or understand
 The *Moony* Standards of proud *Ottoman*
 To be approaching, and the Sulph'ry thunder
 Wherewith he brought both *Rhodes* and *Belgrade* under ;
 They soon unite, and in a narrow place 471
 Intrench themselves ; their courage growes apace ;
 Their heart 's on fire ; and circumcisèd Pow'rs,
 By their approach, double the strength of ours.
 'T is (doubt-less) this ¹*Antiperistasis*
 (Bear with the word, I hold it not amiss
 T' adopt sometimes such strangers for our use,
 When Reason and Necessity induce ;
 As namely, where our native Phrase doth want
 A Word so force-full and significant) 480
 Which makes the Fire seem to our sense and reason
 Hotter in Winter then in Summer season :
 'T is it which causeth the cold frozen *Scythia*,
 Too-often kist by th' husband of *Orithya*,
 To bring forth people, whose still hungry brest
 (Winter or Summer) can more meat digest,
 Then those lean starvelings which the Sun doth broil
 Upon the hot sands of the *Libyan* soil :
 And that ourselves, happily seated faire,
 Whose spungy lungs draw sweet and wholesom Aire, 490
 Hide in our stomachs a more lively heat,
 While bi-front *Janus*' frosty frowns do threat,
 Then when bright *Phabus*, leaving swarthy *Chus*,
 Mounts on our *Zenith*, to reflect on us.
 Th' Almighty's hand did this partition form ;
 To th' end that Mist, Comets, and Wind, and Storm,
 Dew, drizzling Show'rs, Hail, slippery Yce, and Snow,
 In the three Regions of the Aire may grow :
 Whereof some, 'pointed th' Earth to fertilize,
 Others to punish our impieties, 500
 Might daily grave in hardest hearts the love
 And fear of him, who reigns in Heav'n above.
 For, as a little end of burning wax,
 By th' emptiness, or of itselfe, attracts
 In Cupping-glasses, through the scorched skin
 Behinde the Poll, superfluous humours thin,
 Which fuming from the braine did thence descend
 Upon the sight, and much the same offend :
 So the swift Coach-man, whose bright flaming hair
 Doth every day gild either *Hemisphear*, 510
 Two sorts of Vapors by his heat exhales
 From floating Deeps, and from the flow'ry Dales :
 Th' one somewhat hot, but heavie, moist, and thick ;
 Th' other, light, dry, burning, pure, and quick ;
 Which, through the Welkin roaming all the yeare,
 Make the world divers to itselfe appear.
 Now, if a Vapour be so thin, that it
 Cannot to water be transformèd fit,
 And that with cold-lym'd wings it hover neer
 The flow'ry mantle of our Mother deer ; 520
 Our Aire growes dusky ; and moist drowsie Mist
 Upon the Fields doth for a time persist.

The effects there-
of in the middle
Region of the
Aire.

Why the Aire was
thus distinguished
in the 3. Regions.

Of exhalations,
and whereunto
they are appropri-
ate, by the Sun
and the Regions
of the Aire.

Of Mix.

¹ Contrary Circumstance.

Of Dew and Yce.

And if this Vapour fair and softly fly,
Not to the cold Stage of the middle Sky,
But 'bove the Clouds, it turneth (in a trice)
In *April*, Dew ; in *January*, Yce.

But, if the Vapour bravely can adventure
Up to th' eternall seat of shivering Winter,
The small thin humor by the Cold is prest
Into a Cloud ; which wanders East and West 530
Upon the Winde's wings, till in drops of Rain
It fall into his Grandame's lap again :

Divers Similes,
shewing how the
Rain is caused
through the en-
counter of the
Clouds, which are
the matter of it.

Whether some boistrous winde, with stormy puff
Joustling the Clouds with mutuall counter-buff,
Doe break their brittle sides, and make them shatter
In drizzling show'rs their swift distilling water :

As when a wanton heedless Page (perhaps)
Rashly together two full glasses claps ;
Both being broken, suddenly they pour
Both their brew'd liquors on the dusty flour. 540
Whether some milder gale, with sighing breath
Shaking their Tent, their tears dissevereth :

As after rain another rain doth drop
In shady Forests from their shaggy top,
When through their green boughs, whiffing winds do
whirl

With wanton puffs their waving locks to curl :
Or, whether th' upper Cloud's moist heaviness
Doth, with his weight, an under Cloud oppress,
And so one humour doth another crush,
Till to the ground their liquid pearles doe gush : 550
As the more clusters of ripe grapes we pack
In Vintage-time upon the hurdle's back ;

At 's piercèd bottom the more fuming liquor
Runs in the scummy Fat, and fals the thicker.

Whence it pro-
ceedeth, that
sometimes it rain-
eth Froga.

Then, many Heav'n-floods in our Floods do lose 'em ;
Nought 's seen but Show'rs ; the heav'n's sad sable
bosom

Seems all in tears to melt ; and Earth's green bed
With stinking Frogs is sometimes coverèd :
Either because the floating Cloud doth fold
Within itself both moist, dry, hot, and cold, 560
Whence all things here are made : or else for that
The active Windes, sweeping this dusty Flat,
Sometimes in th' aire some fruitfull dust do heap :

Whence these new-formèd ugly creatures leap :
As on the edges of some standing Lake
Which neighbour Mountains with their gutters make,
The foamy slime, itselſe transformeth oft

To green half-Tadpoles, playing there aloft,
Half-made, half-unmade ; round about the Flood,
Half-dead, half-living ; half a frog, half-mud. 570

Of Snow.

Sometimes it happens, that the force of Cold
Freezes the whole Cloud : then we may behold,
In silver Flakes, a heav'nly Wool to fall ;
Then, Fields seem grass-less, Forests leaf-less all,
The world 's all white ; and, through the heaps of Snow,
The highest Stag can scarce his armor show.

Of Hail.

Sometimes befalls, that when by secret pow'r,
The Cloud 's new-chang'd into a dropping show'r,

Th' excessive cold of the mid-Aire (anon)
Candies-it all in bals of Ycy-stone : 580

Whose violent storms sometimes (alas !) do proin,
Without a knife, our Orchard and our Vine ;
Reap without sickle, beat down Birds and Cattle,
Disgrace our Woods, and make our Roofs to rattle.

If heav'n's bright torches, from earth's kidneys, sup
Som somewhat dry and heatfull Vapours up,
Th' ambitious lightning of their nimble Fire
Would suddenly neer th' Azure Cirques aspire :
But scarce so soon their fuming crest hath raught,
Or toucht the coldness of the middle Vault, 590
And felt what force their mortall enemy

Of more
or when
whiting
Low and
Regions
Aire, and
the wide
ingrain

In Garrison keeps there continually ;
When down again towards their Dam they bear,
Holp by the weight which they have drawn from her ;
But in the instant, to their aid arrives
Another new heat, which their heart revives,
Re-arms their hand, and, having staid their flight,
Better resolv'd, brings them again to fight.

Well fortifi'd then by these fresh supplies,
More bravely they renew their enterprize : 600

And one-while th' upper hand (with honor) getting,
Another-while disgracefully retreating,

Our lower Aire they tosse in sundry sort,
As weak or strong their matter doth comport.

This lasts not long ; because the heat and cold,
Equall in force and fortune, equall bold

In these assaults ; to end this sudden brall,
Th' one stops their mounting, th' other staves their
fall ;

So that this vapour, never resting sound,
Stands never still, but makes his motion round, 610

Posteth from Pole to Pole, and flies amain
From *Spain* to *India*, and from *Inde* to *Spain*.

But though these blustering spirits seem alwaies blow'n
By the same spirit, and of like vapor grow'n ;

Yet, from their birth-place, take they, diversly,
A divers name and divers quality.

Feeling the foure Windes, that with divers blast,
From the foure corners of the World doe haste ;

In their effects I finde foure Temp'raments,
Foure Times, foure Ages, and foure Elements. 620

Th' *East-winde*, in working, follows properly
Fire, Choler, Summer, and soft Infancy :

That, which dries-up wilde *Affrick* with his wing,
Resembles Aire, Blood, Youth, and lively Spring :

That, which blows moistly from the *Western* stage,
Like Water, Phlegme, Winter, and heavie Age :

That, which coms shiv'ring from cold *Climats* solely,
Earth, wither'd Eld, Autumn, and *Melancholy*.

Not, but that Men have long ere this found-out
More than these foure winds, *East, West, North, and*

South : 630

Those that (at Sea) to see both Poles are wont,
Upon their Compass two and thirty count,

Though they be infinite, as are the places
Whence the Heav'n-fanning Exhalation passes :

Of the
wherein
four
corners
of the
World
doe
haste
In
their
effects
I
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foure
Temp'r-
aments,
Foure
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and
Melancholy
Not
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Men
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long
ere
this
found-out
More
than
these
foure
winds
East,
West,
North,
and
South

	But wheresoever their quick course they bend, As on their Chiefs, all on these Four depend.		'Tis held, I know, that when a Vapour moist As well from fresh as from salt water's hoist	How they are in- gendred.
Effects of it.	One while, with whisking broom they brush and sweep The Cloudy Curtains of Heav'n's stages steep : Anon, with hotter sighes they dry the Ground, Late, by <i>Electra</i> and her Sisters, drown'd :	640	In the same instant with hot Exhalations, In th' Airy Region's secondary stations ; The fiery Fume, besiegd with the Croud And keen-cold thicknes of that dampish Cloud, Strengthens his strength ; and with redoubled Vollies Of joynd Heat, on the Cold Leaguer sallies.	700
	Anon, refresh they, with a temp'rate blowing, The soulry Aire, under the Dog-starr glowing : On Trees anon they ripe the Plum and Pear, In Cods the Poulse, the Corn within the Ear :		Like as a Lion, very late exil'd From 's native Forrests, spet-at, and revil'd, Mock'd, mov'd, and troubled with a thousand toyes, By wanton children, idle girles and boyes ; With hideous roaring doth his Prison fill, In 's narrow Cloister ramping wildely, still, Runs to and fro ; and furious, lesse doth long For liberty, then to revenge his wrong :	A Simile.
	Anon, from North to South, from East to West, With ceas-less wings, they drive a ship address : And somtimes, whirling on an open Hill, The round-flat Runner in a roaring Mill, In flowry motes they grind the purest grain, Which late they ripened on the fruitfull Plain.	650	Thus Fire, desirous to break forth again From 's cloudy Ward, cannot itself refrain ;	710
Effects of lutions.	If th' Exhalation hot and oily prove ; And yet (as feeble) giveth place above To th' Airie Regions ever-lasting Frost, Incessantly th' apt tinding fume is tost Till it inflame ; then like a Squib it falls, Or fire-wing'd shaft, or sulph'ry Powder balls.		But, without resting, loud it grones and grumbles, It rouls, and roars, and round-round-round it rumbles, Till (having rent the lower side in sunder) With sulph'ry flash, it have shot-down his thunder :	
a.	But if this kinde of Exhalation towr Above the Walls of Winter's icy bowr, 'T inflameth also ; and anon becoms A new strange Star, presaging wofull doms :	660	And th' hottest Circle of the World to gain, To issue up-ward, oft it strives in vaine : But 't is there fronted with a Trench so large, And such an Hoast, that though it often charge,	720
	Then had the first, 'tis not so quickly spent : Whether the Heav'ns' incessant agitation, Into a Star transforming th' Exhalation, Kindle the same : like as a coal, that winkt On a stick's end (and seemd quite extinct) Tost in the dark with an industrious hand, To light the night, becoms a fier-brand :		On this and that side, the Cold Camp about With his hot skirmish ; yet still, still the stout Victorious Foe repelleth ev'ry push ; So that (despairing) with a furious rush (Forgetting honour) it is fain to fly By the back-door, with blushing infamy.	
	Or whether th' upper Fire do fire the same ; As lighted Candles doe th' unlight, inflame.	670	Then th' Ocean boyls for fear : the Fish do deem The Sea too shallow to safe-shelter them :	Their effects.
fiery im- s in the of the	According as the Vapour's thick or rare, Ev'n or unev'n, long or large, round or square, Such are the Forms it in the Aire resembles : At sight whereof, th' amazèd Vulgar trembles. Here, in the night appears a flaming Spire ; There a fierce Dragon folded all in fire ; Here, a bright Comet ; there, a burning Beam ; Here, flying Launces ; there, a fiery Stream :		In hollow Rocks himself can hardly shield :	730
	Here seems a hornèd Goat, environ'd round With fiery flakes, about the Aire to bound ; There, with long bloody haire, a blazing Star Threatens the World with Famin, Plague, and War :	680	Th' affrighted Heav'ns open ; and, in the vale Of <i>Acheron</i> , grim <i>Pluto's</i> self looks pale :	
	To Princes, death : to Kingdoms, many crosses : To all Estates, inevitable losses : To Heard-men, Rot : to Plow-men, hap-less Seasons : To Sailors, Stormes : to Cities, civill Treasons.		Th' Aire flames with Fire : for, the loud-roaring Thunder (Renting the Cloud, that it includes, asunder) Sends forth those flashes which so blear our sight :	
descrip- tunder ming.	But hark : what hear I in the Heav'ns ? me thinks The World's wall shakes, and his foundation shrinks : It seems even now that horrid <i>Persephone</i> , Loosing <i>Meger</i> , <i>Alect</i> , and <i>Tysiphone</i> ,	690	As wakefull Students, in the Winter's night Against the steel, glancing with stony knocks, Strike sudden sparks into their Tinder-box.	Simile.
	Weary of raining in black <i>Erebus</i> , Transports her Hell between the Heav'n and us.		Moreover, Lightning of a fume is fram'd ; Through 'ts self's hot drinnesse, evermore inflam'd :	740
			Whose powr (past credit) without razing skin, Can bruise to powder all our bones within ; Can melt the Gold that greedy Misers hoord In barrèd Cofers, and not burn the boord :	Admirable effects of Lightning.
			Can breake the blade, and never singe the sheath : Can scorch an Infant in the womb to death, And never blemish, in one sort or other, Flesh, bone, or sinew of th' amazèd Mother :	
			Consume the shooes, and never hurt the feet : Empty a Cask, and yet not perish it.	750

	My younger eyes have often seen a Dame, To whom the flash of Heav'n's fantastick flame Did else no harm, save (in a moment's space) With windy Razor shave a secret place. Shall I omit an hundred Prodigies, Oft seen in fore-head of the frowning Skies? Somtimes a fiery Circle doth appear, Proceeding from the beauteous beams and clear Of Sun, and Moon, and other Stars' aspect, Down-looking on a thick-round Cloud direct ; 760 When, not of force to thrust their raies through-out it, In a round Crown they cast them round about it :			
Of Crowns and Circles about the Sun, Moon, and other Planets.	Like as (almost) a burning candle, put Into a Closet, with the door close shut ; Not able through the boords to send his light, Out at the edges round about shines bright. But in 's declining, when <i>Sol's</i> countenance Direct upon a wat'rish Cloud doth glance (A wat'rish Cloud, which cannot easily Hold any longer her moist Tympany) 770 On the moist Cloud he limns his lightsome front ; And with a gawdy Pencil paints upon 't A blew-green-gilt Bow, bended over us : For, th' adverse Cloud, which first receiveth thus <i>Apollo's</i> rayes, the same direct repells On the next Cloud, and with his gold it mells Her various colours : Like as when the Sun At a bay-window peepeth in upon A hole of water, his bright beams' aspect With trembling lustre it doth far reflect 780 'Gainst the high sieling of the lightsome Hall, With stately Fret-work over-crusted all.			
Simile.	On th' other side, if the Cloud side-long sit, And not beneath, or justly opposite To Sun and Moon ; then either of them forms, With strong aspect, double or treble Forms Upon the same. The Vulgar's then affright To see at once three Chariots of the light ; And, in the Welkin, on Night's gloomy Throne, To see at once more shining Moons then one. 790			
Of the Rain-bow, and how it is made.	But, O fond Mortals ! Wherefore do ye strive With reach of Sense, God's wonders to retrieve ? What proud desire (rather what <i>Furie's</i> drift ?) Boldens you god-lesse, all God's works to sift ? I'le not deny, but that a learn'd man May yeeld some Reason (if he list to scan) Of all that moves under Heav'n's hollow Cope ; But, not so sound as can all scruple stop : And though he could, yet should we evermore, Praising these tools, extoll his fingers more 800 Who works with them, and many waies doth give To deadest things (instantly) soules, to live.			
How it comes to pass, that some- times appeare divers Suns and Moons at once.	Me thinks I hear, when I doe hear it thunder, The voice that brings Swains up, and <i>Cesars</i> under : By that Towr-tearing stroak I understand Th' undaunted strength of the Divine right-hand : When I behold the Lightning in the Skies, Me thinks I see th' Almighty's glorious Eies :			
A check to man's pride, in striving to yeeld a reason in Nature of all these accidents.				
True Philosophy for Christians, to apply all to their conscience for amendment of life.				
	When I perceive it rain-down timely showrs, Me thinks the Lord his horn of plenty pours : 810 When from the Clouds excessive Water spins, Me thinks God weeps for our unwept-for sins : And when in Heav'n I see the Rain-bow bent, I hold it for a pledge and argument, That never more shall Universall Floods Presume to mount over the tops of Woods, Which hoary <i>Atlas</i> in the Clouds doth hide, Or on the Crowns of <i>Caucasus</i> do ride : But, above all, my piercèd soule inclines, When th' angry Heav'n's threat with prodigious Signes ; When Nature's order doth reverse and change, Prepost'rously into disorder strange. Let all the Wits that ever suck'd the breast Of sacred <i>Pallas</i> , in one Wit be prest, And let him tell me (if at least he can By rule of Nature, or meer reach of man) A sound and certain reason of the Cream, The Wooll and Flesh that from the Clouds did stream : Let him declare what cause could erst beget, Amid the Aire, those drizzling showrs of Wheat, 830 Which in <i>Carinthia</i> twice were seen to shed ; Whereof that people made them store of Bread. God, the great God of Heav'n, sometimes delights From top to toe to alter Nature's Rites ; That his <i>strange</i> Works, to Nature contrary, May be fore-runners of some misery. The drops of fire which weeping Heav'n did showr Upon <i>Lucania</i> , when <i>Rome</i> sent the Flowr Of <i>Italy</i> into the wealthy Clime Which <i>Euphrates</i> fats with his fruitfull slime ; 840 Presag'd, that <i>Parthians</i> should the next yeer tame The proud <i>Lucanians</i> , and nigh quench their Name. The clash of Arms, and clang of Trumpets heard High in the Aire, when valiant <i>Romans</i> warr'd Victoriously, on the (now-Canton'd) <i>Suisses</i> <i>Almans</i> , and <i>Cymbrians</i> , hewing all in peeces ; 'Gainst <i>Epicures</i> ' profane assertions, show That 'tis not Fortune guides this World below. Thou that beheld'st from heav'n, with triple flashes, Cursèd <i>Olympius</i> smitten all to ashes, 850 For blasphemies 'gainst th' ONE-Eternall-THREE ; Dar'st thou yet belch against the TRINITY ? Dar'st thou profane, spet in the face of God, Who for Blasphemers hath so sharp a rod ? <i>Jewes</i> (no more <i>Jewes</i> , no more of <i>Abr'ham</i> Sons ; But <i>Turks</i> , <i>Tartarians</i> , <i>Scythians</i> , <i>Lestrignons</i>) Say what you thought ; What thought you when so long A flaming sword over your Temple hung ; But that the Lord would, with a mighty arme, The righteous vengeance of his wrath performe 860 On you and yours? that what the Plague did leave, Th' insatiate gorge of Famine should bereave ? And what the Plague and Famine both did spare, Should be clean gleanèd by the hand of War ? That sucking Infants, crying for the teat, Self-cruell Mothers should unkindly eat ?	All the best the world out of the of <i>Nature's</i> reasons for things that created in High and Region of Aire.	The true these <i>Prodigies</i>	Examples out of the of the <i>Heav'n</i> <i>Jewes</i> , <i>Turks</i> , <i>French</i> , <i>and</i> <i>Ecclians</i> and <i>prophets</i>

And that (ere long) the share and couler should
 Rub off their rust upon your Roofs of gold?
 And all because you (cursèd) crucif'd
 The Lord of life, who for our ransome dy'd. 870

The ruddy Fountain that with blood did flow:
 Th' huge fiery Rock the thundring Heav'ns did throw
 Into *Lyguria*; and the bloody Crosses
 Seen on men's garments, seem'd with open voices
 To cry aloud, that the *Turks'* swarming hoast
 Should pitch his proud *Moons* on the *Genoan* coast.

it severely
 is Coun-
 or not
 use of
 and extra-
 tokens of
 eminent
 are.

O Frantick *France*! why dost not Thou make use
 Of strangefull Signes, whereby the Heav'ns induce
 Thee to repentance? Canst thou tear-lesse gaze
 (Ev'n night by night) on that prodigious blaze, 880
 That hairy Comet, that long-streaming Star,
 Which threatens earth with Famine, Plague and War
 (Th' Almighty's *Trident*, and three-forkèd fire
 Wherewith he strikes us in his greatest ire)?
 But what (alas!) can Heav'n's bare threatnings urge?
 Sith all the sharp Rods which so hourly scourge
 Thy sense-lesse back, cannot so much as wrest
 One single sigh from thy obdurate brest?
 Thou drink'st thine own blood, thine own flesh thou
 eatest,

In what most harms thee, thy delight is greatest. 890
 O sense-lesse Folk, sick of a Lethargy,
 Who to the death despise your Remedy!
 Like froward Jades, that for no striking stur,
 But wax more restif still the more we spur:
 The more your woùds, more your secureness grows,
 Eat with afflictions, as an Asse with blows:
 And as the sledge hardens which stroaks the steel;
 So, the more beaten, still the lesse ye feel.

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And wanton ENGLAND, why hast Thou forgot
 Thy visitation, as thou hadst it not? 900
 Thou hast seen Signes, and thou hast felt the rod
 Of the revenging wrathfull hand of God.
 The frowning Heav'ns in fearfull Sights fore-spoke
 Thy Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman Yoke:
 And since (alas!) unhinder wounds then those,
 The Civill rents of thy divided ROSE:
 And, last of all, the raging Wolves of Rome,
 Tearing thy Limbs (Christ's Lambs) in Martyrdome.
 Besides Great Plagues, and grievous Dearth, which
 erst

Have oft the sinews of thy strength reverst. 910
 But Thou, more faulty, more forgetfull art
 Then Boyes that fear but while they feel the smart:
 All this is past, and Thou, past fear of it,
 In Peace and Plenty, as a Queen, dost sit;
 Of Rods forgetfull, and for Rest ingratefull,
 (That, sottish dulnesse; this, a sin most hatefull:)
 Ingratefull to thy God, who all hath sent;
 And thy late Queen, his sacred Instrument,
 By whose pure hand he hath more blessèd Thine,
 Then erst his own Choice-planted Hebrew Vine: 920
 From whence hee look'd for Grapes (as now from thee);
 That bore him Crabs: Thou worse (if worse may be):

That was destroy'd, the wild Boar entred in.
 ENGLAND, beware: Like punishment, like sin.
 But, O! what boots, or what avails my song
 To this deaf Adder, that hath slept so long,
 Snorting so loud on pillows of Security,
 Dread-lesse of danger, drowned in Impurity;
 Whose senses all, all over-growne with fat,
 Have left no doore for fear to enter at? 930

Yet once again (dear Countrey) must I call:
 ENGLAND, prevent; Fall, to repent thy Fall.
 Though thou be blinde, thy wakefull Watchmen see
 Heav'n's irefull vengeance hanging over thee
 In fearfull Signes, threatning a thousand Woes
 To thy Sins' Deluge, which all over-flows.

Thine uncontrol'd, bold, open Atheism:
 Close Idol-service: cloaked Hypocrism:
 Common Blaspheming of God's Name in Oaths:
 Usual profaning of his Sabbaths: 940
 Thy blind, dumb, Idol-shepherds, choak'd with steeples,
 That fleece thy Flocks, and do not feed thy Peoples:
 Strife-full Ambition, Florentizing States:
 Bribes and Affection swaying Magistrates:
 Wealth's mercy-lesse Wrong, Usury, Extortion:
 Poore's Idleness, repining at their portion:
 Thy Drunken Surfets; and Excesse in Diet:
 Thy Sensuall wallowing in Lascivious Riot:
 Thy huff'd, puff'd, painted, curl'd, purld, wanton Pride, ✓
 (The Band to Lust, and to all sins beside) 950
 These are thy sins: These are the Signes of Ruin,
 To ev'ry State that doth the same pursue-in:
 Such, cost the Jewes and Asians Desolation,
 Now turnèd Turks, that were the holy Nation.
 Happy who take by others' dangers warning:
 All that is writ, is written for our learning;
 So preach thy Prophets: But, Who heeds their cry?
 Or who beleeves? then much lesse hope have I.
 Wherefore (dear Bartas) having warnèd them;
 From this Digression, turn we to our Theam. 960

As our All-welcome SOVERAIGN (England's solace,
 Heav'n's care, Earth's comfort) in his stately Palace,
 Hath next his Person, Princes of his Realms
 Next him in Blood, extract from Royall Stems;
 Next those, the Nobles; next, the Magistrates
 That serve him truly in their severall States;
 As more or lesse their divers Dignitie
 Comes neer the greatnesse of his Majestie:
 So, next the Heav'ns, God marshall'd th' Element,
 Which seconds them in swift bright Ornament: 970
 And then the rest, according as of kin,
 To th' Azure Sphears, or th' Erring Fires they bin.
 Yet some (more crediting their eyes, then reason)
 From 's proper place this Essence doe disseysin;
 And vainly strive (after their Fancie's sway)
 To cut the World's best Element away,
 The nimble, light, bright-flaming, heatfull Fire,
 Fountain of life, Smith, Founder, Purifier,
 Cook, Surgeon, Souldier, Gunner, Alchymist,
 The source of Motion; briefly, what not is 't? 980

Having suffi-
 ciently discoursed
 of the Aire, he
 begins to handle
 the Element of
 Fire.
 Against such as
 deny the Fire to
 be an Element.

	Apt for all, acting all ; whose arms embrace, Under Heav'n's arms, this Universall Masse.		But the Heav'ns feel not Fate's impartiall rigour :	
Their reasons.	For, if (say they) the <i>Fire</i> were lodg'd between The Heav'ns and us, it would by night be seen ;		Yeers add not to their stature nor their vigour : 1040	
1	Sith then, so far-off (as in Meads we passe) We see least Glow-worms glister in the grasse :		Use wears them not ; but their green-ever Age Is all in all still like their Pupillage.	
	Besides, how should we through the <i>Fiery Tent</i> Perceive the bright eyes of the Firmament ?		Then suddenly, turn'd studious <i>Platonist</i> ,	What are Elements Heavens
	Sith here the soundest and the sharpest eye Can nothing through our Candle-flames descry. 990		I hold, the Heav'ns of Elements consist :	
Answers.	O hard beleiving Wits ! If <i>Zephirus</i> And <i>Auster's</i> sighes were never felt of us, You would suppose the space between Earth's Ball And Heav'n's bright Arches, void and empty all :		Tis Earth, whose firm parts make their Lamps apparent, Their bodies fast ; Aire makes them all transparent ; Fire makes their restlesse circles pure and cleer, Hot, lightsome, light, and quick in their career :	
	And then no more you would the <i>Aire</i> allow For Element, then th' hot bright <i>Flamer</i> now.		And Water, 'nointing with cold-moist the brims Of th' enter-kissing turning Globe's extreems, 1050	
Difference between the Elementary Fire and ours.	Now, ev'n as far as <i>Phabus'</i> light excels The light of Lamps, and ev'ry Taper els Wherewith we use to lengthen th' After-noon Which <i>Capricorn</i> ducks in the Sea too soon ; 1000		Tempers the heat (caus'd by their rapid turning) Which else would set all th' Elements a-burning.	
	For, ours is nothing but a dusky light, Grosse, thick, and smoaky, enemy to sight :		Not, that I do compare or match the Matter Whence I compose th' All-compassing Theater,	Difference between the Elements which here below Our hand and eye doth touch, and see, and know :
	Nor toss'd with winds, but far from us) comes neer It's neighbour Heav'n, in nature pure and cleer.		'T's all fair, all pure ; a sacred harmony Those bodies bindes in end-lesse Unity :	
	But, of what substance shall I, after-thee (O matchlesse Master) make Heav'n's Canopie ? 1010		That Air's not flitting, nor that Water floating, Nor Fire inflaming, nor Earth dully doating ; 1060	
Here, for conclusion of this second booke, he cometh to discourse of the Heavens, and first intreateth of their Matter and Essence.	Uncertain, here my resolutions rock And waver, like th' inconstant Weather-Cock ; Which, on a Tow'r turning with ev'ry blast, Changeth his Master, and his place as fast. Learned <i>Lycaum</i> , now a-while, I walk-in : Then th' <i>Academician</i> sacred Shades I stalk-in.		Nor one to other ought offensive neither : But (to conclude) Celestiall altogether.	
According to the opinion of the Philosopher.	Treading the way that <i>Aristotle</i> went, I doe deprive the Heav'ns of Element, And mixture too ; and think, th' Omnipotence Of God did make them of a Quint-Essence : 1020		See, see the rage of humane Arrogance : See how far dares man's erring Ignorance, That with unbridled tongue (as if it oft Had try'd the mettle of that upper Loft) Dares, without prooffe, or without reason yeelded, Tell of what Timber God his Palace builded.	Difference between the Elements which here below Our hand and eye doth touch, and see, and know :
Their course.	Sith of the Elements, two still erect Their motion up ; two ever down direct :		But, in these doubts much rather rest had I, Then with mine error draw my Reader 'wry ; 1070	
	But the Heav'ns' course, not wandering up nor down, Continually turns only roundly round. The Elements have no eternall race, But settle aye in their assign'd place :		Till a Saint <i>Paul</i> do re-descend from Heav'n, Or till my selfe (this sinfull robe bereav'n, This rebell Flesh, whose counterpoize oppresses My pilgrim Soule, and ever it depresses) Shall see the Beauties of that Bless'd Place :	
	But th' azure Circle, without taking breath, His certain course for ever gallopeth ; It keeps one pace, and mov'd with weight-lesse weights, It never takes fresh horse, nor never baits. 1030		If (then) I ought shall see, save God's bright Face. But ev'n as many (or more) quarrels cumber Th' old Heathen Schools about the Heavens' number. One holds but one ; making the World's Eyes shine Through the thin-thickness of that Chrystall line, 1080 (As through the Ocean's cleer and liquid Flood The slippery Fishes up and down do scud). Another, judging certain by his eye, And, seeing Sev'n bright Lamps mov'd diversly, Turn this and that way : and, on th' other side, That all the rest of the Heav'ns' twinkling pride Keep all one course ; ingeniously, he varies The Heav'ns' rich building into eight round Stories. Others, amid the Starriest Orbe, perceiving A triple cadence, and withall conceiving 1090	
Heaven not subject to alteration, as are the Elements.	Things that consist of th' Elements uniting, Are ever toss'd with an intestine fighting ; Whence springs, in time, their life and their deceasing, Their divers change, their waxing and decreasing : So that, of all that is, or may be seen With mortall eyes, under Night's horn'd Queen, Nothing retaineth the same form and face, Hardly the half of half an hour's space.		That but one naturall course one body goes, Count nine, som ten ; not numbring yet (with those) Th' Emphyreall Palace, where th' eternall Treasures Of <i>Nectar</i> flow, where everlasting Pleasures Are heap'd-up, where an immortal <i>May</i> In blisse-full Beauties flourisheth for ay,	Divine of the of the of the

Where life still lives, where God his ¹Sises holds
 Environ'd round with Seraphins and Souls
 Bought with his precious blood, whose glorious Flight
 Erst mounted Earth above the Heavens bright. 1100
 Nor shall my faint and humble Muse presume
 So high a Song and Subject to assume.
 O fair, five-double Round, Sloth's Foe apparent,
 Life of the World, Daies', Months', and Yeers' own
 Parent ;
 Thine own self's modell, never shifting place,
 And yet thy pure wings with so swift a pace
 Fly over us, that but our Thought alone
 Can (as thy babe) pursue thy motion :
 Infinite-finite : free from growth and grief,
 Discord and death ; dance-lover ; to be brief, 1110
 Still like thy self, all thine own in thee all,
 Transparent, cleer, light ; law of this low Ball :
 Which in thy wide bout, bound-lesse all dost bound,
 And claspest all, under, or in thy Round ;
 Throne of th' Almighty, I would faine rehearse
 Thy various Dances, in this very Verse,
 If it were time, and but my bounded Song
 Doubteth to make this *Second-Day* too-long.
 For, notwithstanding yet another Day
 I feare some Critick will not stick to say, 1120
 My babbling Muse did saile with ev'ry gale,
 And mingled yarn to length her web withall.
 But know, what e'r thou be, that here I gather
 Justly so many of God's Works together,
 Because by th' Orbe of th' ample Firmament,
 (Which round *This Day* th' Eternall Finger pent
 Between the lower Waters and the higher)
 I mean, the Heav'ns, the Aire, and th' upper Fire,
 Which separate the Ocean's waters salt,
 From those which God pour'd o'r th' Ethereal vault. 1130
 Yet have I not so little seen and sought
 The Volumes, which our Age hath chiefest thought,
 But that I know how subtly greatest Clerks
 Presume to argue in their learnèd Works,
 T' o'r-whelme these Floods, this Crystall to deface,
 And try this Ocean, which doth all imbrace.
 But, as the beauty of a modest Dame,
 Who, well-content with Nature's comly Frame,
 And native Fair (as it is freely giv'n,
 In fit proportion by the hand of Heav'n) 1140
 Doth not, with painting, prank, nor set-it out
 With helps of Art, sufficient Fair without ;
 Is more praise-worthy then the wanton glance,
 Th' affected gate, th' alluring countenance,
 The Mart of Pride, the Periwigs and Painting,
 Whence Courtizans refresh their beauties fainting :
 So do I more the *sacred Tongue* esteem
 (Though plaine and rurall it doth rather seem,
 Then school'd *Athenian* ; and Divinity,
 For only varnish, have but Verity) 1150
 Then all the golden Wit-pride of Humanity,
 Wherewith men burnish their erroneous vanity.

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¹ Assises.

I'll rather give a thousand times the lie
 To mine owne Reason, then but once defie
 The sacred voice of th' everlasting Spirit,
 Which doth so often and so loud averr-it,
 That God, above the shining Firmament,
 I wot not, I, what kind of Waters pent :
 Whether that pure, super-celestiall Water,
 With our inferiour have no likely nature : 1160
 Whether, turn'd Vapour, it hath round enbow'd
 Heav'n's highest Stage in a transparent Cloud :
 Or, whether (as they say) a Crystall Case
 Do round about the Heav'nly Orb embrace.
 But, with conjectures, wherefore strive I thus ?
 Can doubtfull proofs the certainty discusse ?
 I see not why Man's reason should withstand,
 Or not beleeve, that He, whose pow'rfull hand
 Bay'd-up the *Red-sea* with a double Wall,
 That *Israel's* Hoast might scape *Egyptian* thrall, 1170
 Could prop as sure so many waves on high
 Above the Heav'ns' Star-spangled Canopy.
 See we not hanging in the Clouds each hour
 So many Seas, still threatening down to pour,
 Supported only by th' Aire's agitation
 (Selfly too weak for the least weight's foundation) ?
 See wee not also, that this Sea below,
 Which round about our Earthly Globe doth flow,
 Remains still round ; and maugre all the surly
Eolian Slaves, and Water's hurly burly, 1180
 Dares not (to levell her proud liquid Heap)
 Never so little past her limits leap ?
 Why then beleeve we not, that upper Sphear
 May (without falling) such an Ocean bear ?
 Uncircumcisèd ! O hard hearts ! At least
 Let's think that God those Waters doth digest
 In that steep place : for, if that Nature here
 Can form firm Pearl and Crystall shining cleer
 Of liquid Substance ; let's beleeve it rather
 Much more in God (the Heav'ns' and Natur's Father :)
 Let us much more, much more let's poiz and ponder
 Th' Almighty's Works, and at his Wisdom wonder :
 Let us observe, and boldly-weigh it well,
 That this proud Palace where we rule and dwell
 (Though built with matchlesse Art) had fall'n long since,
 Had 't not been siel'd-round with moist Elements.
 For, like as (in Man's *Little-world*) the Brain
 Doth highest place of all our Frame retain,
 And tempers with its moistfull coldnesse so
 Th' excessive heat of other parts below : 1200
 Th' eternall Builder of this beauteous Frame
 To inter-mingle meetly Frost with Flame,
 And cool the great heat of the *great-world's* torches,
This-Day spread Water over heav'n's bright Arches.
 These Seas (say they) leagu'd with the Seas below,
 Hiding the highest of the Mountains tho ;
 Had drown'd the whole World ; had not *Noah* builded
 A holy Vessell, where his House was shielded :
 Where, by direction of the King of kings,
 He sav'd a seed-pair of all living things. 1210

2. God's Word
 mentioneth waters
 before the Firma-
 ment.

Gen. 1. 7.
 Psal. 104. 3.
 Psal. 148. 4.

3. The Power of
 God ought to be
 of greater autho-
 ritie then man's
 reason.

4. The considera-
 tion of the Waters
 which hang in the
 Aire, and of the
 Sea which com-
 passeth the
 Earth.

5. Divers effects
 continuall and
 admirable in
 Nature.

Taking occasion
 by his former
 discourse, hee
 treateth of the

incounter of the upper Waters with the lower, whence followed the generall flood in the dayes of Noah : Which here he lively representeth.

No sooner shipp'd, but instantly the Lord
Down to th' *Aeolean* dungeon him bestirr'd ;
There muzzled close Cloud-chasing *Boreas*,
And let loose *Auster*, and his lowring race,
Who soon set forward with a dropping wing ;
Upon their beard for ev'ry hair a Spring,
A night of Clouds muffled their brows about,
Their wattled locks gush'd all in Rivers out ;
And both their hands, wringing thick Clouds asunder,
Send forth fierce lightning, tempest, rain and thunder.
Brooks, lakes, and floods, rivers and foaming Torrents
Suddenly swell ; and their confused Currents,
Losing their old bounds, break a neerer way
To run at random with their spoils to Sea.
Th' earth shakes for fear, and sweating doth consume her,
And in her veins leaves not a drop of humor.
And thou thy selfe, O Heav'n, didst set wide ope
(Through all the Marches in thy spacious cope)
All thy large Sluces, thy vast Seas to shed
In sudden spouts on thy proud Sister's head ; 1230
Whose aw-lesse, law-lesse, shame-lesse life abhor'd,
Only delighted to despight the Lord.

Th' Earth shrinks and sinks ; now th' Ocean hath no shore :

Now Rivers run to serve the Sea no more ;
Themselves are Sea : the many sundry Streams,
Of sundry names (deriv'd from sundry Realms)
Make now but one great Sea : the World itself
Is nothing now but a great standing Gulf,
Whose swelling surges strive to mix their Water
With th' other Waves about this round Theater. 1240
The Sturgeon, coasting over Castles, muses
(Under the Sea) to see so many houses.
The *Indian* Manat, and the Mullet float
O'r Mountain tops, where erst the bearded Goat
Did bound and brouz : the crookèd Dolphin scuds
O'r th' highest branches of the hugest Woods.
Nought boots the Tigre, or the Hart, or Horse,
Or Hare, or Gray-hound, their swift speedy course ;
For, seeking land, the more they strain and breath thē,
The more (alas) it shrinks and sinks beneath them. 1250
The Otter, Tortoise, and fell Crocodile,
Which did enjoy a double house ere-while,
Must be content with only Water now.
The Wolf and Lamb, Lions and Bucks do row
Upon the Waters, side by side, suspectlesse.
The Glead and Swallow, labouring long (effect-less)
'Gainst certain death, with wearied wings fall down
(For want of Peach) and with the rest do drown.

And, for mankinde, imagine some get up
To some high Mountain's over-hanging top ; 1260
Some to a Towr, some to a Cedar-tree,
Whence round about a World of deaths they see :
But wheresoever their pale fears aspire
For hope of safety, Th' Ocean surgeth higher ;
And still-still mounting as they still do mount,
When they cease mounting, doth them soon surmount.
One therefore ventures on a Plank to row,
One in a Chest, another in a Trough :
Another, yet half-sleeping, scarce perceives
How's bed and breath, the Flood at once bereaves ; 1270
Another, lab'ring with his feet and hands,
A-while the fury of the Flood withstands,
(Which by his side hath newly drown'd his Mother,
His Wife, his Son, his Sister, Sire, and Brother) :
But tyr'd and spent, weary and wanting strength,
He needs must yeeld (too) to the Seas at length :
All, all must dye then. But 'th' *imperiall Maids*,
Who wont to use so sundry tools for aids,
In execution of their fatall slaughters,
Had only now the furious foaming Waters. 1280
Safely, the while, the sacred Ship did float
On the proud shoulders of that boundlesse-Moat,
Though Mast-less, Oar-less, and from Harbour far ;
For, God was both her Steers-man and her Star.
Thrice fifty dayes that Universall Flood
Wasted the World ; which then the Lord thought good
To re-erect, in his Compassion great,
No sooner sounds he to the Seas retreat,
But instantly wave into wave did sink
With sudden speed, all Rivers 'gan to shrink ; 1290
T' Ocean retires him to his wonted prison :
The Woods are seen ; the Mountain tops are risen
Out of their slimy bed : the Fields increase
And spread apace ; so fast the Waters cease.
And, briefly th' only thundring hand of God
Now earth to heav'n, heav'n unto earth re-show'd ;
That he again *Panchaian* Fumes might see
Sacred on Altars to his Majesty.
Lord, sith't hath pleas'd thee likewise, in our Age,
To save thy Ship from Tyrants' stormy rage, 1300
Increase in Number (Lord) thy little Flock ;
But more in Faith, to build on Thee, the Rock.

He concludeth with a most praye, and climeth to the top of the Church our time.

¹ *Parca à non parcendo* : The none-sparing Fates, that is to say, Death.

*So Morne and Even the Second Day conclude,
And God perceiv'd that All his Works were good.*

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

- Line 19, 'Godling'—curious diminutive for 'little deity.'
 .. 22, 'wott' = know, think.
 .. 23, 'fume' = (incense)-smoke?
 .. 57, 'yer' = ere, as before, *et frequenter*.
 .. 72, 'Venice Glass'—Venice is still renowned for its glass-work. The 'Venice Glass' was daintily fashioned into flower-forms, on exquisitely delicate stems. Many specimens exist in England. One of our elder Divines—Donne or Fuller if I err not—has a noble passage on the survival of a brittle 'Venice Glass' in contrast with human perishableness and transitoriness. I regret I did not take a note of the place at the moment. Can any Reader help me to it?
 .. 89, 'clotted' = clotted.
 .. 95, 'Regiment' = government, as before, *et frequenter*.
 .. 104, 'predominating' = early form of our 'predominating.'
 .. 124, 'inhumane Emperour'—(mythically) Nero.
 .. 132, 'unconcoct' = unconcocted.
 .. 152, 'counterfeit' = counterfeit: 'moe' = more. For long, a misreading of 'moe' as 'noe' made nonsense of one of George Herbert's deepest poems, 64, Man, l. 8, just as *o'* = *our*, was misprinted '*or*' (see my edn. of Herbert: F. W. Lib. and the recent Aldine).
 .. 164, 'remises' = remits? l. 167, 'leese' = lose.
 .. 175, 'side' = side-long?
 .. 182, 'Cornell' = cornelian cherry or dogwood.
 .. 188, 'Treen' = trees: as adjective, a 'treen dish' = wooden dish.
 .. 192, 'Bucephalus'—Alexander the Great's famous horse.
 .. 224, 'Arcenall' = arsenal. l. 229, 'Polyptes' = polypl. l. 232, 'habit' = dress. l. 233, 'novels' = novelties.
 .. 286, 'Seign'ory' = seignory or lordship.
 .. 298, 'abid' = abode (by stress of rhyme with 'slid').
 .. 307, 'fume' = smoke, *i.e.* ascend in smoke-like mists or vapours.
 .. 317, 'brall' = brawl.
 .. 318, 'discreated' = reduced to chaos.
 .. 330, 'togethers' = together (again stress of rhyme with 'tethers').
 .. 339, 'Round' = dance so called.
 .. 340, 'Bag-pipe's sound.' See Glossarial Index, *s.v.* on this.
 .. 355, 'digest' = arrange. But cf. different and ordinary sense in line 486.
 .. 374, 'durt' = dirt—common contemporary spelling.
 .. 380, 'tralucing' = translucent, as before.
 .. 383, 'Trines' = trinities.
 .. 390, 'With-childes.' See Glossarial Index *s.v.* on this singular compound verb.
 .. 399, 'Cirque' = open area or space enwalled = circus or circles?
 .. 402, 'enter-blinning' = early form of our 'interblending'? l. 403, 'rowing' = rolling.
 .. 411, 'Minion' = companion or friend—since deteriorated.
 .. 412, 'imp' = add as by a 'graft' in a tree, or feather inserted in a wing: *ibid.* 'farrels' = parcels? See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
 .. 414, 'Welkin' = sky.
 .. 432, 'rosiall.' See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
 .. 440, 'soultry' = sultry. Cf. line 638.
 .. 444, 'But and White': 'But' = butt or target: 'White' = centre of target.
 .. 446, 'sieling' = ceiling: *ibid.* 'flagrants' = flaming, flushing.
- Line 454, 'inns' = lodges (as in an inn)—'inhabits' shortened?
 .. 464, 'yerst' = erst, as 'yer' before.
 .. 466, 'bats' = used in game of cricket, etc.
 .. 475, 'Antiperistasis.' See Glossarial Index *s.v.* on this, with other examples.
 .. 486, 'digest.' See on line 355.
 .. 492, 'bi-front' = two-fronted or faced.
 .. 519, 'cold-lymed' = limed, as twigs 'lymed' to catch birds, etc.
 .. 534, 'Jousting' = justling. l. 553, 'fuming' = foaming? l. 554, 'Fat' = vat. l. 576, 'armor' = antlers.
 .. 581, 'prouin' = prune—as birds dress their feathers.
 .. 588, 'Cirques.' See line 399.
 .. 589, 'fuming' = flaming? *ib.* 'raught' = reached.
 .. 594, 'Holp' = holpen or helped.
 .. 607, 'brall' = brawl, as before, *et frequenter*.
 .. 609, 'stound' = an instant or briefest time. See Glossarial Index *s.v.* for other examples.
 .. 628, 'Eld' = old age.
 .. 644, 'Cods' = husks or covering, *e.g.* peacods: *ib.* 'Poulse' = pulse.
 .. 646, 'adrest' = dressed up, rigging, sails, all in order or ready. l. 649, 'floury' = floury.
 .. 654, 'apt tinding' = apt-kindling, *ib.* 'fume' = smoke. l. 670, 'unlight' = unlit.
 .. 682, 'Threatens.' See Memorial-Introduction for parallels. l. 685, 'Heard-men' = herdmen. l. 690, 'Loosing' = losing. l. 700, 'Leaguer' = camp (or plain?)
 .. 602, 'Spel-at' = spat at—contemporary spelling. see line 853.
 .. 706, 'ramping' = rearing—heraldic term like 'rampant.' l. 734, 'includes' = encloses.
 .. 776, 'mells' = mingles (= melts?)
 .. 781, 'sieling' = ceiling, as before, *et frequenter*.
 .. 789, 'Welkin.' See line 414.
 .. 792, 'retrive' = retrieve—an ancient sporting term for 'recovering' of game sprung.
 .. 797, 'Cope' = covering, *i.e.* the sky.
 .. 831, 'Carinthia.' On these and succeeding 'Wonders' see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
 .. 893, 'stur' = stir—contemporary spelling, as 'durt' for 'dirt,' and by stress of rhyme with 'spur.'
 .. 894, 'restiff' = restive. l. 925, 'boots' = matters.
 .. 932, 'prevent' = anticipate.
 .. 938, 'Hypocrism' = hypocrisy—by stress of rhyme with 'Atheism.'
 .. 940, 'steeples.' The 'steeple' was a special and very awful offence with the Quakers—how does not distinctly appear.
 .. 949, 'huff'd' = bullying.
 .. 972, 'Erring' = wandering: *ib.* 'bin' = be (stress of rhyme with 'kin').
 .. 974, 'disseysin' = put out of possession: 'seisin,' a Law term. l. 1114, 'bout' = set-to.
 .. 1144, 'gate' = gait.
 .. 1161, 'enbow'd' = bowed down.
 .. 1169, 'Bay'd-up' = an architectural term: 'bay' is a chief division in wall-work of a building, applied to buttresses, vaulting-ribs, etc.—here = built-up?
 .. 1196, 'siel'd' = cieled or ceilinged.
 .. 1218, 'swattled' = intertwined—as willow wands in a hurdle or basket-work.
 .. 1228, 'cope.' See line 797.
 .. 1243, 'Manat' = manatin or sea-cow. See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
 .. 1247, 'boots.' See line 925.
 .. 1251, 'fell' = wise (*Scotticé* still).
 .. 1256, 'Glead' = gled or kite.—G.



THE THIRD DAY OF THE FIRST WEEKE.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Sea, and Earth: their various Equipage:
Sever'd apart: Bounds of the Ocean's rage:
'T imbraceth Earth: it doth all Waters owe:
Why it is salt: How it doth Ebb and Flow:
Rare Streams and Fountaines of strange operation:
Earth's firmnesse, greatnesse, goodnesse: sharpe taxation
Of Bribes, Ambition, Treason, Avarice:
Trees, Shrubs, and Plants: Mines, Metals, Gemms of
price:
Right use of Gold: the Load-stone's rare effects: 10
The Country-life preferr'd in all respects.*

From the Heaven
and Regions of
the Air, the Poet
descendeth to the
Earth and Sea.

MY sacred Muse, that lately soarèd high,
Among the glistring Circles of the Sky,
(Whose various dance, which the first
Mover drives

Harmoniously, this Universe revives)
Commanding all the Winds and sulph'ry Storms,
The lightning Flashes, and the hideous Forms
Seen in the Aire; with language meetly brave
Whilom discours'd upon a Theme so grave:
But, *This-Day*, flagging lowly by the *Ground*, 20
Shee seems constrain'd to keep a lowly sound;
Or if, sometimes, she somewhat raise her voice,
The sound is drown'd with the rough Ocean's noyse.

He calleth upon
the true God to be
assisted in the de-
scription of these
two Elements, and
the things therein.

O King of grassie, and of glassie Plains,
Whose pow'rful breath (at thy dread wil) constrains
The deep Foundations of the Hills to shake,
And Seas' salt billows 'gainst Heav'n's vaults to rake:
Grant me, *To-Day*, with skilfull Instruments
To bound aright these two rich Elements:
In learnèd Numbers teach me sing the Natures 30
Of the firm Earth, and of the floating Waters;
And with a flowring stile the Flows to limn,
Whose colours now shall paint the Fields so trim.

All those steep Mountains, whose high hornèd tops
The misty cloak of wandring Clouds enwraps,
Under first Waters their crump shoulders hid,
And all the Earth as a dull Pond abid,
Untill th' All-Monarch's bounteous Majesty
(Willing t' enfeoff man this World's Empery)
Commanding *Neptune* straight to marshall forth 40
His Floods a-part, and to unfold the Earth;
And, in his Waters, now contented rest,
T' have all the World, for one whole day, possess.

God in his
Day puts
speare-
and rams
them first
back.

As when the muffled Heav'ns have wept amain,
And foaming streams assembling on the Plain,
Turn'd Fields to Floods; soon as the showrs do cease,
With unseen speed the Deluge doth decrease,
Sups up itselfe, in hollow sponges sinks,
And 's ample arms in straiter Channell shrinks:
Ev'n so the Sea, to 'tself itself betook, 50
Mount after Mount, Field after Field forsook;
And suddenly, in smaller Cask did tun
Her Waters, that from every side did run:
Whether th' imperfect Light did first exhale
Much of that primer humor, wherewithall
God, on the *Second-Day*, might frame and found
The Chrystal Spheres that he hath spread so round:
Whether th' Almighty did new place provide
To lodge the Waters: whether op'ning wide 60
Th' Earth's hollow pores it pleas'd him to conveigh
Deep under ground some Arms of such a Sea:
Or whether, pressing water's gloomy Globe,
That cov'rd all (as with a cloudy Robe)
He them impris'nd in those bounds of brasse,
Which (to this day) the Ocean dares not passe
Without his licence. For, th' Eternall, knowing
The Sea's commotive and inconstant flowing,
Thus curbèd her; and 'gainst her envious rage,
For-ever fenc'd our Flowry-mantled Stage:

By an apt
particular
with her
with her
the Bank

Of the
head of the

The Sun
within it

So that we often see those rowling Hills, 70
 With roaring noyse threatening the neighbour Fields,
 Through their own spite to split upon the shore,
 Foaming for fury that they dare no more.
 For, what could not that great, high Admirall
 Work in the Waves, sith, at his Servant's call,
 His dreadfull voice (to save his ancient Sheep)
 Did cleave the bottom of th' *Erithræan* Deep?
 And toward the Crystall of his double source
 Compell'd *Jordan* to retreat his course?
 Drown'd with a *Deluge* the rebellious World? 80
 And from dry Rocks abundant Rivers purld?
 Lo, thus the weighty Water did ere-while
 With winding turns make all this World an Ile.
 For, like as moulten Lead being pour'd forth
 Upon a levell plat of sand or earth,
 In many fashions mazeth to and fro;
 Runs here direct, there crookedly doth go,
 Here doth divide itselfe, there meets again;
 And the hot Riv'let of the liquid vain,
 On the smooth table crawling like a Worm, 90
 Almost (in th' instant) ev'ry form doth form:
 God pour'd the Waters on the fruitfull Ground
 In sundry figures; some in fashion round,
 Som square, som cross, som long, som lozenge-wise,
 Some triangles, som large, som lesser size
 Amid the Floods (by this fair difference)
 To give the World more wealth and excellence.
 Such is the *German* Sea, such *Persian* Sine,
 Such th' *Indian* Gulf, and such th' *Arabian* Brine,
 And such Our Sea: whose divers-branch'd¹ retortions,
 Divide the World in three unequall portions.
 And, though each of these Arms (how large soever)
 To the great Ocean seems a little River:
 Each makes an hundred sundry Seas besides
 (Not sundry 'n Waters, but in Names and Tides)
 To moisten kindly, by their secret Veins,
 The thirsty thicknesse of the neighbour Plains:
 To bulwark Nations, and to serve for fences
 Against th' invasion of Ambitious Princes:
 To bound large Kingdomes with eternall limits: 110
 To further traffick through all Earthly Climates:
 T' abridge long Journies; and with aide of Winde
 Within a Month to visit either *Inde*.
 But, th' Earth not only th' Ocean's debter is
 For these large Seas; but owes him *Tanâis*,
Nile (*Egypt*'s treasure) and his neighbour stream
 That in the Desert (through his haste extream)
 Loseth himselfe so oft; swift *Euphrates*;
 And th' other proud Son of cold *Niphates*:
 Fair spacious *Ganges*, and his famous Brother, 120
 That lends his name unto their noble Mother:
 Gold-sanded *Tagus*, *Rhyme*, *Rhone*, *Volga*, *Tiber*,
Danubius, *Albis*, *Po*, *Sein*, *Arne*, and *Iber*;
 The *Davian* Plate, and *Amazonian* River
 (Where *SPAIN*'s Gold-thirsty Locusts coole their liver):

¹ Windings.

Our silver Medway (which doth deep indent
 The *Flourie* Meadows of My native KENT;
 Still sadly weeping (under Pensherst Walls)
 Th' Arcadian Cygnet's bleeding Funeralls)
 Our Thames and Tweed, our Severn, Trent and
 Humber, 130
 And many moe, too infinite to number.
 Of him she also holds her silver Springs,
 And all her hidden Crystall Riverlings:
 And after (greatly) in two sorts repayes
 Th' humour she borrows by two sundry wayes.
 For, like as in a Limbeck, th' heat of Fire
 Raiseth a Vapour, which still mounting higher
 To the Still's top; when th' odoriferous sweat
 Above that Miter can no further get,
 It softly thickning, falleth drop by drop,
 And, cleer as Crystall, in the glasse doth hop;
 The purest humour in the Sea, the Sun
 Exhales in th' Aire: which there resolv'd, anon,
 Returns to Water; and descends again,
 By sundry wayes, unto his Mother Main.
 For, the dry Earth, having these waters (first)
 Through the wide sieve of her void entrails sierst;
 Giving more room, at length from rocky mountains
 She, night and day pours forth a thousand fountains:
 These fountains make fresh brooks, with murm'ring
 currents; 150
 These murm'ring Brooks, the swift and violent Torrents;
 These violent torrents, mighty Rivers; these,
 These Rivers, make the vast, deep, dreadfull Seas.
 And all the highest Heav'n-approaching Rocks
 Contribute hither with their snowie locks:
 For, soon as *Titan*,—having run his Ring,
 To th' ycie Climates—bringeth back the Spring;
 On their rough backs he melts the hoary heaps,
 Their tops grow green; and down the water leaps
 On every side; it foams, it roares, it rushes, 160
 And through the steep and stony hills it gushes,
 Making a thousand brooks; whereof, when one
 Perceives his fellow striving to be gone,
 Hasting his course, he him accompanies;
 After, another and another hies,
 All in one race; joint-losing all of them
 Their Names and Waters in a greater Stream:
 And he that robs them, shortly doth deliver
 Himselfe and his into a larger River;
 And that, at length, however great and large, 170
 (Lord of the Plain) doth in some Gulf discharge
 His parent-Tribute to *Oceanus*,
 According to th' Eternall *Rendes-vous*.
 Yet, notwithstanding, all these Streams that enter
 In the Main Sea, do nought at all augment her:
 For that, besides that all these Floods in one,
 Match'd with great *Neptune*, seem as much as none;
 The Sun (as erst I said) and Windes withall,
 Sweeping the sur-face of the Brinie-Ball,
 Extract as much still of her humours thin, 180
 As weeping Aire, and welling Earth pours in.

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Fountaines,
Springs and
Rivers welling out
of the Earth

A Simile shewing
how the waters of
the Earth are
exhaled by the
Sun, and then
poured into the
Sea.

How the Foun-
tains come to
break forth of the
earth.

The increasing of
Brooks and
Rivers, and of
their falling into
the Sea.

Why the Sea re-
ceiveth no increase
of all the Waters
that fall therein.

But, as the sweltring heat, and shiv'ring cold,
 Gnashing and sweat, that th' Ague-sick do hold,
 Come not at hazzard, but in time and order
 Afflict the body with their fell disorder :
 The Sea hath fits,¹ alternate course she keeps,
 From Deep to Shore, and from the Shore to Deeps.
 Whether it were, that at the first, the Ocean
 From God's owne hand receiv'd this double motion,
 By means whereof, it never resteth stound, 190
 But (as a turning Whirl-gig goes round)
 Whirls of itself, and good-while after takes
 Strength of the strength which the first motion makes :
 Whether the Sea, which we *Atlantick* call,
 Be but a piece of the *Grand Sea* of all ;
 And that his Floods, entring the ample Bed
 Of the deep Main (with fury hurried
 Against the Rocks) repulsèd with disdain,
 Be thence compellèd to turn back again :
 Or whether *Cynthia*, that with changefull laws 200
 Commands moist bodies, doth this motion cause :
 As on our Shore, we see the Sea to rise
 Soon as the Moon begins to mount our Skies.
 And when, through Heav'n's Vault vailing toward
Spain,
 The Moone descendeth, then it Ebbs again.
 Again, so soon as her inconstant Crown
 Begins to shine on th' other *Horison*,
 It flows again : and then again it falls
 When she doth light th' other *Meridionals*.
 We see moreover, that th' *Atlantick* Seas 210
 Doe Flow far farther than the *Genoese*,
 Or both the *Bosphor's* ; and that *Lakes*, which growe
 Out of the Sea, do neither Ebb nor Flowe :
 Because (they say) the silver-fronted Star,
 That swells and shrinks the Seas (as pleaseth her)
 Pours with less pow'r her plenteous influence
 Upon these straight and narrow-streamèd Fennes,
 And In-land Seas, which many a Mount immounds,
 Then on an Ocean vast and void of bounds : 220
 Even as in Summer, her great brother's Ey,
 When Winds be silent, doth more eas'ly dry
 Wide-spreading Plains, open and spacious Fields,
 Then narrow Vales vaulted about with Hills.
 If we perceive not in the *Deep*, so well
 As by the Shore, when it doth shrinke and swell ;
 Our sprightfull Pulse the Tide doth well resemble,
 Whose out-side seems more then the midst to tremble.
 Nor is the glorious Prince of Stars less mighty
 Then his pale Sister, on vast *Amphitritè*.
 For, *Phabus*, boyling with his lightsom Heat 230
 The Fish-full Waves of *Neptune's* Royall Seat,
 And supping up still (with his thirsty Rayes)
 All the fresh humour in the floating Seas,
 In *Thetis'* large Cels leaveth nought behind,
 Save liquid Salt, and a thick bitter Brine.
 But see (the while) see how the Sea (I pray)
 Through thousand Seas hath carried me away,

Proof of the third cause: viz. that the waxing and waning of the Moon, causeth the flowing and ebbing of the Sea.

Why the tide is not so well perceived at sea as by the shore.

The cause of the saltness of the Sea.

¹ Of the Ebbing and Flowing of the Sea: and sundry causes thereof.

In feare t' have drown'd my selfe and Readers so,
 The Floods so made my words to over-flowe.
 Therefore a-shore ; and on the tender Lee 240
 Of Lakes, and Pools, Rivers, and Springs, let 's see
 The Sovrain vertues of their severall Waters,
 Their strange effects, and admirable natures,
 That with incredible rare force of theirs,
 Confound our wits, ravish our eyes and ears.
 Th' *Hammonian* Fount, while *Phabus'* Torch is light,
 Is cold as Yce ; and (opposite) all night
 (Though the cold Crescent shine thereon) is hot,
 And boiles and bubbles like a seething pot.
 They say (forsooth) the River *Silarus*, 250
 And such another, call'd *Eurimemus*,
 Convert the boughs, the barke, the leaves, and all,
 To very stone that in their Waters fall.
 O ! Should I blanch the *Jewes'* religious River,
 Which every *Sabbath* dries his Channell over ;
 Keeping his Waves from working on that Day
 Which God ordain'd a sacred Rest for ay ?
 If neere unto the *Eleusinian* Spring,
 Som sport-full Jig som wanton Shepherd sing,
 The Ravisht Fountaine falls to daunce and bound, 260
 Keeping true Cadence to his rustick sound.
Cerona, *Xanth*, and *Cephisus*, doe make
 The thirsty-Flocks that of their Waters take,
 Black, red, and white : And, neer the crimson Deep,
 Th' *Arabian* Fountain maketh crimson Sheep :
Salonian Fountain, and thou *Andrian* Spring,
 Out of what Cellers do you daily bring
 The Oyle and Wine that you abound with, so ?
 O Earth ! Do these within thine entrals grow ?
 What ? be there Vines and Orchards under ground ? 270
 Is *Bacchus'* Trade, and *Pallas'* Art there found ?
 What should I of th' *Illirian* Fountain tell ?
 What shall I say of the *Dodonian* Well ?
 Whereof, the first sets any clothes on-fire ;
 Th' other doth quench (Who but will this admire ?)
 A burning Torch ; and when the same is quenched,
 Lights it again, if it again be drenched.
 Sure, in the *Legend* of absurdest Fables
 I should enroll most of these admirables ;
 Save for the reverence of th' unstainèd credit 280
 Of many a Witnes where I yerst have read it :
 And saving that our gain-spurr'd Pilots finde,
 In our dayes, Waters of more wondrous kinde.
 Of all the Sources infinite to count,
 Which to an ample Volume would amount,
 Far hence on Forein unfrequented Coast,
 I'le onely chuse som five or six at most,
 Strange to report, perhaps beleev'd of few ;
 And yet no more incredible then true.
 In th' *Ile of Iron* (one of those same Seav'n 290
 Whereto our Elders¹ *Happy* name had giv'n)
 The Savage people never drinke the streams
 Of Wells and Rivers (as in other Realms)
 Their drink is in the Aire ; their gushing spring
 A weeping Tree out of it selfe doth wring :

Of various rated from the Sea.

Wonderfull of divers fortaines.

A continuèd the admirab effects of our Waters.

¹ Insula: Fortunata.

<p>A Tree, whose tender-bearded Root being spread In dryest sand, his sweating Leafe doth shed A most sweet liquor ; and (like as the Vine Untimely cut, weeps (at her wound) her Wine, In pearléd tears) incessantly distills 300 A Crystall stream, which all their Cisterns fills, Through all the Iland : for, all hither hy ; And all their vessels cannot draw it dry. In frosty <i>Islands</i> are two Fountains strange : Th' one flowes with Wax ; the other stream doth change All into Iron ; yet with scalding steam In thousand bubbles belcheth up her stream. In golden <i>Pers</i>, neere Saint <i>Helew's</i> Mount, A stream of Pitch coms from a springing Fount. What more remains ? That <i>New-found World</i>, besides, Toward the West many a fair River guides ; Whose floating Waters (knowing th' use aright Of Work-fit Day, and Rest-ordained Night, Better then men) run, swiftly, all the Day ; But rest all Night, and stir not any way. Great Engineer, Almighty Architect, I fear, of <i>Envie</i> I should be suspect, <i>Envie</i> of thy renoun and sacred glory, If my ungrateful Rimes should blanch the Story Of Streams, distilling through the Sulphur-Mines, 320 Through Bitumen, Allom, and Nitre veins ; Which (perfect Leaches) with their vertues cure A thousand Grievs we mortals here endure ; Old in the April of our age therewith, Whose rigour strives to <i>ante-date</i> our death. Now, as my happy <i>Gascony</i> excels, In Corne, Wine, Warriours, every Country els ; So doth she also in free <i>Bathes</i> abound ; Where strangers flock from every part around. The barren womb, the Palsie-shaken wight, 330 Th' ulcerous, gowtie, deaf, and decrepiti, From East and West arriving, fetch from hence Their ready help with small or no expence. Witnes <i>Ancossa</i>, <i>Caud' rets</i>, <i>Aiguescald</i>, <i>Barege</i>, <i>Baigners</i> ; <i>Baigners</i>, the pride of all, The pride, the praise, the onely Paradise Of all those Mountaines mounting to the Skies, Where yerst the <i>Gaulian Hercules</i> begot (Wanton <i>Alcmena's</i> Bastard, meane I not) On faire <i>Pirene</i> (as the fame doth go) 340 The famous Father of the <i>Gascons</i> ; who By noble deeds do worthily averr Their true discent from such an Ancestor. On th' one side, Hills hoar'd with eternall Snowes, And craggy Rocks <i>Baigneres</i> doe inclose : The other side is sweetly compast-in With fragrant skirts of an immortall Green, Whose smiling beauties far excell, in all, The famous praise of the <i>Pencian</i> Vale : There's not a House, but seemeth to be new ; 350 Th' even-slated Roofs reflect with glistening blew. To keep the pavement ever cleane and sweet, A Crystall River runs through every Street,</p>	<p>Whose Silver stream, as cold as Yce, doth slide But little off the <i>Physick</i> Water's side ; Yet keeps his nature, and disdaines, a jot To intermix his cold with th' other's hot. But all these wonders, that adorn my Verse, Yet come not neer unto the wondrous <i>Lers</i>. If it be true, that the <i>Stagyrian</i> Sage, 360 (With shame confus'd, and driv'n with desperate rage) Because his reason could not reach the knowing Of <i>Euripus</i> his seav'n-fold Ebbing-flowing, Leapt in the same, and there his life did end, Compriz'd in that he could not comprehend : What had he done, had he beheld the Fountain, Which springs at <i>B'lestat</i>, neere the famous Mountain Of <i>Foix</i> ? whose floods, bathing <i>Maserian</i> Plains, Furnish with wood the wealthy <i>Tholousains</i>. As oft as <i>Phadus</i> (in a complete Race) 370 On both th' <i>Horizons</i> shewes his radiant Face, This wondrous Brook (for four whole months) doth Flow, Four-times-six-times, and Ebbs as oft as low : For halfe an houre may dry-shod passe that list ; The next halfe houre, may none his course resist : Whose foaming stream strives proudly to compare (Even in the birth) with Fame-full'st Floods that are. O learned (Nature-taught) <i>Arithmetician</i> ! Clock-less, so just to measure <i>Time's</i> partition. And little <i>LAMBE'S-BOURN</i>, though thou match not <i>Lers</i>, 380 Nor had'st the Honour of <i>DUBARTAS' Verse</i> ; If mine have any, Thou must needs partake Both for thine Owne, and for thine Owner's sake ; Whose kind Excesses Thee so neerly touch, That Yeerely for them thou doost weepe so much, All Summer-long (while all thy Sisters shrinke) That of thy teares a million daily drinke ; Besides thy waste, which then in haste doth run To wash the feet of <i>CHAUCER'S</i> Donnington : 390 But (while the rest are full unto the top) All Winter-long, Thou never show'st a drop, Nor send'st a doitt of need-less <i>Subsidie</i>, To Cramm the <i>Kennet's</i> Want-less <i>Treasurie</i>, Before her Store be spent, and springs be staid : Then, then alone Thou lend'st a liberall Aid ; Teaching thy wealthy Neighbours (Mine of late) How, When, and Where to right-participate Their streams of Comfort, to the poore that pine, And not to greas still the too-greasy Swine : Neither for fame, nor forme (when others doo) 400 To give a Morsel, or a mite or two ; But severally, and of a selfy motion, When others miss, to give the most devotion. Most wisely did th' eternall All-Creator Dispose these Elements of Earth and Water : For, sith th' one could not without drink subsist, Nor th' other without stay, bottom and list ; God intermixt them so, that th' Earth her breast Op'ning to the Ocean, th' Ocean winding prest About the Earth, a-thwart, and under it : 410 For, the World's Center, both together fit.</p>	<p>Of the most wonderfull Fountaine of Belestat.</p>
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excellent in Gas-

The intermeddling of the Earth and Sea, and of the commodities thence arising, and contrariwise of the confusion that would follow, if they were separated.

	For, if their mixt Globe held not certainly Just the just midd'ist of the World's Axle-tree, All Climats then should not be serv'd aright With equall Counterpoiz of day and night : The <i>Horizon's</i> il-levell'd circle wide, Would fag too-much on th' one, or th' other side : Th' <i>Antipodes</i> , or wee, at once should take View of more <i>Signes</i> then halfe the <i>Zodiack</i> : The Moon's Eclipses would not then be certain, 420 And settled Seasons would be then uncertain.		
The Masse of the Earth and Water together make a perfect Globe.	This also serveth for probation sound, That th' Earth and Water's mingled Mass is Round, Round as a Ball ; seeing on every side The Day and Night successively to slide. Yea, though <i>Vespusio</i> (famous <i>Florentine</i>) <i>Marke Pole</i> , and <i>Columb</i> , brave <i>Italian</i> Trine, <i>Our</i> (<i>Spain's Dread</i>) <i>Drake</i> , <i>Candish</i> , and <i>Cumberland</i> , <i>Most valiant Earle</i> , most worthy <i>High Command</i> , And thousand gallant modern <i>Typhis</i> else, 430 Had never brought the <i>North-Pole's</i> Parallels Under the <i>South</i> ; and, sayling still about, So many <i>New-worlds</i> under us found out. Nay, never could they th' <i>Articke Pole</i> have lost, Nor found th' <i>Antarticke</i> , if in every coast Seas' liquid Glass round-bow'd not every where, With sister Earth, to make a perfect Sphear.		
How it commeth to passe that the Sea is not flat nor levell ; but rising round and bowed about the Earth.	But, perfect Artist, with what Arches strong, Props, Staies, and Pillars, hast thou stay'd so long This hanging, thin, sad, slippery Water-Ball 440 From falling out, and over-whelming all ? May it not be (good Lord) because the Water To the World's Center tendeth still by nature ; And toward the bottom of this bottom bound, Willing to fall, doth yet remain still round ? Or may 't not be, because the surly Banks Keep Waters captive in their hollow flanks ? Or that our Seas be buttrest (as it were) With thousand Rocks dispers'd here and there ? Or rather, Lord, is 't not Thine onely Powr 450 That bows it round about Earth's branchy Bowr ? Doubtless (great God) 'tis doubtless thine owne hand		
The second part of this third Book intreating of the Element of Earth, and first of the firmness thereof.	Wheron this Mansion of <i>Mankind</i> doth stand ; For, though it hang in th' Aire, swim in the Water, Though every way it be a round Theater, Though All turn round about it, though for ay Itselfe's Foundations with swift motions play, It rests un-moveable, that th' Holy Race Of <i>Adam</i> there may find fit dwelling place.		
Earth is the Mother, Nurse, and Hostesse of Mankind.	The Earth receives man when he first is born : 460 Th' Earth nurses him ; and when he is forlorn Of th' other Elements, and Nature loaths-him, Th' Earth in her bosom with kind burial cloaths-him. Oft hath the Aire with Tempest set-upon-us, Oft hath the Water with her Floods undon-us, Oft hath the Fire (th' upper as well as ours) With wofull flames consum'd our Towns and Towrs : Onely the Earth, of all the Elements, Unto Mankind is kind without offence :		
	Onely the Earth did never jot displace 470 From the first seat assign'd it by thy grace. Yet true it is (good Lord) that mov'd somtimes With wicked peoples execrable crimes, The wrathfull power of thy right hand doth make, Not all the Earth, but part of it to quake, With ayd of Windes : which (as imprisoned deep) In her vast entrails, furious murmurs keep. Fear chills our hearts (what heart can feare dissemble ?) When steeples stagger, and huge mountains tremble With wind-less wind, and yawning Hell devours 480 Somtimes whole Cities with their shining Towrs.	Of Earthquakes and of the qu- ing of the Ea	
	Sith then, the Earth's and Water's blended Ball Is center, heart, and navell of this All ; And sith (in reason) that which is included, Must needs be less then that which doth include it : 'Tis questionless, the Orb of Earth and Water Is the least Orb in all the All-Theater. Let any judge, whether this lower Ball (Whose endless greatness we admire so, all) Seem not a point compar'd with th' upper Sphear 490 Whose turning turns the rest in their Career ; Sith the least Star that we perceive to shine, Above disperst in th' Arches crystalline (If, at the least, Star-Clarke be credit worth) Is eightene times bigger then all the Earth : Whence, if we but subtract what is possest (From North to South, and from the East to West)	The Globe of Earth and Wa- ter as a ball point in any son of the ge- circumference Heaven	
	Under the Empire of the Ocean <i>Atlantike</i> , <i>Indian</i> , and <i>American</i> ; And thousand huge Arms issuing out of these, 500 With infinites of other Lakes and Seas : And also what the two <i>intemperate Zones</i> Doe make unfit for habitations ; What will remaine ? Ah ! nothing (in respect) : Lo here, O men ! Lo wherefore you neglect Heav'n's glorious Kingdom : Lo the largest scope Glory can give to your ambitious hope ! O Princes (subjects unto pride and pleasure) Who (to enlarge, but a hair's-breadth, the measure Of your Dominions) breaking Oaths of Peace, 510 Cover the Fields with bloody Carkases ! O Magistrates, who (to content the Great) Make sale of <i>Justice</i> , on your sacred Seat ! And, breaking Laws for Bribes, profane your Place, To leave a Leek to your unthankfull Race ! You strict Extorters, that the poor oppress, And wrong the Widdow and the Father-less, To leave your Off-spring rich (of others' good) In Houses built of Rapine and of Blood) You City-Vipers, that (incestious) joyn 520 <i>Use upon use</i> , begetting Coyn of Coyn ! You Marchant Mercers, and Monopolites, Gain-greedy Chap-men, perjurd Hypocrites, Dissembling Broakers, made of all deceits, Who falsifie your Measures and your Weights 'T inrich your selves, and your unthrifty Sons To Gentilize with proud possessions !	Sith by the D trines of Aes- mers, the last Scarre in the firmament is times bigger all the Earth	
		By consider whereof, the taketh occas- censure shew the Ambition Bribery, the Extortion, Deceit, and generall Cru- tousness of kind.	

You that for gaine betray your gracious Prince,
 Your native Country, or your deereſt Friends !
 You that to get you but an inch of ground, 530
 With curſed hands, remove your neighbour's bound,
 (The ancient bounds your Anceſtors have ſet)
 What gaine you all? alas ! what do you get ?
 Yea, though a King by wile or war had won
 All the round Earth to his ſubjection ;
 Lo here the Guerdon of his glorious pains,
 A needle's point, a Mote, a Mite he gains,
 A Nit, a Nothing (did he All poſſeſs) ;
 Or if then Nothing any thing be leſs.
 When God, whoſe words more in a moment can, 540
 Then in an Age the proudeſt ſtrength of Man,
 Had ſevered the Floods, levell'd the Fields,
 Embas't the Valleys, and Embos't the Hills ;
 Change, change (quoth he) O fair and firmeſt Globe,
 Thy mourning weed, to a green gallant Robe ;
 Cheer thy ſad brows, and ſtately garniſh them
 With a rich, fragrant, flowry Diadem ;
 Lay forth thy locks and paint thee (*Lady-like*)
 With freſheſt colours on thy ſallow cheek. 550
 And let from henceforth thy abundant breſts
 Not onely Nurse thy own Womb's native gueſts,
 But frankly furniſh with fit nourishments
 The future folk of th' other Elements ;
 That Aire, and Water, and the Angels' Court,
 May all ſeem jealous of thy praiſe and port.
 No ſooner ſpoken, but the lofty *Pine*
 Diſtilling-pitch, the *Larch* yeeld-Turpentine,
 Th' ever-green *Box*, and gummy *Cedar*, ſprout,
 And th' Airy Mountains mantle round about :
 The Maſt-full *Oke*, the uſe-full *Aſh*, the *Holm*, 560
 Coat-changing *Cork*, white *Maple*, ſhady *Elm*,
 Through Hill and Plain rangèd their plumed Ranks.
 The winding Rivers bordered all their banks
 With ſlice-Sea *Aldars*, and green *Oſiars* ſmall,
 With trembling *Poplars*, and with *Willows* pale,
 And many trees beſide, fit to be made
 Fewell, or Timber, or to ſerve for Shade.
 The dainty *Apricock* (of Plums the Prince)
 The velvet *Peach*, gilt *Orange*, downy *Quince*,
 All-ready beare grav'n in their tender barks, 570
 God's powerfull providence in open marks.
 The ſent-sweet *Apple*, and astringent *Pear*,
 The *Cherry*, *Filberd*, *Wal-nut*, *Meddeler*,
 The milky *Fig*, the *Damſon* black and white,
 The *Date*, and *Olive*, ayding appetite,
 Spread every-where a moſt delightfull ſpring,
 And every-where a very *Eden* bring.
 Here, the fine *Pepper*, as in cluſters hung :
 There *Cinamon*, and other *Spices*, ſprung.
 Here, dangled *Nutmegs*, that for thrifty pains
 Yearly repay the *Bandans* wondrous gains ;
 There growes (th' *Hesperian* Plant) the precious
 Reed
 Whence *Sugar* ſirrops in abundance bleed ;
 There weeps the *Balm*, and famous Trees from whence
 Th' *Arabians* fetch perfuming *Frankinſence*.

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There, th' amorous *Vine* calls in a thouſand ſorts
 (With winding arms) her Spouſe that her ſupports :
 The *Vine*, as far inferiour to the reſt
 In beauty, as in bounty paſt the beſt :
 Whoſe ſacred liquor, temperately ta'en, 590
 Revives the ſpirits, and purifies the brain ;
 Cheers the ſad heart, increaſeth kindly heat,
 Purgeth groſs bloud, and doth the pure beget ;
 Strengthens the ſtomack, and the colour mends,
 Sharpens the Wit and doth the bladder cleanſe ;
 Opens obſtructions, excrements expels,
 And eaſeth us of many Languors els.
 And though through Sin (wherby from Heav'nly
 ſtate
 Our Parents barr'd us) th' Earth degenerate
 From her firſt beauty, bearing ſtill upon her 600
 Eternall Scars of her fond Lord's diſhonour :
 Though, with the World's age, her weak age decay,
 Though ſhe becom leſs fruitfull every day
 (Much like a Woman with oft-teeming worn ;
 Who, with the Babes of her own body born,
 Having almoſt ſtor'd a whole Towne with people,
 At length becomes barren, and faint, and feeble)
 Yet doth ſhee yeeld matter enough to ſing
 And praiſe the Maker of ſo rich a Thing.
 Never mine eyes in pleaſant Springs behold 610
 The Azure *Flax*, the gilden *Marigold*,
 The *Violet's* purple, the ſweet *Rose's* ſtammell,
 The *Lillie's* ſnowe, and *Panſey's* various amell ;
 But that (in them) the Painter I admire,
 Who in more Colours doth the Fields attire,
 Then fresh *Aurora's* roſie cheeks diſplay,
 When in the Eaſt ſhe Uſhers a fair day :
 Or *Iris* Bowe, which, bended in the Sky,
 Boades fruitfull dews when as the Fields be dry.
 Here (dear S. BARTAS) give thy *Servant* leave 620
 In thy rich *Garland* one rare Flower to weave,
 Whoſe wondrous nature had more worthy been
 Of thy divine immortalizing Pen :
 But, from thy ſight, when SEIN did ſwell with bloud,
 It ſunk (perhaps) under the *Crimſin Flood*
 (When *Beldam* Medices, *Valois*, and *Guise*,
 Stain'd Hymen's Robe with Heathen cruelties)
 Because the Sun, to ſhun ſo vile a view,
 His Chamber kept, and wept with *Bartholmew*.
 For ſo, ſo ſoon as in the *Western Seas* 630
 Apollo ſinks, in ſilver *Euphrates*
 The *Lotos* dives, deeper and deeper ay
 Till mid-night : then, remounteth toward Day :
 But not above the Water, till the Sun
 Doth re-aſcend above the Horizon.
 So ever true to Titan's radiant Flame,
 That (Riſe he, Fall he) it is Still the ſame.
 A Reall Emblem of her Royall Honour
 That worthily did take that Word upon her ;
 Sacred ELIZA, that enſu'd no leſs 640
 Th' eternall Sun of Peace and Righteouſneſs ;
 Whoſe lively lamp (what ever did betide-her)
 In either Fortune was her onely Guider.

Of the Vines, and
 the excellent uſe
 of Wine temper-
 ately taken.

He preventeth an
 objection, and
 ſheweth that not-
 withſtanding
 man's fall, the
 Earth yeeldeth us
 matter enough to
 praiſe and mag-
 nifie her Maker.
 Simile.

Of Flowers.

An addition by
 the Tranſlator,
 of the rare Sun-
 loving *Lotos*.

Semper eadem :

	<p><i>For in her Father's and her Brother's Dayes, Fair rose this Rose with truth's new-springing raies : And when again the Gospel's glorious Light Set in her Sister's superstitious Night, She sunk withall under affliction's streams (As sinks my Lotos with Sol's setting beams) : But, after Night, when Light again appear'd,</i> 650 <i>There-with, again her Royall Crown she rear'd ; And in an Ile amid the Ocean set (Maugre the Deluge that Rome's Dragon spet, With spightfull storms striving to over-floue her, And Spain conspiring jointly t' over-throwe-her) Her Maiden Flou'r flourish above the Water ; For, still Heav'n's Sun cherisht his loving Daughter : Bel fiord' Honor, ch' in Mare'l Mondo ammira, Al sole sacro, ch' EI BEN T' ALZA E GIRA (So, my deer Wiat, honouring Still the same,</i> 660 <i>In-soul'd an Impress with her Anagram): And last for guerdon of her constant Love, Rapt her intirely, to himselfe above. So set our Sun ; and yet no Night ensu'd : So happily the Heav'n's our Light venu'd : For, in her stead, of the same Stock of Kings Another Flou'r (or rather Phanix) springs ; Another like (or rather Still the same) No less in love with that Supernall Flame. So, to God's glory, and his Church's good,</i> 670 <i>Th' honour of England, and the Royall blood, Long happy Monarch may King JAMES persist ; And after him, His ; Still the same in Christ.</i></p>			
Elizabetha Regina. Anagram. Ei ben t' alza e gira.				
Of divers Hearbs and Plants, and of their excellent vertues.	<p>God, not content t' have given these Plants of ours Precious Perfumes, Fruits, Plenty, pleasant Flours, Infused Physick in their leaves and Moeres, To cure our sickness, and to salve our sores : Else doubt-less (Death assaults so many waies) Scarce could we live a quarter of our Dayes ; But like the Flax, which flours at once and fals, 680 <i>One Feast would serve our Birth and Burials : Our Birth our Death, our Cradle (then) our Toomb, Our tender Spring our Winter would becom. Good Lord how many gasping soules have scap't By th' ayd of Hearbs, for whom the Grave hath gap't ; Who, even about to touch the Stygian strand, Have yet beguill'd grim Pluto's greedy hand ! Beard-less Apollo's beardy ! Son did once With juyce of Hearbs rejoy'n the scattered bones Of the chaste² Prince, that in th' Athenian Court Preferred Death before incestious sport.</i> 690 <i>So did Medea, for her Jason's sake, The frozen limbs of Aeson youthfull make. O sacred simples that our life sustain, And when it flies us, call it back again ! 'Tis not alone your Liquor, inly ta'en, That oft defends us from so many a baen : But even your savour, yea your neighbour-hood, For some Diseases is exceeding good ;</i></p>			
Simile.				
	<p>Working so rare effects, that onely such 700 As feel, or see them, can beleeve so much. Blew <i>Succ'rie</i>, hangèd on the naked neck, Dispels the Dimness that our sight doth check. <i>Swines-bread</i>, so usèd, doth not onely speed A tardy Labour ; but (without great heed) If over it a Child-great Woman stride, Instant abortion often doth betide. The burning Sun, the banefull Aconite, The poysonie Serpents that unpeople quite Cyrenian Desarts, never danger them 710 That weare about them th' ¹ <i>Artemisian Stem</i>. About an Infant's neck hang <i>Peonie</i>, It cures <i>Alycde's</i> cruell maladie. If fuming boawls of <i>Bacchus</i>, in excess, Trouble thy brains with storms of giddiness, Put but a garland of green <i>Saffron</i> on, And that mad humour will be quickly gon. Th' enchanting Charms of <i>Syren's</i> blandishments, Contagious Aire-ingendring Pestilence, Infect not those that in their mouthes have ta'en 720 <i>Angelica</i>,—that happy counter-baen, Sent down from Heav'n by some celestiaall scout, As well the name and nature both avow't. So <i>Pimpernell</i>, held in the Patient's hand, The bloody-Flix doth presently with-stand : And ruddy <i>Madder's</i> root, long handeled, Dies th' handler's urine into perfect red. O wondrous <i>Woad</i> ! which touching but the skin, Imparts his colour to the parts within. Nor (powerfull Hearbs) do we alonely find 730 Your vertues working in fraile humane-kind ; But you can force the fiercest Animals, The fellest Fiends, the firmest Minerals ; Yea, fairest Planets (if Antiquitie Have not bely'd the Hagg's of <i>Thessalie</i>) Onely the touch of <i>Choak-pard</i>² <i>Aconite</i>, Bereaves the <i>Scorpion</i> both of sense and might : As (opposite) <i>Helleborus</i> doth make 740 His vitall powers from deadly slumber wake. With <i>Betonie</i>, fell Serpents round beset, Lift up their heads, and fall to hiss and spet. With spightfull fury in their sparkling eyes, Breaking all truce, with infinite defies : Puft up with rage, to 't by the ears they goe, Baen against baen, plague against plague they throwe ; Charging each other with so fierce a force (For friends turn'd foes have lightly least remorse) That wounded all (or rather all a wound) With poysoned gore they cover all the ground ; And nought can stint their strange intestine strife, 750 But onely th' end of their detested life. As <i>Betonie</i> breakes friendship's ancient bands, So <i>Willo-wort</i> makes wonted hate shake hands : For, being fastned to proud Coursers' collers, That fight and fling, it will abate their cholers.</p>	The vert Saccory. Of Swine Peonie Saffron Angelica Pimpernell Burnet Madder Hellebor Betonie Willo-wort		
	¹ Esculapius.	² Hippolytus.	¹ Mugwort.	² Libbards bane.

a. The Swine, that feed in Troughes of *Tamarice*,
 Consume their spleen. The like effect there is
 In *Finger-Ferne*; which, being given to Swine,
 It makes their Milt to melt away in fine,
 With ragged tooth choosing the same so right 760
 Of all their Tripes to serve it's appetite.
 And Horse, that, feeding on the grassie Hills,
 Tread upon *Moon-wort*¹ with their hollow heels ;
 Though lately shod, at night goe bare-foot home,
 Their Master musing where their shooes become.
 O *Moon-wort*! tell us where thou hid'st at the Smith,
 Hammer, and Pincers, thou unshoo'st them with?
 Alas! what Lock or Iron Engine is 't
 That can thy subtle secret strength resist,
 Sith the best Farrier cannot set a shoe 770
 So sure, but thou (so shortly) canst undoe?
 But, I suppose not that the earth doth yeeld
 In Hill or Dale, in Forrest or in Field,
 A rarer Plant then *Candian*² *Dittanie*;
 Which wounded Dear eating, immediately
 Not onely cures their wounds exceeding well,
 But 'gainst the Shooter doth the shaft repell.
 Moreover (Lord) is 't not a Work of thine
 That every where, in every Turfe we find 780
 Such multitude of other Plants to spring,
 In form, effect, and colour differing?
 And each of them in their due Seasons ta'en,
 To one is Physick, to another baen :
 Now gentle, sharp anon : now good, then ill :
 What cureth now, the same anon doth kill.
 Th' Hearb *Sagapen*³ serves the slowe Asse for meat ;
 But, kills the Ox, if of the same he eat.
 So branched *Hemlock*⁴ for the Stares is fit ;
 But, death to man, if he but taste of it.
 And *Oleander*⁵ unto beasts is poyson ; 790
 But, unto man a speciall counter-poyson.
 What ranker poyson, what more deadly baen
 Then *Aconite*,⁶ can there be toucht or ta'en?
 And yet his juice best cures the burning bit
 Of stinging Serpents, if apply'd to it.
 O valiant Venome! O courageous Plant!
 Disdainfull poyson! noble combatant!
 That scorneth ayd, and loves alone to fight,
 That none partake the glory of his might!
 For, if he finde our bodies fore-possesst 800
 With other poyson, then he lets us rest ;
 And with his Rivall enters secret Duell,
 One to one, strong to strong, cruell to cruell ;
 Still fighting fierce, and never over-give
 Till they both dying, give Man leave to live.
 And, to conclude, whether I walke the Fields,
 Rush through the Woods, or clamber up the Hills,
 I finde God every-where : Thence all depend,
 He giveth frankly what we thanfully spend.
 Here for our food, Millions of flow'ry grains, 810
 With long Mustachoes, wave upon the Plains ;

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Here thousand fleeces, fit for Prince's Robes :
 In *Sirean* Forrests hang in silken Globes :
 Here shrubs of *Malta* (for my meaner use)
 The fine white bals of *Bombace* do produce :
 Here th' azure-flowerèd Flax is finely spun
 For finest Linnen, by the *Belgian* Nun :
 Here fatal *Hemp*, which *Denmark* doth afford,
 Doth furnish us with Canvass, and with Cord, 820
 Cables and Sayles ; that, Winds assisting either,
 We may acquaint the East and West together,
 And dry-foot dance on *Neptune's* Watry Front,
 And, in adventure, lead whole Town's upon 't.
 Here of one grain of *Mais*,¹ a Reed doth spring,
 That thrice a year, five hundred grains doth bring ;
 Which (after) th' *Indian's* parch, and pun, and knead,
 And thereof make them a most wholesome bread.
 Th' Almighty Voyce, which built this mighty Ball,
 Still, still rebounds and echoes over all :
 That, that alone, yearly the World revives ; 830
 Through that alone, all springs, all lives, all thrives :
 And that alone makes, that our mealy grain
 Our skilfull Seed-man scatters not in vain ;
 But being coverèd by the tooth-full Harrow,
 Or hid awhile under the folded Furrow,
 Rots to revive ; and, warmly-wet, puts forth
 His root beneath, his bud above the Earth ;
 Enriching shortly with his springing Crop,
 The ground with green, the Husbandman with hope :
 The bud becomes a blade, the blade a reed, 840
 The reed an eare, the eare another seed :
 The seed, to shut the wastefull Sparrows out
 (In Harvest) hath a stand of Pikes about,
 And chaffie Huskes in hollow Cods inclose it ;
 Lest heat, wet, wind, should roste, or rot, or lose-it ;
 And lest the straw should not sustaine the eare,
 With knotty joynts 'tis sheathèd here and there.
 Pardon me (Reader) if thy ravisht Eyes
 Have seen *To-Day* too great varieties
 Of Trees, of Flowrs, of Fruits, of Hearbs, of Grains, 850
 In these my Groves, Meads, Orchards, Gardens, Plains ;
 Sith th' *Ile of Zebul's* admirable Tree
 Beareth a fruit (call'd *Cocos* commonly)
 The which alone, far richer Wonders yeelds 860
 Then all our groves, meads, orchards, gardens, fields.
 What? wouldst thou drink? the wounded leaves drop
 wine.
 Lack'st thou fine linnen? dress the tender rine,
 Dress it like Flax, spin it, and weave it well,
 It shall thy Cambrick and thy Lawn excell.
 Long'st thou for Butter? bite the poulp part, 860
 And never better came to any Mart.
 Needest thou Oyle? then boult it to and fro,
 And passing oyle it soon becometh so.
 Or Vineger, to whet thine appetite?
 Then sun it well, and it will sharply bite.
 Or want'st thou Sugar? steep the same a stound,
 And sweeter Sugar is not to be found.

Of Grain, Silke
 Cotton-Wool (or
 Bombace) Flax
 and Hemp, which
 the Earth pro-
 duceth.

An exact descrip-
 tion of the grow-
 ing of wheat and
 other like kinds
 of graine.

Of the Indian
 Cocos a most
 admirable fruit,

¹ Lunaria. ³ Penelgyant. ⁵ Rose-bay.
² Dictaminum Candiae. ⁴ Hemlock. ⁶ Wolfes-bane.

¹ Indian-wheat.

	'Tis what you will : or will be what you would : Should <i>Mydas</i> touch't (I think) it would be Gold. And God (I think) to crown our life with joyes, 870 The Earth with plenty, and his name with praise, Had done enough, if he had made no more But this one Plant so full of wondrous store : Save that, the World (where one thing breeds satiety) Could not be fair, without so great variety. But, th' Earth not onely on her back doth bear Abundant treasures glistening every where (<i>As glorious unthrifts, crost with Parent's Curse,</i> <i>Wear golden Garments, but an empty Purse :</i> <i>Or Venus Darlings, fair without ; within</i> 880 <i>Full of Disease, full of Deceit and Sin :</i> <i>Or stately Tombs, exterly gilt and garnisht ;</i> <i>With dust and bones inwardly fill'd and furnisht)</i> But inwardly shee's no less fraught with riches, Nay rather more (which more our soules bewitches). Within the deep folds of her fruitful lap, So bound-less Mines of treasure doth she wrap, That th' hungry hands of humane avarice Cannot exhaust with labour or device. For, they be more then there be Stars in Heav'n, 890 Or stormy billowes in the Ocean driv'n, Or ears of Corn in <i>Autumn</i> on the Fields, Or Savage Beasts upon a thousand Hills, Or Fishes diving in the silver Floods, Or scattered Leaves in Winter in the Woods. <i>Stat, Jet, and Marble</i> shall escape my pen, I over-pass the Salt-mount <i>Oromene,</i> I blanch the <i>Brine-Quar</i> Hill in <i>Aragon,</i> Whence (there) they powder their provision. I'le onely now emboss my Book with <i>Brass,</i> 900 <i>Dye't</i> with <i>Vermillion,</i> deck't with <i>Coperass,</i> With <i>Gold</i> and <i>Silver, Lead,</i> and <i>Mercury,</i> <i>Tin, Iron, Orpine, Stibium, Lethargy :</i> And on my Gold-work I will onely place The <i>Crystall</i> pure, which doth reflect each face ; The precious <i>Ruby,</i> of a Sanguin hew, The Seal-fit <i>Onyx,</i> and the <i>Saphire</i> blew, The <i>Cassidonic,</i> full of circles round, The tender <i>Topaz,</i> and rich <i>Diamond,</i> The various <i>Opall,</i> and green <i>Emerald,</i> 910 The <i>Agate</i> by a thousand titles call'd, The sky-like <i>Turques,</i> purple <i>Amethists,</i> And fiery <i>Carbuncle,</i> which flames resists. I know, to Man the Earth seems (altogether) No more a Mother but a Step-dame rather : Because (alas !) unto our loss she bears Blood-shedding <i>Steel,</i> and <i>Gold,</i> the ground of cares : As if these Metals, and not Man's amiss, Had made Sin mount unto the height it is. But, as the sweet bait of abundant Riches, 920 Bodies and Soules of greedy men bewitches : Gold gilds the Vertuous, and it lends them wings To raise their thoughts unto the rarest things. The wise, not onely Iron well apply For household turns, and Tools of Husbandry ;		
Of the riches under or within the Earth.		But to defend their Country (when it calls) From forrain dangers, and intestine brals : But, with the same the wicked never mell, But to do service to the Hagg's of Hell ; To pick a Lock, to take his neighbour's Purse, 930 To break a House, or to doe something worse ; To cut his Parent's throat, to kill his Prince, To spoile his Country, murder Innocents. Even so, profaning of a gift divine, The Drunkard drowns his Reason in the Wine : So sale-tongu'd Lawyers, wresting Eloquence, Excuse rich Wrong, and cast poore Innocence : So <i>Antichrists,</i> their poyson to infuse, Miss-cite the Scriptures, and God's name abuse. For, as a Cask, through want of use grow'n fusty, 940 Makes with his stink the best <i>Greek</i> Malmsey musty : So God's best gifts usurpt by wicked Ones, To poyson turn through their contagions. But, shall I baulk th' admir'd <i>Adamant</i> ? Whose dead-live power, my Reason's power doth dant. Renownd <i>Load-stone,</i> which on Iron acts, And by the touch the same aloose attracts ; Attracts it strangely with unclasping crooks, With unknow'n cords, with unconceiv'd hooks, With unseen hands, with undiscern'd arms, 950 With hidden force, with sacred secret charms, Wherewith he woces his <i>Iron Mistress,</i> And never leaves her till he get a kiss ; Nay, till he fold her in his faithfull bosome, Never to part (except we, love-less, loose-em) With so firme zeale and fast affection The Stone doth love the Steel, the Steel the Stone And though sometime some Make-bate come betwixt, Still burns their first flame ; 'tis so surely fixt : And, while they cannot meet to break their minds, 960 With mutuall skips, they shew their love by signes. (<i>As bashfull Suters, seeing Strangers by,</i> <i>Parley in silence with their hand or eye).</i> Who can conceive, or censure in what sort One Loadstone-touch'd Ann'let doth transport Another Iron-Ring, and that another, Till foure or five hang dangling one in other ? Greatest <i>Apollo</i> might he be (me thinks) Could tell the Reason of these hanging links : Sith Reason-scanners have resolv'd all, 970 That heavie things, hang'd in the Aire must fall. I am not ignorant, that He, who seeks In <i>Roman</i> Robes to sute the <i>Sagest Greeks,</i> Whose jealous Wife, weening to home-revoake-him With a love-potion, did with poyson choak-him ; Hath sought to showe, with arguing subtilty, The secret cause of this rare Sympathy. But say (<i>Lucretius</i>) what's the hidden cause That toward the <i>North-Star</i> stil the Needle draws, Whose point is toucht with Load-stone ? loose this knot, And still-green <i>Laurel</i> shall be still thy Lot : 980 Yea, Thee more learned will I then confess, Then <i>Epicurus,</i> or <i>Empedocles.</i>	Of the rare vertue of th Load-stone
Of Minerals.			
Of precious stones.			
The use, or abuse of things, makes them good or evill : helpfull or hurtfull to Man- kind.			

W' are not to *Ceres* so much bound for Bread,
 Neither to *Bacchus*, for his Clusters red,
 As (*Signior Flavio*) to thy witty tryall,
 For first inventing of the Sea-man's Diall
 (Th' use of the Needle, turning in the same).
 Divine device ! O admirable Frame !
 Whereby, through th' Ocean, in the darkest night, 990
 Our hugest *Caragues* are conducted right :
 Whereby w' are stor'd with Truch-man, Guide, and
 Lamp
 To search all corners of the watery Camp :
 Whereby a Ship, that stormy Heav'ns have whurld
 Neer in one Night into another World,
 Knowes where she is : and in the *Card* descries
 What degrees thence the *Equinoctiall* lies.
Cleer-sighted spirits, that cheer with sweet aspect
My sober Rimes, though subject to defect :
If in this Volume, as you over-read it 1000
You meet some things seeming exceeding credit,
Because (perhaps, here proud yet by no man)
Their strange effects be not in knowledge common :
Think, yet, to some the Load-stone's use is new ;
And seems as strange, as we have try'd it true :
Let therefore that which Iron draws, draw such
To credit more then what they see or touch.
 Nor is th' Earth onely worthy praise eternall,
 For the rare riches on her back externall,
 Or in her bosome : but her own self's worth 1010
 Solicits me to sound her glory forth.
 I call to witness all those weak diseased,
 Whose bodies oft have by th' effects been eased
 Of *Lemnos* seal'd earth, or *Bretrian* soil,
 Or that of *Chios*, or of *Melos* Ile.
 All-hail fair Earth, bearer of Towns and Towns,
 Of Men, Gold, Grain, Physick, and Fruits and Flowrs ;
 Fair, firm, and fruitfull, various, patient, sweet,
 Sumptuously cloathéd in a Mantle meet 1020
 Of mingled-colour ; lac't about with Floods,
 And all imbrod' red with fresh blooming buds,
 With rarest Gemmes richly about embost,
 Excelling cunning, and exceeding cost.
 All-hail great Heart, round Base, and stedfast Root,
 Of all the World, the World's strong fixéd Foot,
 Heav'n's chastest Spouse, supporter of this All,
 This glorious Building's goodly Pedestall.
 All-hail deer Mother, Sister, Hostess, Nurse
 Of the World's Sovrain : of thy liberall purse,
 W' are all maintained : match-less Emperess, 1030
 To doe thee service, with all readiness,
 The Sphears before thee bear ten thousand torches :
 The Fire, to warm thee, foulds his heatfull Arches
 In purest flames above the floating Cloud :
 Th' Aire, to refresh thee, willingly is bow'd
 About the Waves, and well content to suffer
 Milde *Zephyr's* blasts, and *Boreas* bellowing rougher :
 Water, to quench thy thirst, about thy Mountains
 Wraps her moist arms, seas, rivers, lakes, and fountains.
 O how I grieve, deer Earth, that (given to gays) 1040
 Most of best Wits contemn thee now a-dayes :

And noblest hearts proudly abandon quite
 Study of Hearbs, and *Country-life's* delight,
 To brutest men, to men of no regard,
 Whose wits are Lead, whose bodies Iron-hard.
 Such were not yerst the reverend Patriarks,
 Whose praise is pennéd by the *sacred* Clarks.
Noah the just, meek *Moses*, *Abraham*
 (Who *Father of the Faithfull Race* became)
 Where Shepheards all, or Husbandmen (at least) 1050
 And in the Fields passéd their Dayes the best.
 Such were not yerst *Attalus*, *Philemeter*,
Archelaus, *Hiero*, and many a *Pretor* ;
 Great Kings and Consuls, who have oft for blades
 And glistring Scepters, handled hooks and spades.
 Such were not yerst, *Cincinatus Fabricius*,
Serranus, *Curius*, who un-self-delicious,
 With Crownéd Coulters, with Imperiall hands,
 With Ploughs triumphant plough'd the *Roman*
 lands.
 Great *Scipio*, sated with fain'd curtsy-capping, 1060
 With Court-Eclipses, and the tedious gaping
 Of golden beggars : and that Emperour
 Of Slave turn'd King ; of King turn'd Labourer ;
 In country Granges did their age confine :
 And ordered there, with as good Discipline,
 The Fields of Corn, as Fields of Combat first ;
 And Ranks of Trees, as Ranks of Souldiers yerst.
 O thrice, thrice happy He, who shuns the cares
 Of City-troubles, and of State-affairs ;
 And, serving *Ceres*, tills with his owne Toem 1070
 His own *Free-land*, left by his Friends to him !
 Never pale *Envie's* poysonie heads do hiss
 To gnaw his heart ; nor *Vultur* Avarice :
 His Fields' bounds, bound his thoughts : he never
 For *Nectar*, poyson mixt in silver Cups ;
 Neither in golden Platters doth he lick
 For sweet *Ambrosia*, deadly *Arsenick* :
 His hand's his boaul (better then Plate or Glass) :
 The silver Brook his sweetest *Hippocrass* :
 Milk, Cheese, and Fruit (fruits of his own endeavour)
 Drest without dressing, hath be ready ever.
 False Counsailers (Concealers of the Law)
 Turn-coat Attorneys, that with both hands draw ;
 Sly *Peu-Foggers*, Wranglers at the Bar,
 Proud *Purse-Leaches*, Harpies of *Westminster*,
 With fainéd chiding, and foul jarring noyse,
 Break not his brain, nor interrupt his joyes :
 But cheerfull Birds, chirping him sweet *Good-morrowes*,
 With Nature's Musick do beguile his sorrows ;
 Teaching the fragrant Forrests, day by day, 1090
 The *Diapason* of their Heav'nly Lay.
 His wandring Vessell, reeling to and fro,
 On th' irefull Ocean (as the Winds do blow)
 With sudden Tempest is not over-whurld,
 To seek his sad death in another World :
 But, leading all his life at home in Peace,
 Always in sight of his own smoak ; no Seas,
 No other Seas he knowes, nor other Torrent,
 Then that which waters, with his silver Current,

is excellent
 the Mari-
 Compass.

licinal

urth's
 on.

ditions
 country.

Free from envie,
 ambition, and
 avarice : and con-
 sequently from
 the divellish
 practises of Ma-
 chivillian Poli-
 ticks.

Not vexed with
 counterfeit wrest-
 ings of wrangling
 Lawyers.

Not dreading
 shipwrack, nor in
 danger of Pirates.

	His Native Medowes : and that very Earth Shall give him Buriall, which first gave him Birth.	1100		What though his Wardrobe be not stately stuff With sumptuous silks (pinkéd, and pounc'd, and puft) With gold-ground Velvets, and with silver Tissue, And all the glory of old <i>Eve's</i> proud Issue? What though his feeble Cofers be not cram'd With Miser's Idols, golden Ingots ram'd? He is warm wrapped in his owne-grow'n Wooll; Of unbought Wines his Cellar's ever full; His Garner's stor'd with grain, his Ground with flocks, His Barns with fodder, with sweet streams his Rocks. For, here I sing the happy Rustick's weal, Whose handsome house seems as a Common-weal: And not the needy, hard-rack-rented Hinde, Or Copy-holder, whom hard Lords do grinde; The pinéd Fisher, or poor-Dairy Renter, That lives of Whay, for forfeiting Indenture; Who scarce have bread within their homely Cotes (Except by fits) to feed their hungry throats. Let me, good Lord, among the Great un-kend,	1160
Not diseased in body through delicious Idleness.	To summon timely sleep, he doth not need <i>Ethiop's</i> cold Rush, nor drowsie <i>Poppy</i> -seed; Nor keep in consort (as <i>Mecenas</i> did) Luxurious Villains (Viols I should have said); But on green Carpets thrumd with mossie Bever, Frengeing the round Skirts of his winding River, The stream's milde murmur, as it gentle gushes, His healthy limbs in quiet slumber hushes.			My rest of dayes in the Calm <i>Countrey</i> end. <i>Let me deserve of my deer</i> EAGLE-Brood For <i>Windsor-Forrest</i> , walks in <i>Almes-wood</i> : <i>Bee Hadley Pond</i> , my <i>Sea</i> ; <i>Lambs-bourn</i> , my <i>Thames</i> , <i>Lambourn</i> , my <i>London</i> ; <i>Kennet's silver streams</i> , <i>My fruitfull Nile</i> ; <i>my Singers and Musicians</i> , <i>The pleasant Birds with warbling repetitions</i> ; <i>My company, pure thoughts, to work thy will</i> ; <i>My Court, a Cottage on a lovely Hill</i> ; <i>Where, without let, I may so sing thy Name,</i>	1170
Not drawn by factions to an un- timely Death.	Drum, Fife, and Trumpet, with their loud a-larms, Make him not start out of his sleep, to Arms; Nor deer respect of some great <i>Generall</i> , Him from his bed unto the block doth call. The Crested Cock sings <i>Hunt is up</i> to him, Limits his rest, and makes him stir betime, To walk the Mountains, or the flowry Meads, Impearl'd with tears, the sweet <i>Aurora</i> sheads.			<i>That times to-come may wonder at the same.</i> Or, if the new North-Star, my <i>Sovereign</i> JAMES, (<i>The secret vertus of whose sacred beams</i> <i>Attracts th' attentive service of all such</i> <i>Whose mindes did ever Vertue's Load-stone touch</i>) <i>Shall ever daign t' invite mine humble Fate</i> <i>T' approach the Presence of his Royall State</i> : <i>Or, if my Duty, or the Grace of Nobles,</i> <i>Shall drive or draw me neer their pleasing-Troubles.</i> <i>Let not their Favours make me drunk with folly;</i>	1180
Not choaked with contagion of a corrupted Aire.	Never gross Aire, poyson'd in stinking Streets, To choak his spirit, his tender nostrill meets; But th' open Sky, where at full breath he lives, Still keeps him sound, and still new stomach gives: And Death, dread Serjant of th' eternall Judge, Comes very late to his sole-seated Lodge.	1120		<i>In their Commands, still keep my Conscience holy:</i> <i>Let me true-Honour, not the false delight;</i> <i>And play the Preacher, not the Parasite.</i>	1180
Not (Chamelion- like) changing with every object, the colour of his conscience.	His wretched years in Princes' Courts he spends not: His thralléd will on Great men's wils depends not: He, changing Master, doth not change at once His <i>Faith</i> ; <i>Religion</i> , and his <i>God</i> renounce; With mercenary lies he doth not chant, Praising an Emmet for an Elephant;				
Nor soothing Sin: nor licking the Tayl of Greatness.	<i>Sardanapalus</i> (drown'd in soft excess) For a triumphant vertuous <i>Hercules</i> ; <i>Thersites</i> foul, for <i>Venus'</i> lovely Love; And every Changeling for a Turtle-Dove; Nor lavishes in his lascivious layes, On wanton <i>Flora</i> , chaste <i>Alceste's</i> praise: But all self-private, serving God, he writes Fear-less, and sings but what his heart indites.	1130			
Neither prest with Fear, nor plotting Fraud.	No sallow Fear doth day or night afflict-him: Unto no Fraud doth night or day addict-him; Or if he muse on guile, 'tis but to get Beast, Bird, or Fish, in toil, or snare, or net.	1140			

*So Morne and Evening the third Day conclude,
And God perceiv'd that All his Works were good.*

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

- Line 36, 'crump' = crooked, much like our 'hump' or hump-backed.
- .. 39, 'enfeoff' = grant as a feoff—Law term: *ib.* 'Empery' = empire. See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
- .. 67, 'commutive' = disturbing. See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
- .. 78, 'double source' = more accurately three sources. See Glossarial Index, *s.n.*
- .. 86, 'mazeth' = wandereth in maze-like windings.
- .. 89, 'vain' = vein.
- .. 98, 'Sine' = trigonometric term.
- .. 128, 'Pensherst' = Peshurst. See Memorial-Introduction on this and other personal references by Sylvester.
- .. 139, 'Miter' = covering.
- .. 147, 'sierst' = sifted—as with a sieve; but see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
- .. 190, 'stound' = a little while, an instant. So line 866.
- .. 246 and onward. On all these 'Fountains,' &c. see Glossarial Index *s.n.*, and Memorial-Introduction on the 'Vulgar Errors' of Du Bartas and Sylvester.
- .. 344, 'hoar'd' = made hoary—a noticeable word.
- .. 389, 'Chaucer's Donnington' = see as in note on l. 246.
- .. 392, 'doit' = smallest coin—half a farthing (Dutch and Scotch).
- .. 399, 'greas' = grease. The reference is to a somewhat coarsely-worded proverb.
- .. 402, 'selfy.' See Glossarial Index, *s.v.* Cf. line 809.
- .. 407, 'list' = border or boundary. So I Henry IV. iv. i. :—
'The very list, the very outmost bound
Of all our fortunes.'
- .. 428, 'Candish' = Cavendish. On these and other names see Glossarial Index and Memorial-Introduction *s.n.*
- .. 440, 'sad' = solid. For a full note, with examples, see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
- .. 515, 'Leek' = leak? See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
- .. 521, 'Use upon use' = compound interest, or usury.
- .. 522, 'Monopolites' = monopolies.
- .. 527, 'Gentilise' = make gentles or gentlemen.
- .. 539, 'then' = than, *et frequenter.*
- .. 543, 'Embast' = to place low: 'Embost' = covered with protuberances.
- .. 555, 'port' = bearing, aspect.
- .. 560, 'Holm' = holly.
- .. 564, 'slice-Sea Aldars' = alders that dip into the water. But see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
- Line 568, 'Apricock' = apricot—contemporary and later spelling.
- .. 573, 'Meddeler' = medlar.
- .. 612, 'stammell' = bright red colour.
- .. 613, 'ammell' = enamel.
- .. 640, 'ensu'd' = pursued.
- .. 653, 'spet' = spit—contemporary spelling and not always for the rhyme's sake.
- .. 658-9, 'Bel,' &c. See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
- .. 660, 'Wiat' = Wyatt or Wyatt, the early English Poet. See Memorial-Introduction.
- .. 674 and onward. See as in note on l. 246.
- .. 676, 'Mores' = roots.
- .. 713, 'cruell maladie' = scrofula?
- .. 725, 'bloody-Fliz' = bloody-flux.
- .. 730, 'alony' = alone elongated.
- .. 759, 'Mill' = rot in sheep, &c.
- .. 788, 'Stares' = starlings.
- .. 809, 'thankly' = thankfully shortened. See line 402.
- .. 811, 'Mustachoes.' Noticeable word and use of it. See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
- .. 821, 'acquaint' = make known.
- .. 826, 'pun' = pound.
- .. 844, 'Cods' = pods.
- .. 853, 'Cocas' = cocoa. See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
- .. 857, 'rine' = rind.
- .. 862, 'boult' = sift.
- .. 866, 'stound' = little while. See line 190.
- .. 896 and onward. See as in note on line 246.
- .. 896, 'Slat' = slate.
- .. 898, 'Brine-Quar' = salt quarry or mine.
- .. 928, 'mell' = mingle or associate with.
- .. 937, 'cast' = decide against.
- .. 947, 'aloose' = loose elongated.
- .. 958, 'Make-hate' = quarrelsome fellow.
- .. 965, 'Ann'let' = little ring.
- .. 980, 'loose' = unloose, or solve this difficulty.
- .. 983, 'Signor Flavio.' See Memorial-Introduction on this: *ib.* 'witty' = wise.
- .. 991, 'Caragues' = caracks—vast ships. See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
- .. 992, 'Truck-man' = interpreter.
- .. 1040, 'gays' = gaiety, vanity.
- .. 1050, 'Where' = were, *et frequenter.*
- .. 1060, 'curtsy-capping' = taking off 'caps' or hats obsequiously and bending the knee.
- .. 1072, 'poysonie' = poisonous.
- .. 1106, 'thrum'd' = covered with small tufts: *ib.* 'Bever' = beaver. But see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
- .. 1114, 'Hunt is up.' See Glossarial Index *s.v.* and Memorial-Introduction.
- .. 1143, 'pounc'd' = ornamental cut-work.
- .. 1170, 'let' = hindrance.—G.



THE
FOURTH DAY
OF THE FIRST
WEEK.

THE ARGUMENT.

The twinkling Spangles of the Firmament :
The wandring Seav'n (Each in a severall Tent) ;
Their Course, their Force, their Essence is disputed ;
That they (as Beasts) do eat and drink, refuted.
Heav'ns (not the Earth) with rapid motion roule :
The famous Stars observ'd in either Pole :
Heav'n's sloping Belt : the Twelve celestiall Signes
Where Sol the Seasons of the Year confines :
Daye's glorious Prince : Night's gloomy Patroness : 10
His Light and Might : Her constant Change-fulness.

In the beginning of the fourth booke, calling upon the God of Heaven, our Poet prayeth to be lift up in the Heavens that he may discourse (as he ought) of the stars, fixed and wandring.

Pure Spirit that rapt'st above the firmest Sphear,
In fiery Coach, thy faithfull Messenger,
Who, smiting *Jordan* with his pleighted Cloak,
Did yerst divide the Waters with the stroke :
O! take me up ; that, far from Earth, I may
From Sphear to Sphear, see th' azure Heav'ns *To-day*.
Be thou my Coach-man, and now Cheek by Joule
With *Phabus'* Chariot let my Chariot roule ;
Drive on my Coach by *Mars* his flaming Coach ; 20
Saturn and *Luna* let my wheels approach :
That, having learn'd of their Fire-breathing Horses,
Their course, their light, their labor, and their forces ;
My Muse may sing in sacred Eloquence,
To Vertue's Friends, their vertuous Excellence :
And, with the Load-stone of my conquering Verse,
Above the Poles attract the most perverse.
And you fair learned Soules, you Spirits divine,
To whom the Heav'ns so nimble quilts assigne,
As well to Mount, as skilfully to linn 30
The various motion of their Tapers trim ;
Lend me your hand ; lift me above *Parnassus* ;
With your loud *Trebles* help my lowly *Bassus*.
For sure, besides that your Wit-gracing Skill
Bears in itself, itself's rich guerdon still :

Our Nephews, free from sacrilegious brauls,
Where Horrour swims in bloud about our wals,
Shall one day sing that your deer song did merit
Better Heav'n, hap, and better time to hear-it.
And though (alas !) my now new-rising Name 40
Can hope here-after none, or little Fame :
The time that most part of our better Wits
Mis-spent in Flattery, or in Fancy-Fits,
In courting Ladies, or in clawing Lords,
Without affection, in affected words ;
I meane to spend in publishing the Story
Of God's great Works, to his immortal glory.
My rimes begot in pain and born in pleasure,
Thirst not for Fame (the Heathens' hope's chief trea-
sure) :
T shall me suffice, that our deer *France* do breed 50
(In happy season) some more learned seed,
That may record, with more divine dexterity
Then I have done, these wonders to Posterity.
Much less may these abortive Brats of Mine
Expect respect (but in respect of Thine) :
Yet sith the Heav'ns have thus entaskt my layes
(As darkly Cynthia darts her borrow'd rayes)
To shadow Thine ; and to my Countrey render
Some small reflection of thy radiant splendor :
It is enough, if here-by I incite 60
Some happier sp'rit to doe thy Muse more right :
And with more life give thee thy proper grace,
And better follow great Du BARTAS trace.
GOD'S NONE of these faint idle Artizans,
Who at the best abandon their designes,
Working by halves ; as rather a great deal,
To do much quickly, then to do it well :
But rather, as a work-man never weary,
And all-sufficient, He his works doth carry
To happy end ; and to perfection, 70
With sober speed, brings what he hath begun.

Here re-
his own
prosecut
works of
Creative

fourth day
reared the
Stars, the
rest Lights,
the Sun and
one, to-
with the
five Planets.

Having therefore the World's wide Curten spread
About the circuit of the fruitfull bed ;
Where (to fill all with her unnumbered Kin)
Kind Nature's selfe each moment lyeth-in :
To make the same for ever admirable,
More stately-pleasant, and more profitable ;
He th' Azure Tester trimm'd with golden marks,
And richly spangled with bright glistening-sparks. 80
I know, those Tapers, twinkling in the Sky,
Do turn so swiftly from our hand and eye,
That man can never (rightly) reach, to seeing
Their course and force, and much-much less their
being.

But, if conjecture may extend above
To that great Orb, whose moving All doth move,
Th' imperfect Light of the first Day was it,
Which for Heav'n's Eyes did shining matter fit :
For, God, selecting lightest of that Light,
Garnisht Heav'n's sieling with those torches bright :
Or else divided it, and pressing close 90
The parts, did make the Sun and Stars of those.

But, if thy wits thirst, rather seek these things,
In *Græbick* Cisterns then in *Hebrew* Springs ;
I then conclude, that as of moistfull matter,
God made the people that frequent the Water ;
And of an Earthy stuff the stubborn droves
That haunt the Hills and Dales, and Downs and Groves :
So, did he make, by his Almighty might,
The Heav'ns and Stars, of one same substance bright ;
To th' end these Lamps disperséd in the Skies, 100
Might, with their Orb, it with them sympathize.

And as (with us) under the oaked bark
The knurry knot with branching veins, we marke
To be of substance all one with the Tree,
Although far thicker and more rough it bee :
So those gilt studs in th' upper story driv'n,
Are nothing but the thickest part of Heav'n.

When I observe their Light and Heat yblent,
(Meer accidents of th' upper Element)
I think them Fire : but not such Fire as lasts 110
No longer then the fuell that it wastes :
For then, I think all the Elements too-little
To furnish them onely with one daye's vict'all.

And therefore smile I at those Fable-Forges,
Whose busie-idle stile so stiffly urges,
The Heav'ns' bright Cressets to be living Creatures,
Ranging for food, and hungry Fodder-eaters ;
Still sucking-up (in their eternall motion)
The Earth for meat, and for their drink, the Ocean.
Sure, I perceive no motion in a Star, 120
But naturall, certain, and regular :
Whereas, Beasts' motions infinitely vary,
Confus'd, uncertain, divers, voluntary.

I see not how so many golden Posts
Should scud so swift about Heav'n's Azure coasts,
But that the Heav'ns must ope and shut som-times :
Subject to passions, which our earthly climes
Alter ; and toss the Sea, and th' Aire estrange
From itself's temper, with exceeding change.

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Substance
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be Stars
living crea-
that did eat
riake.

I see not how, in those round-blazing beams, 130
One should imagin any food-fit limbs :
Nor can I see how th' Earth and Sea should feed
So many Stars, whose greatness doth exceed
So many times (if Star-Divines say troth)
The greatness of the Earth and Ocean both :
Sith here our Cattle, in a month will eat
Seav'n-times the bulk of their own bulk in meat.
These Torches then range not at randome, o're
The lightsome thickness of an unfirm Floor :
As here belowe, diversly moving them, 140
The painted Birds between two Aires do swim ;
But, rather fixéd unto turning Sphears,
Ay, will-they, nill-they, follow their careers :
As Car-nails fastned in a wheele (without
Self's-motion) turn with others' turns about.

As the Ague-sick, upon his shivering pallet,
Delays his health oft to delight his palat ;
When wilfully his taste-less Taste delights
In things unsavory to sound appetites :
Even so, some brain-sicks live there now-adays, 150
That lose themselves still in contrary wayes ;
Prepostrous Wits that cannot row at ease,
On the Smooth Channell of our common Seas.
And such are those (in my conceit at least)
Those Clarks that think (think how absurd a jest)
That neither Heav'ns nor Stars do turne at all,
Nor dance about this great round Earthly Ball ;
But th' Earth itself, this Massie Globe of ours,
Turns round-about once every twice-twelve hours :
And we resemble Land-bred Novices 160
New brought aboard to venture on the Seas ;
Who, at first lanching from the shore, suppose
The ship stands still, and that the ground it goes.

So, twinkling Tapers, that Heav'n's Arches fill,
Equally distant should continue still.
So, never should an arrow, shot upright,
In the same place upon the shooter light ;
But would doe (rather) as (at Sea) a stone
Aboard a Ship upward uprightly thrown ;
Which not within-board falls, but in the Flood 170
A-stern the Ship, if so the Winde be good.

So should the Fowls that take their nimble flight
From Western Marches towards *Morning's* light ;
And *Zephyrus*, that in the Summer time
Delights to visit *Eurus* in his clime ;
And bullets thundred from the canon's throat
(Whose roaring drowns the Heav'nly thunder's note)
Should seem recoil : sithens the quick career,
That our round Earth should dayly gallop here,
Must needs exceed a hundred-fold (for swift) 180
Birds, Bullets, Windes ; their wings, their force, their
drift.

Arm'd with these Reasons, 't were superfluous
T' assaile the Reasons of *Copernicus* ;
Who, to salve better of the Stars th' appearance,
Unto the Earth a three-fold motion warrants :
Making the Sun the Center of this All,
Moon, Earth, and Water, in one onely Ball.

Simile.

A Comparison.

Opinion of Coper-
nicus confuted.

Leaving to dis-
pute farther upon
the former Para-
dox, he pro-
ceedeth in his

discourse, and by a lively comparison representeth the beautifull ornament of the Heavens about the Earth.	But sithence here, nor time, nor place doth sute, His <i>Paradox</i> at length to prosecute ; I will proceed, grounding my next discourse On the <i>Heav'n's motions</i> , and their constant <i>course</i> . I oft admire greatness of mighty Hills, And pleasant beauty of the flowry Fields, And countless number of the Ocean sand, And secret force of sacred Adamant : But much-much more (the more I marke their course) <i>Stars'</i> glistring greatness, beauty, number, force.	190	<i>The Twins</i> , whose heads, arms, shoulders, knees and feet, God fill'd with Stars to shine in season sweet, Contend in course, who first the <i>Bull</i> shall catch, That neither will nor may attend their match. Then, Summer's-guide, the <i>Crab</i> comes rowing soft, With his eight Owres through the Heav'n's azure loft ; To bring us yearly in his starry shell, Many long dayes the shaggie Earth to swele. Almost with like pace leaps the <i>Lion</i> out, All clad with flames, bristled with beams about ; Who, with contagion of his burning breath, Both grass and grain to cinders withereth. The <i>Virgin</i> next, sweeping Heav'n's azure Globe With stately train of her bright Golden robe, Milde-proudly marching, in her left hand brings A sheaf of Corn, and in her right hand, wings. After the <i>Maiden</i> , shines the <i>Balance</i> bright, Equal divider of the Day and Night : In whose Gold Beam, with three gold rings there fastens With six gold strings, a pair of golden <i>Basens</i> . The spitefull <i>Scorpion</i> , next the <i>Scale</i> address, With two bright Lamps covers his loathsom breast ; And fain, from both ends, with his double sting, Would spet his venom over every thing ; But that the brave <i>Halfe-horse Phylarian Scout</i> , Galloping swift the Heav'nly Belt about, Ay fiercely threatens, with his flame-feath' red arrow, To shoot the sparkling starry Viper thorough. And th' hoary <i>Centaure</i> , during all his Race, Is so attentive to his onely chase, That, dread-less of his dart, Heav'n's shining <i>Kid</i> Comes jumping light, just at his heels unspid. Mean-while the <i>Shinker</i> , from his starry spout, After the <i>Goat</i> , a silver stream pours out ; Distilling still out of his radiant Fire Rivers of Water (who but will admire ?) In whose cleer Channell mought at pleasure swim Those two bright <i>Fishes</i> that do follow him ; But that the Torrent slides so swift away, That it out-runs them ever, even as they Out-run the <i>Ram</i> , who ever them pursues ; And by renewing yearly, all renews. Besides these <i>Twelve</i> , toward the <i>Artick</i> side, A flaming <i>Dragon</i> doth <i>Two-Bears</i> divide ; After the <i>Wainman</i> comes, the <i>Crown</i> , the <i>Spear</i> ; The <i>Kneeling Youth</i> , the <i>Harp</i> , the <i>Hamperer</i> Of th' hatefull <i>Snake</i> (whether we call the same By <i>Esculapius</i> or <i>Alcides</i> name) Swift <i>Pegasus</i> , the Dolphin, loving man ; <i>Jove's</i> stately <i>Eagle</i> , and the silver <i>Swan</i> : <i>Andromeda</i> , with <i>Cassiopeia</i> neer-her, Her father <i>Cepheus</i> , and her <i>Perseus</i> deerer : The shining <i>Triangle</i> , <i>Medusa's Tress</i> , And the bright Coach-man of <i>Tindarides</i> . Toward th' other Pole, <i>Orion</i> , <i>Eridanus</i> , The <i>Whale</i> , the <i>Whelp</i> , and hot-breath'd <i>Sirius</i> , The <i>Hare</i> , the <i>Hulk</i> , the <i>Hydra</i> , and the <i>Boule</i> , The <i>Centaure Wolf</i> , the <i>Censer</i> and the <i>Foule</i> ,	<i>Gemini</i> in May. <i>Cancer</i> in June begin Summer. <i>Leo</i> in mid- <i>Virgo</i> in August. <i>Libra</i> in September Autumn. <i>Scorpio</i> in October. <i>Sagittari</i> mid-Novem- <i>Capricorn</i> mid-Decem- beginneth <i>Aquari</i> in January. <i>Pisces</i> in February. The name principall of the Stars
Simile.	Even as a Peacock, prickt with love's desire, To woo his Mistress, strouting stately by her, Spreads round the rich pride of his pompous vail, His azure wings, and Starry-golden tail ; With rattling pinions wheeling still about, The more to set his beauteous beauty out : The Firmament (as feeling like above) Displays his pomp ; pranceth about his Love, Spreads his blew curtain, mixt with golden marks Set with gilt Spangles, sow'n with glistring sparks, Sprinkled with eyes, specked with Tapers bright, Poudred with Stars streaming with glorious light ; T' inflame the Earth the more, with Lovers' grace, To take the sweet fruit of this kind imbrace.	200		
The number of the Stars under both the Poles innumerable.	He take to number all the Stars would seek, Had need invent some new Arithmetick ; And who, to cast that reck'ning takes in hand, Had need for Counters take the Ocean's sand ; Yet have our wise and learned Elders found <i>Fourre-douzen Figures</i> in the Heav'nly Round, For aid of memory ; and to our eyes In certain <i>Houses</i> to divide the Skies.	210	<i>Sep-tem-ber</i> mid-Novem- <i>Scorpio</i> in October. <i>Sagittari</i> mid-Novem- <i>Capricorn</i> mid-Decem- beginneth <i>Aquari</i> in January. <i>Pisces</i> in February.	
And why the ancient Astronomers observed 48.	Of those are <i>Twelve</i> in that rich <i>Girdle</i> greft Which God gave Nature for her New-year's-gift (When making All, his voyce Almighty most, Gave so fair Lawes unto Heav'n's shining Hoast) To weare it biaz, buckled over-thwart-her ; Not round about her swelling Waste, to girt-her. This glorious <i>Baldrick</i> of a golden tindge, Imbost with Rubies, edg'd with Silver Frindge, Buckled with Gold, with a Bend glistring bright ; Heav'ns, biaz-wise, environs day and night.	220	<i>Virgo</i> in August. <i>Libra</i> in September Autumn. <i>Scorpio</i> in October. <i>Sagittari</i> mid-Novem- <i>Capricorn</i> mid-Decem- beginneth <i>Aquari</i> in January. <i>Pisces</i> in February.	
Of the signs in the Zodiacke.	For, from the Period, where the <i>Ram</i> doth bring The day and night to equall balancing, Ninety degrees towards the North it wends, Thence just as much toward Mid-Heav'n it bends, As many thence toward the South ; and thence Towards th' Year's Portall, the like difference. <i>Nephelean</i> crook-horn, with brass cornets crown'd, Thou buttest bravely 'gainst the <i>New-year's</i> bound ; And richly clad in thy fair golden Fleece ; Doest hold the <i>First house</i> of Heav'n's spacious Meese.	230	<i>Virgo</i> in August. <i>Libra</i> in September Autumn. <i>Scorpio</i> in October. <i>Sagittari</i> mid-Novem- <i>Capricorn</i> mid-Decem- beginneth <i>Aquari</i> in January. <i>Pisces</i> in February.	
The Zodiacke.	Thou spy'st anon the <i>Bull</i> behinde thy back : Who, lest that fodder by the way he lack, Seeing the World so naked ; to renew't, Coats th' infant Earth in a green gallant sute ; And, without Plough or Yoak, doth freely fling Through fragrant Pastures of the flowry Spring.	240	<i>Virgo</i> in August. <i>Libra</i> in September Autumn. <i>Scorpio</i> in October. <i>Sagittari</i> mid-Novem- <i>Capricorn</i> mid-Decem- beginneth <i>Aquari</i> in January. <i>Pisces</i> in February.	
<i>Aries</i> in Mid-March begins the Spring.				
<i>Taurus</i> in Mid-April.				

(The twice-foul *Raven*) the *Southern fish* and *Crown*,
 Through heav'n's bright arches brandish up and down.
 Thus on *This-Day* working th' *eighth* azure tent,
 With Art-less Art, divinely excellent ;
 Th' Almighty's finger fixed many a million
 Of golden Scutchions in that rich Pavillion :
 But in the rest (under that glorious Heav'n)
 But one a-peece, unto the severall ¹Seav'n ;
 Lest, of those Lamps the number-passing number
 Should mortall eyes with such confusion cumber,
 That we should never, in the clearest night,
 Stars' divers course see or discern aright.
 And therefore also, all the fixéd Tapers
 He made to twinkle with such trembling capers :
 But, the *Seaven Lights* that wander under them,
 Through various passage, never shake a beam.
 Or, he (perhaps) made them not different ;
 But, th' hoast of Sparks spred in the firmament
 Far from our sense, through distance infinite,
 Seems but to twinkle, to our twinkling sight :
 Whereas the rest, neerer a thousand fold
 To th' Earth and Sea, we do more brim behold.
 For, the Heav'ns are not mixtly enterlaced ;
 But th' undermost by th' upper be embraced,
 And more or less their roundels wider are,
 As from the Center they be neer or far :
 As in an Egge, the shell includes the skin,
 The skin the white, the white the yolk with-in.
 Now, as the Winde, puffing upon a Hill
 With roaring breath against a ready Mill,
 Whirls with a whiff the sails of swelling clout,
 The sails do swing the wingéd shaft about,
 The shaft the wheel, the wheel the trendle turns,
 And that the stone which grinds the flowry corns :
 Or like as also in a Clock well-tended,
 Just counter-poize, justly thereon suspended,
 Makes the great wheel go round, and that anon
 Turns with his turning many a meaner one,
 The trembling watch, and th' Iron Maule that chimes
 The intire Day in twice twelve equall times :
 So the grand Heav'n, in foure and twenty hours,
 Surveying all this various house of ours,
 With his quick motion all the Sphears doth move ;
 Whose radiant glances gild the World above,
 And drives them every day (which swiftness strange is)
 From *Gange* to *Tagus* ; and from *Tay* to *Ganges*.
 But, th' under-Orbs, as grudging to be still
 So straightly subject to another's will,
 Still without change, still at another's pleasure
 After one pipe to dance one onely measure ;
 They from-ward turn, and traversing aside,
 Each by himselfe an oblique course doth slide :
 So that they all (although it seem not so)
 Forward and Backward in one instant go,
 Both up and down, and with contrary paces,
 At once they poste to two contrary places :

¹ And the seven Planets under them each in his proper Sphear.

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sun.

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the Earth
the Sphears
; Planets.

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; the motion
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; which is the
; *Mobile*.

of the eight
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; *Mobile*,
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; oblique
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Like as myselfe, in my lost Merchant-years
(A loss, alas, that in these lines appears)
Wafting to Brabant, England's golden Fleece
(A richer prize then Jason brought to Greece)
While tow'rd the Sea, our (then Swan-poorer) Thames,
Bare down my Bark upon her ebbing streams,
Upon the hatches, from the Prow to Pomp
Walking in compass of that narrow Coop,
Maugre the most that Winde and Tide could doe,
Have gone at once tow'rd LEE and LONDON too.

But now, the neerer any of these Eight,
 Approach th' *Empyreall Palace-wals* in height,
 The more their circuit, and more dayes they spend,
 Yer they return unto their Journey's end.

It's therefore thought, That sumptuous Canapy,
 The which th' un-niggard hand of Majesty,
 Poudred so thick with Shields so shining cleer,
 Spends in his Voyage nigh seven thousand year.

Ingenious *Saturn*, Spouse of Memory,
 Father of th' Age of Gold ; though coldly dry,
 Silent and sad, bald, hoary, wrinkle-faced,
 Yet art thou first among the Planets placed :
 And thirty years thy Leaden Coach doth run
 Yer it arrive where thy Career begun.

Thou, rich, benign, Ill-chasing *Jupiter*,
 Art (worthy) next thy Father sickle-bear :
 And while thou dost with thy more milde aspect,
 His froward beams' disastrous frownes correct,
 Thy tinné chariot, shod with burning bosses,
 Through twice-six *Signes* in twice-six twelve months'
 crosses.

Brave-minded *Mars* (yet Master of mis-order,
 Delighting nought but Battails, blood, and murder)
 His furious Coursers lasheth night and day,
 That he may swiftly passe his course away ;
 But in the road of his eternall race,
 So many rubs hinder his hasty pace,
 That thrice, the while, the lively *Liquor-God*
 With dabbled heels hath swelling clusters trod ;
 And thrice hath *Ceres* shav'n her amber tress,
 Yer his steel wheels have done their business.

Pure goldy-locks, *Sol*, States'-friend, Honor-giver,
 Light-bringer, Laureat, Leach-man, all-Reviver,
 Thou in three hundred threescore daies and five,
 Dost to the Period of thy Race arrive.
 For, with thy proper course thou measur'st th' year,
 And measur'st Dayes with thy constrain'd career.

Fair dainty *Venus*, whose free vertues milde
 With happy fruit get all the World with-childe
 (Whom wanton dalliance, dancing, and delight,
 Smiles, witty wiles, youth, love, and beauty bright,
 With soft blind *Cupids* evermore consort)
 Of lightsome Day opens and shuts the port ;
 For, hardly dare her silver Doves go far
 From bright *Apollo's* glory-beaming Car.

Not much unlike, so, *Mercury* the witty,
 For ship, for shop, book, bar, or Court, or City :
 Smooth Orator, swift Pen-man, sweet Musician,
 Rare Artizan, deep-reaching Politician,

360 The same ex-
plained by a
proper Simile.

370 Why some of
these heavens
have a slower
course and shorter
compass then
other some.
The terme of the
revolution of the
firmament.

Of the seventh,
which is the
Sphear of
380 *Saturne*.

Of the sixth
which is the
Sphear of *Jupiter*.

390 Of the fifth which
is the Sphear of
Mars.

400 Of the fourth
which is the
Sphear of *Sol*.

Of the third
which is the
Sphear of *Venus*.

410

Of the second
which is the
Sphear of
Mercury.

	Fortunate Merchant, fine Prince-humour-pleaser ; To end his course takes neer a twelve-month's leasure : For all the while, his nimble wingéd heels 490 Dare little bouge from <i>Phæbus'</i> golden wheels.	
Of the first which is the Sphear of <i>Luna</i> . The lowest Planet nearest the Earth.	And lastly <i>Luna</i> , thou cold Queen of Night, Regent of humors, parting Months aright, Chaste Emperess, to one <i>Endymion</i> constant ; Constant in Love, though in thy looks inconstant ; (<i>Unlike our Loves, whose hearts dissemble soonest</i>) Twelve times a year through all the <i>Zodiack</i> runnest.	
Of the necessity of divers motions of the Heavens.	Now, if these Lamps, so infinite in number, Should still stand-still, as in a sloathfull slumber, Then should some places (alwayes in one plight) 430 Have always Day, and some have always Night : Then should the Summer's Fire, and Winter's Frost, Rest opposite still on the selfe same Coast : Then nought could spring, and nothing prosper would In all the World, for want of Heat or Cold. Or, without change of distance or of dance, If all these Lights still in one path should prance, Th' inconstant parts of this low World's contents Should neuer feel so sundry accidents, As the conjunction of celestiall Features Incessantly pours upon mortall Creatures. 440	
Of the force and influence of the celestiall bodies upon the terrestriall.	I' l ne'r beleeve that the Arch-Architect, With all these Fires the Heav'nly Arches dect Onely for Shew, and with these glistring shields T' amaze poor Shepherds watching in the fields. I' l ne'r beleeve that the least Flowr that pranks Our Garden borders, or the Common banks, And the least stone that in her warming Lap Our kind Nurse Earth doth covetously wrap, Hath some peculiar vertue of its own ; 450 And that the glorious Stars of Heav'n have none : But shine in vain, and have no charge precise, But to be walking in Heav'n's Galleries, And through that <i>Palace</i> up and down to clamber, As <i>golden Guls</i> about a PRINCE'S CHAMBER. Sens-less is he, who (without blush) denies What to sound senses most apparent lies : And 'gainst experience he that spets Fallacians, Is to be hist from learned Disputations ; And such is he, that doth affirm the Stars To have no force on these inferiours ; 460 Though Heav'n's effects we must apparent see In number more then Heav'nly Torches bee.	
Sundry proofs of the same : First, The divers seasons : Secondly, The fearfull accidents that commonly succeed Eclipses.	I will alledge the Seasons' alteration, Caus'd by the Sun in shifting Habitation : I will not urge, that never at noon-dayes His envious Sister intercepts his Rayes But some great State eclipseth, and from Hell <i>Alecto</i> looses all these Furies Fell : Grim, lean-fac't <i>Famine</i> , foule infectious <i>Plague</i> ; 470 Blood-thirsty <i>War</i> , and <i>Treason</i> hatefull Hag : Here pouring down Woe's universall Flood, To drown the World in Seas of Tears and Blood.	
Thirdly, The ebbing and flowing of the Sea.	I' l over-pass how Sea doth Ebb and Flowe, As th' Hornéd Queen doth either shrink or grow ;	
	And that the more she <i>Fills</i> her forkéd Round, The more the Marrow doth in bones abound ; The blood in Veines, the sap in Plants, the moisture The lushious meat in Crevish, Crab and Oyster : That Oak, and Elm, and Firr, and Alder, cut 480 Before the <i>Crescent</i> have her Corners shut, Are never lasting, for the Builder's turn, In Ship or House, but rather fit to burn : And also, that the Sick, while She is filling, Feele sharper Fits through all their members thrilling. So that, this Lamp alone approves what pow'rs, Heav'n's Tapers have ev'n on these soules of ours : Temp'ring, or troubling (as they be inclin'd) Our mind and humours, humours and our mainde, Through Sympathy ; which while this flesh we carry. 490 Our Soules and Bodies doth together marry. I' l onely say, that sith the hot aspect Of th' Heav'nly <i>Dog-Star</i> , kindles with effect A thousand unseen Fires, and dries the Fields, Scorches the Vallies, parches-up the Hills, And often-times into our panting hearts, The bitter Fits of burning Fevers darts : And (opposite) the <i>Cup</i> , the dropping <i>Pleiades</i> , Bright glistring <i>Orion</i> , and the weeping <i>Hyades</i> , Never (almost) look down on our aboard, 500 But that they stretch the Water's bounds abroad ; With cloudy horror of their wrathfull frown, Threatning again the guilty World to drown : And (to be brief) sith the gilt <i>Asure</i> Front Of firmest Sphear hath scarce a spark upon 't But poureth down-ward some apparent change, Towards to Storing of the World's great Grange ; We may conjecture what hid pow'r is given T' infuse among us from the other Seaven, From each of those which, for their vertue rare, 510 Th' Almighty placéd in a proper Sphear. Not that (as <i>Stoicks</i>) I intend to tye, With Iron Chains of strong <i>Necessity</i> , Th' Eternal's hands, and his free feet enstock In <i>Destinie's</i> hard Diamantine Rock : I hold, that God (as <i>The first Cause</i>) hath giv'n Light, Course, and Force to all the Lamps of Heav'n : That still he guides them, and his Providence Disposeth free, their <i>Fatall</i> influence : And that therefore (the rather) we below 520 Should study all, their Course and Force to know : To th' end that, seeing (through our Parents' Fall) T' how many Tyrants we are wexen thrall, Ever since first fond Woman's blind ambition, Breaking, made <i>Adam</i> break Heav'n's <i>High Commission</i> : We might unpuff our Heart, and bend our knee, T' appease with sighs God's wrathfull Majestie ; Beseeching him to turn away the storms Of Hail, and Heat, <i>Plague</i> , <i>Dearth</i> and dreadfull Arms, Which oft the angry Stars, with bad aspects, 530 Threat to be falling on our stubborn necks : To give us Curbs to bridle th' ill proclivity We are inclin'd-to, by a hard Nativity :	Fourthly, The course and course of all blood-matter in down nature. Fifthly, The great alteration the bodies of persons. A particlar proof by the effects of our notable new, newly made some Month the year. Rejecting th' <i>Stoicks</i> , he teth that God the first Cause doth order a things, and use we should make of the Course, and of the Celestial bodies.

To pour some Water of his Grace, to quench
 Our boyling Fleshe's fell Concupiscence ;
 To calm our many passions (spirituall tumours)
 Sprung from corruption of our vicious humours.
Latonian Twins, Parents of Years and Months,
 Alas ! why hide you so your shining Fronts?
 What ? nill you shew the splendor of your ray, 540
 But through a Vail of mourning Clouds I pray ?
 I pray pull-off your mufflers and your mourning,
 And let me see you in your native burning :
 And my deer Muse by her eternall flight,
 Shall spread as far the glory of your Light
 As you your selves run, in alternate Ring ;
 Day after Night, Night after Day to bring.
 Thou radiant Coach-man, running endless course,
 Fountain of Heat, of Light the lively sourse,
 Life of the World, Lamp of this Universe, 550
 Heav'n's richest Gemm : O teach me where my Verse
 May but begin thy Praise. Alas ! I fare
 Much like to one that in the Clouds doth stare
 To count the Quails, that with their shadow cover
 Th' *Italian* Sea, when soaring higher over,
 Fain of a Milder and more fruitfull Clime,
 They come with us to pass the Summer time :
 No sooner he begins one shoal to sum,
 But more and more, still greater shoals do come,
 Swarm upon Swarm, that with their count-less number
 Break of his purpose, and his sense incumber. 561
 Daye's glorious Eye ! Even as a mighty King,
 About his Countrey stately Progressing,
 Is compast round with *Dukes, Earles, Lords,* and
Knights,
 (Orderly marshall'd in their noble Rites)
Esquires and *Gentlemen*, in courtly kinde,
 And then his *Guard* before him and behinde ;
 And there is nought in all his Royall Muster,
 But to his Greatness addeth grace and lustre :
 So, while about the World thou ridest ay, 570
 Which onely lives by vertue of thy Ray,
 Six Heav'nly Princes, mounted evermore,
 Wait on thy Coach, three behinde, three before,
 Besides the Hoasts of th' upper Twinklers bright,
 To whom, for pay, thou givest onely Light.
 And, ev'n as Man (the little-World of Cares)
 Within the Middle of the body, beares
 His heart (the Spring of life) which with proportion
 Supplyeth spirits to all, and every portion :
 Even so (O Sun) thy golden Chariot marches 580
 Amid the six Lamps of the six lowe Arches
 Which siel the World, that equally it might
 Richly impart them Beautie, Force, and Light.
 Praising thy Heat, which subtilly doth pierce
 The solid thickness of our Universe,
 Which in th' Earth's kidnyes *Mercury* doth burn,
 And pallid *Sulphur* to bright Metall turn ;
 I do digress, to praise that light of thine,
 Which if it should but one day cease to shine,
 Th' unpurg'd Aire to Water would resolve, 590
 And Water would the mountain tops involve.

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Scarce I begin to measure thy bright Face,
 Whose greatness doth so oft Earth's greatness pass,
 And with still running the Celestiall Ring,
 Is seen and felt of every living thing ?
 But that fantastickly I change my Theam
 To sing the swiftness of thy tyer-less Teem ;
 To sing, how, Rising from the *Indian* Wave
 Thou seem'st (O *Titan*) like a Bride-groom brave, 600
 Who from his Chamber early issuing out
 In rich array, with rarest Gems about ;
 With pleasant Countenance, and lovely Face,
 With golden tresses, and attractive grace,
 Cheers (at his comming) all the youthfull throng
 That for his presence earnestly did long ;
 Blessing the day, and with delightfull glee,
 Singing aloud his *Epithalamie*.
 Then, as a Prince that fees his noble heart,
 Wounded with *Love's* pure *Honor-winged* dart :
 (As *HARDY LÆLIUS*, that great *GARTER-KNIGHT*, 610
Tilting in Triumph of *ELIZA'S* Right
 (Yearly that Day that her deer raisn began)
 Most bravely mounted on proud *RABICAN*,
 All in gilt armour, on his glistring *Mazor*
 A stately plume, of Orange mixt with *Asur*,
 In gallant Course, before ten thousand eyes,
 From all *Defendants* bore the Princely Prize)
 Thou glorious Champion, in thy Heav'nly Race,
 Runnest so swift we scarce conceive thy Pace.
 When I record how fitly thou dost guide 620
 Through the fourth Heav'n, thy flaming Coursers'
 pride,
 That as they pass, their fiery breaths may temper
Saturn's and *Cynthia's* cold and moist distemper :
 (For, if thou gallopt'st in the neather Room
 Like *Phaeton*, thou would'st the World consume :
 Or, if thy Throne were set in *Saturn's* Sky,
 For want of heat then every thing would dy)
 In the same instant I am prest to sing,
 How thy return reviveth every thing ; 629
 How, in thy Presence, Fear, Sloth, Sleep, and Night,
 Snowes, Fogs, and Fancies, take their sudden Flight.
 Th' art (to be briefe) an Ocean wanting bound,
 Where (as full vessels have the lesser sound)
 Plenty of matter makes the speaker Mute ;
 As wanting words thy worth to prosecute.
 Yet glorious Monarch, 'mong so many rare
 And match-less Flowrs as in thy Garland are,
 Some one or two shall my chaste sober *Muse*
 For thine Immortall sacred Sisters chuse. 640
 I'll boldly sing (bright Sovereain) thou art none
 Of those weak Princes' Flatt'ry works upon ;
 (No second *EDWARD*, nor no *RICHARD* Second,
 Un-king'd both, as *Rule-unworthy* reckon'd)
 Who, to enrich their *Minions'* past proportion,
 Pill all their Subjects-with extream extortion :
 And charm'd with Pleasures (O exceeding pity !)
 Lie alwaies wallowing in one wanton City ;
 And, loving onely that, to mean *Lieutenants*
 Farm out their Kingdom's care, as unto Tenants :

Excellent compar-
 isons borrowed
 out of the 19-
 Psalme.

The same exem-
 plified in an honor-
 able personage of
 our time now very
 aged : but in his
 young years, the
 glory of Arms and
 Chivalrie.

Of God's wonder-
 full providence in
 placing the Sun in
 the midst of the
 other Planets, and
 of the commodi-
 ties, that come
 thereof.

Of the Sun's con-
 tinuall and daily
 course.

	For, once a day, each Countrey under Heav'n 650 Thou bidst <i>Good-Morrow</i> , and thou bidst <i>Good-Ev'n</i> . And thy far-seeing Eye, as <i>Censor</i> , views The rites and fashions, Fish and Foule do use, And our behaviours, worthy (every one) Th' <i>Abderian</i> Laughter, and <i>Ephesian</i> Mone.		
Of his Oblique or By-course, cause of the foure sea- sons: and of the commodities of all Climats in the World.	But true it is, to th' end a fruitfull lew May every Climat in his time renew, And that all men may nearer in all Realms Feel the alternat vertue of thy beams; Thy sumptuous Chariot, with the Light returning, 660 From the same Portall mounts not every morning: But, to make known each-where thy daily drift, Doo'st every day, thy Coursers' Stable shift: That while the Spring, pranked in her greenest pride, Raigns here, else-where <i>Autumn</i> as long may bide; And while fair Summer's heat our fruits doth ripe, Cold Winter's Yce may other Countries gripe.		
A pleasant and lively description of the foure sea- sons of the year.	No sooner doth thy shining Chariot Roule From highest <i>Zenith</i> toward <i>Northren Pole</i> , To sport thee for three Months in pleasant Inns 670 Of <i>Aries</i> , <i>Taurus</i> , and the gentle <i>Twinns</i> , But that the mealie Mountains (late unseen) Change their white garments into lustly green; The Gardens prank them with their Flowry buds, The Meads with grass, with leaves the naked Woods; Sweet <i>Zephyrus</i> begins to buss his <i>Flora</i> , Swift-winged Singers to salute <i>Aurora</i> ; And wanton <i>Cupid</i> , through this Universe, With pleasing wounds, all Creatures' hearts to pierce.		
The Spring.	When, backward bent, <i>Phlegon</i> , thy fiery Steed, 680 With <i>Cancer</i> , <i>Leo</i> , and the <i>Maid</i> doth feed; Th' Earth cracks with heat, and Summer crowns his <i>Ceres</i>		
Summer.	With gilded Ears, as yellow as her hair-is: The Reaper, panting both for heat and pain, With crookéd Razor shaves the tufted Plain; And the good Husband, that due season takes, Within a month his year's Provision makes.		
Harvest.	When from the mid-Heav'n thy bright flame doth fly Toward the <i>Cross-Stars</i> in th' <i>Antarctik</i> Sky, To bee three months, up-rising and down-lying 690 With <i>Scorpio</i> , <i>Libra</i> , and the <i>Archer</i> flying; Th' Earth, by degrees, her lovely beauty 'bates, <i>Pomona</i> loads her lap with delicates, Her Apron and her Osier basket (both) With dainty fruits for her deer <i>Autumn's</i> tooth, (Her health-less spouse) who bare-foot hops about To tread the juice of <i>Bacchus'</i> clusters out.		
Winter.	And last of all, when thy proud-trampling Teem For three Months more, to sojourne still doth seem With <i>Capricorn</i> , <i>Aquarius</i> , and the <i>Fishes</i> 700 (While we in vaine revoke thee with our wishes) In stead of Flowers, chill-shivering Winter dresses With Ycesickles her (self-bald) borrow'd tresses: About her brows a Periwig of Snow, Her White-Freeze Mantle fring'd with Yce below, A payr of Lamb-lyn'd buskins on her feet, So doth she march <i>Orythia's</i> love to meet;		
	Who, with his bristled, hoary, beagle-beard, Comming to kisse her, makes her lips as fear'd; Where-at, he sighs a breath so cold and keen, 710 That all the Waters Crystallized been; While in a fury with his boystrous wings Against the <i>Scythian</i> snowie Rocks he flings, All lusk in sloath: and till these Months do end, <i>Bacchus</i> and <i>Vulcan</i> must us both befriend.		
	O second honour of the lamps supernall, Sure Calendar of Festivals eternall, Sea's Sovereaintess, Sleep-bringer, Pilgrim's guide, Peace-loving Queen: What shall I say beside? What shall I say of thy inconstant brow, 720 Which makes my brain waver, I wot not how? But, if by th' eye, a man's intelligence May ghes of things distant so far from hence, I think thy body round as any Ball, Whose superfiice (migh equal over all) As a pure Glass, now up, and down anon, Reflects the bright beams of thy spouse, the Sun.	Of the Men her absence	
	For, as a Husband's Nobl'ness doth lustre A mean-born Wife: so doth the glorious lustre Of radiant <i>Titan</i> , with his beams, embright 730 Thy gloomy Front, that selfy hath no light. Yet 'tis not alwayes after one self sort: For, far thy Cart doth swifter thee transport, Then doth thy Brothers; diversly thou shin'st, As more or lesse thou from his light declin'st. Therefore each Month, when <i>Hymen</i> (blest) above In both your bodies kindles ardent love, And that the Stars-king all inamoured on thee, Full of desire, shines down direct upon thee: Thy neather half-Globe toward th' Earthly Ball 740 (After it's Nature) is observ'd all.		
	But, him aside thou hast no sooner got, But on thy-side a silver file we note, A half-bent Bowe; which swels the lesse thy Coach Doth the bright Chariot of thy spouse approach; And filis his Circle. When th' Imperiall Star Beholds thee just in one Diameter, Then by degrees thy <i>Full</i> face fals away And (by degrees) Westward thy Horns display; Till fall'n again betwixt thy Lover's arms, 750 Thou wink'st again, vanquisht with pleasure's charms.	Of her own and waning she is in her quarter, and she returns concomit to full.	
	Thus dost thou <i>Wax</i> and <i>Wane</i> , thee oft renewing; Delighting <i>change</i> : and mortall things, ensuing (As subject to thee) thy self's transmutation, Feel th' unfelt force of secret alteration.		
	Not, but that <i>Phabus</i> alwaies with his shine, Cleers half (at least) of thine aspect divine; But 't seems not so; because we see but here Of thy round Globe the lower Hemisphear: Tho waxing us-ward, heav'n-ward thou dost wane; 760 And waning us-ward, Heav'n-ward growst again. Yet, it befals, even when thy face is <i>Full</i> , When at the highest thy pale Coursers pull, When no thick mask of Clouds can hide away, From living eyes, thy broad, round glistring Ray,	Of the ca the divers of the Mo	

Thy light is darkned, and thine eyes are siel'd,
 Covered with shadow of a rusty shield.
 For, thy *Full* face in his oblique designe
 Confronting *Phabus* in th' *Ecliptick* line,
 And th' Earth between; thou locest, for a space, 770
 Thy splendor borrowd of thy Brother's grace:
 But, to revenge thee on the Earth for this
 Fore-stalling thee of thy kind Lover's kiss,
 Sometimes thy thick Orb thou dost inter-blend
 Twixt *Sol* and us, toward the later end;
 And then (because his splendor cannot pass
 Or pierce the thickness of thy gloomy mass)
 The Sun, as subject to Death's pangs, us sees-not,
 But seems all Light-less, though indeed he is not.
 Therefore, far differing your *Eclipses* are; 780
 For, thine is often, and thy Brother's rare:
 Thine doth indeed deface thy beauty bright;
 His doth not him, but us, bereave of Light:
 It is the Earth, that thy defect procures;
 It is thy shadow, that the Sun obscures:
 East-ward, thy front beginneth first to lack;
 West-ward, his brows begin there frowning black:
 Thine, at thy *Full*, when thy most glory shines;
 His, in thy *Wane*, when beauty most declines:
 Thine's generall, tow'rd Heav'n and Earth together; 790
 His but to Earth, nor to all places neither.
 For, th' hideous Cloud, that cover'd so long since
 With night's black vail th' eyes of the Starry-Prince
 (When as he saw, for our foul sinfull slips,
 The match-less Maker of the Light, eclipse)
 Was far, far other: For, the swarty *Moors*,
 That sweating toyl on *Guinne's* wealthy shores:
 Those whom the *Nile's* continuall Cataract
 With roaring noyse for ever deaf doth make:
 Those that surveying mighty ¹ *Cassagale*, 800
 Within the circuit of her spacious Wall,
 Do dry-foot dance on th' *Oriental Seas*;
 And pass, in all her goodly crossing wayes
 And stately streets, fronted with sumptuous Bows,
 Twelve thousand Bridges, and twelve thousand
 Towns:
 Those, that, in *Norway* and in *Finland*, chase
 The soft-skind Martens, for their precious Cace;
 Those that in Ivory Sleads on *Ireland Seas*
 (Congeal'd to Crystall) slide about at ease;
 Were witness all of his strange grief; and ghest, 810
 That God, or Nature was then deep distrest.

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¹ Quinzay.

Moreover *Cynthia* in that fearfull stound,
Full-fild the Compass of her Circle round;
 And being so far off, she could not make
 (By Nature's course) the Sun to be so black;
 Nor, issuing from the Eastern part of Heav'n,
 Darken that beauty, which her own had giv'n.
 In brief, mine eye, confounded with such spectacles,
 In that one wonder sees a Sea of Miracles. 819
 What could'st thou doe less, then thyself dishonour
 (O chief of Planets!) thy great Lord to honour?
 Then for thy Father's death, a-while to wear
 A mourning Robe on th' hatefull *Hemi-sphear*?
 Then at high noon shut thy fair eye, to shun
 A sight, whose sight did Hell with horror stun?
 And (pierc't with sorrow for such injuries)
 To please thy Maker, Nature to displease?
 So, from the South to North, to make apparent
 That God revok't his Serjeant Death's sad warrant
 'Gainst *Ezechias*; and that he would give 830
 The godly King fifteen years more to live:
 Transgressing Heav'n's eternall ordinance;
 Thrice in one Day, thou through one path did'st prance:
 And, as desirous of another nap
 In thy Vermillion sweet *Aurora's* Lap,
 Thy Coach turn'd back, and thy swift sweating Horse
 Full ten degrees lengthned their wonted Course:
Dials went false, and Forrests (gloomy black)
 Wondred to see their mighty shades go back.
 So, when th' incenséd Heav'ns did fight so fell, 840
 Under the Standard of deer *Israel*,
 Against the Hoast of odious *Ammorites*;
 Among a million of swift Flashing Lights,
 Rayning down Bullets from a stormy Cloud,
 As thick as Hail, upon their Armies proud:
 (That such as scaped from Heav'n's wrathfull thunder,
 Victorious swords might after hew in-sunder)
 Conjur'd by *Yosuah*, thy brave steeds stood still,
 In full Career stopping thy whirling wheel;
 And, one whole Day, in one degree they stayd 850
 In mid'st of Heav'n, for sacred Armies ayd:
 Lest th' Infidels in their disordred Flight,
 Should save themselves under the wings of Night.
 Those, that then liv'd under the other *Pole*,
 Seeing the Lamp which doth enlight the Whole,
 To hide so long his lovely face away,
 Thought never-more to have re-seen the Day;
 The wealthy *Indians*, and the men of *Spain*,
 Never to see Sun Rise or Set again.
 In the same place Shadows stood still, as stone; 860
 And in twelve Hours the *Dials* shew'd but one.

Of the going
 backe of the Sun
 in the time of
 Ezechias.
 2. King. 20. 11.
 Esay 38. 8.

Of the Sun's
 standing still
 in the time of
 Iosuah.
 Ios. 12. 13.

So Morne and Evening the Fourth Day conclude,
 And God perceiv'd that All his Works were good.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

- Line 14, 'pleighted' = plaited.
 .. 18, 'Cheek by Jowle'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
 .. 36, 'Nephews'—indefinite term for grand-children and other blood descendants.
 .. 44, 'clawing' = flattering—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
 .. 78, 'Tester' = bed-stead top.
 .. 103, 'knurry' = knotty.
 .. 116, 'cressets' = stars, regarded as open lamps, used in processions—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
 .. 178, 'silhens' = sithence, or since.
 .. 199, 'strouting' = strutting.
 .. 215, 'Counters' = Arithmeticians? or coins?
 .. 224, 'bian' = inclined.
 .. 226, 'Baldrick'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, for full note.
 .. 239, 'Meese' = meadow or field.
 .. 278, 'Skinker' = cup-bearer—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
 .. 282, 'mought' = might.
 .. 325, 'brim' = brim-full?—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
 .. 328, 'roundels' = circles.
 .. 333, 'ready' = reedy?
 .. 388, 'tinnē' = burning : but see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
- Line 395, 'rubs' = obstacles.
 .. 401, 'Leach-man' = leech elongated, *i.e.* physician.
 .. 403, 'Period' = end.
 .. 411, 'port' = gate.
 .. 421, 'bouge' = budge?
 .. 455, 'Guls' = panders.
 .. 464, 'nill' = will not, *frequenter*.
 .. 479, 'Crevish' = cray-fish—sometimes 'crevise' (*French*).
 .. 507, 'to Storing'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
 .. 515, 'Diamantine'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, for full note.
 .. 523, 'wexen' = waxen.
 .. 613, 'Rabican'—and margin-note. See our Memorial-Introduction and Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
 .. 628, 'prest' = pressed, urged and ready.
 .. 656, 'lcw' = sheltering? but see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
 .. 673, 'lustly' = lusty, *i.e.* pleasant.
 .. 676, 'buss' = kiss.
 .. 686, 'Husband' = husbandman.
 .. 708, 'beaugle-beard' = bugle-bearded—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
 .. 714, 'lusks' = lolling lazily.
 .. 766, 'siel'd' = sewed up as a hunting hawk's.—G.



THE FIFTH DAY OF THE FIRST WEEKE.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Fish in the Sea, Fowls in the Aire abound
The Forms of all things in the Waters found :
The various Manners of Sea-Citizens,
Whose constant Friendship far exceedeth Men's :
Arion's strange escape : The Fowls attend
On th' onely Phoenix, to her end-less end :
Their kinds, their customes, and their Plumes' variety ;
Some presidents of Prudence, som of Piety :
The grateful Eagle, burning in the Flame 10
With her dead Mistress, the fair Sestian Dame.*

After a poetical manner he craveth time and opportunity to discourse in this day of the creation of Fishes and of Fowles.

L *Atonian Lamps, conducting divers wayes,
About the World, successive Nights and Dayes ;
Parents of wingéd Time, haste, haste your Cars :
And passing swiftly both th' opposéd Bars
Of East, and West, by your returning Ray,
Th' imperfect World make elder, by a Day.
Ye Fish, that brightly in Heav'n's Baldrick shine,
If you would see the Waters' waving brine
Abound with Fishes, pray Hyperion 20
T' abandon soon his liquid Mansion,
If he expect in his prefixt Career,
To hoast with you a Month in every year.
And thou eternall Father, at whose wink
The wrathfull Ocean's swelling pride doth sink,
And stubborn storms of bellowing Winds be dumb,
Their wide mouthes stopt, and their wilde pinions num ;
Great Sovrain of the Seas, whose hooks can draw
A man alive from the Whale's monstrous maw ;
Provide me (Lord) of Steers-man, Star and Boat, 30
That through the vast Seas I may safely float :
Or rather teach me dive, that I may view
Deep under water all the Scaly crew ;
And dropping wet, when I returne to land
Laden with spoils, extoll thy mighty hand.*

To which purpose especially he calleth on the true God.

*IN VAIN had God stor'd Heav'n with glistring studs,
The plain with grain, the mountain tops wth woods,
Sever'd the Ayre from Fire, the Earth from Water,
Had he not soon peopléd this large Theatre
With living Creatures : Therefore he began 40
(This-Day) to quicken in the Ocean,
In standing Pools, and in the stragglng Rivers
(Whose folding Chanell fertill Champain severs)
So many Fishes of so many features,
That in the Waters one may see all Creatures,
And all that in this All is to be found ;
As if the World within the Deeps were drown'd.*

The first part of this Book : where in he handleth how by the Commandement of the Lord, the Fishes began to move in the Waters.

*Seas have (as well as Skies) Sun, Moon, and Stars :
(As well as Ayre) Swallows, and Rooks, and Stares :
(As well as Earth) Vines, Roses, Nettles, Millions 50
Pinks, Gilliflowers, Mushroms, and many millions
Of other Plants (more rare and strange than these)
As very Fishes living in the Seas :
And also Rams, Calfs, Horses, Hares, and Hogs,
Wolves, Lions, Urchins, Elephants, and Dogs,
Yea Men and Mayds : and (which I more admire)
The Mytred Bishop, and the Cowléd Fryer :
Whereof, examples (but a few years since)
Were shew'n the Norways, and Polonian prince.*

The Seas no lesse stored with priviledges and presidents of God's glorious power, than heaven and earth : and of the strange Fishes that live therein.

*You divine wits of elder Dayes, from whom 60
The deep Invention of rare Works hath com,
Took you not pattern of your chiefest Tools
Out of the Lap of Thetis, Lakes, and Pools ?
Which partly in the Waves, part on the edges
Of craggy rocks, among the ragged sedges,
Bring-forth abundance of Pins, Pincers, Spoaks,
Pikes, percers, nedles, mallets, Pipes and yoaks,
Ow'rs, sails, and swords, saws, wedges, razors, rammers,
Plumes, cornets, knives, wheels, vices, horns, and
hammers.
And, as if Neptune, and fair Panopé, 70
Palemon, Triton, and Lucothol,*

Why God created so many sorts of strange Fishes.	<p>Kept publicke Roules, there is the <i>Calamary</i> ; Who, ready Pen-knife, Pen and Ink doth carry. As a rare Painter draws (for pleasure) here A sweet <i>Adonis</i>, a foul <i>Satyre</i> there : Here a huge <i>Cyclop</i>, there a <i>Pigme</i> Elf : Sometimes, no less busying his skilfull self, Upon some ugly Monster (seldom seen) Than on the Picture of faire <i>Beautie's Queen</i> : Even so the Lord, that, in his Work's varietie, We might the more admire his powerfull Deitie ; And that we might discern by different features The various kinds of the vast Ocean's creatures ; Forming this mighty Frame, he every kind With divers and peculiar Signet sign'd.</p>	80	<p>Some love fresh Waters, some the salt desire, Some from the Sea use yearly to retire To the next Rivers, at their own contenting, So both the Waters with free Trade frequenting ; Having (like Lords) two Houses of receipt : For Winter th' one, the other for Summer's heat.</p>	130	<p><i>Stanza</i> Describing the custom of cer- tain Sea-Fish frequenting the fresh water in some seasons the year.</p>
Examples. The Four-Cuttle. Cuttle. Crab. Sea-Hare. Oyster.	<p>Som have their heads groveling betwixt their feet (As th' inky <i>Cuttles</i>, and the <i>Many-feet</i>) : Som in their breast (as <i>Crabs</i>) : some head-less are, Foot-less, and finn-less (as the banefull <i>Hare</i>, And heat-full <i>Oyster</i>) in a heap confus'd, Their parts unparted, in themselves diffus'd.</p>	90	<p>As Citizens, in some intestine broul, Long coop'd up within their Castle wall ; So soon as Peace is made, and Siege remov'd, Forsake a while their Town so strong approv'd ; And tir'd with toyl, by leashes and by payrs, Crown'd with Garlands, go to take the ayrs : So, dainty <i>Salmons</i>, <i>Chevins</i> thunder-scar'd, Feast-famous <i>Sturgeons</i>, <i>Lampreys</i> speckle-starr'd ; In the Spring season the rough Seas forsake, And in the Rivers thousand pleasures take ; And yet the plenty of delicious foods, Their pleasant lodging in the crystall floods, The fragrant sents of flowry banks about, Cannot their Countrey's tender love wipe out Of their remembrance ; but they needs will home,</p>	150	Companions
The Tortoise.	<p>The <i>Tyrian</i> Merchant, or the <i>Portuguse</i> Can hardly build one Ship of many Trees : But of one <i>Tortoise</i>, when he list to float, Th' <i>Arabian</i> Fisher-man can make a Boat : And one such Shell him in the stead doth stand Of Hulk at Sea, and of an House on land.</p>	100	<p>Shall I omit the monstrous <i>Whirl-about</i>, Which in the Sea another Sea doth spout, Wherewith huge Vessels (if they happen nigh) Are over-whelm'd and sunken suddenly ? The <i>Tunny</i>, that durst meet Th' <i>Boan</i> Monarch's never danted Fleet, And beard more bravely his victorious powrs Than the Defendants of the <i>Tyrian</i> Towrs ; Or <i>Porus</i>, conquered on the <i>Indian</i> Coast ; Or great <i>Darius</i>, that three Battels lost ? When on the Surges I perceive, from far, Th' <i>Ork</i>, <i>Whirl-poole</i>, <i>Whale</i>, or huffing <i>Physeter</i>, Me thinks I see the wandring <i>Ile</i> again (<i>Ortygian Delos</i>) floating on the Main.</p>	160	The Fish- ing.
The Tunny.	<p>And when in Combat these fell Monsters cross, Me seems some Tempest all the Seas doth toss. Our fear-less Sayers, in far Voyages (More led by Gain's hope than their Compasses) On th' <i>Indian</i> shore, have sometime noted som Whose bodies covered two broad Acres' room : And in the <i>South-Seas</i> they have also seen Some like high-topp'd and huge arm'd Treen ; And other-som whose monstrous backs did bear Two mighty wheels with whirling spokes, that were Much like the wing'd and wide-spreading sayls Of any Winde-mill turn'd with merry gales.</p>	110	<p>To visit Rhine, Sein, Ister, Arn, and Po ; Where though their Sense be dandled, dayes and nights, In sweetest choice of changeable Delights, They never can forget their Mother-Soyl, But hourly home their hearts and eyes recoil, Long languishing with an extream Desire To see the smoak of their deer Native Fire.</p>	170	
Divers kinds of Whales.	<p>But God (who Nature in her nature holdes) Not only cast them in so sundry moldes : But gave them manners much more differing, As well our wits as our weak eyes to bring Int' admiration ; that men evermore, Praising his Works, might praise their Maker more.</p>	120	<p>One (like a Pirat) only lives of prizes, That in the Deep he desperately surprizes : Another haunts the shoar, to feed on foam : Another round about the Rocks doth roam, Nibbling on Weeds : another, hating theeving, Eats nought at all, of liquor only living ; For, the salt humor of his Element Serves him, alone, for perfect nourishment.</p>	180	<p>Of the grow- of God in th divers and i manner of i affording m lessons to a kinds.</p>
Of the divers qualities of Fishes.	<p>Of your swim-brethren ? as (against all Orders)</p>		<p>Some love the clear streams of swift tumbling torrents, Which through the rocks straining their struggling currents Break banks and Bridges ; and do never stop, Till thirsty Summer come to drink them up : Some almost alwaies pudder in the mud Of sleepy Pools, and never brook the flood Of Chrystall streams, that in continual motion Bend toward the bosom of their Mother Ocean : As the most part of the World's Peers prefer Broyls before Rest, and place their Peace in War : And some againe (of a far differing humour) Hold Rest so deer, that but the only rumour Of War far off, affrights them at the first ; And wanting Peace, they count their States accurst.</p>		

	Men daily practise, joining Land to Land, House unto House, Sea to Sea, Strand to Strand, Mountain to Mountain, and (most-most insatiable) 190 World unto World, if they could work it possible. And you (wise Fishes) that for recreation, Or for your seed's securer propagation, Doe sometimes shift your ordinary Dwelling ; What learned <i>Chalde</i> (skil'd in fortune-telling) What cunning Prophet your fit time doth show ? What Herald's Trumpet summons you to go ? What Guide conducteth, Day and Night, your Legions Through path-less paths in unacquainted Regions ? What Captain stout? what Loadston, Steel, and Star, Measures your course in your adventures farre? Surely the same that made you first of Nought, Who in your Nature some <i>Idlas</i> wrought Of Good and Evil; to the end that we, Following the Good, might from the Evil flee.						
age nature of ish Sargus.	Th' adulterous <i>Sargus</i> doth not onely change Wives every day, in the deep streams ; but (strange) As if the honey of Sea-loves delights Could not suffice his ranging appetites, Courting the Shee-Goats on the grassie shore, 210 Would horn their Husbands that had horns before ; Contrary to the constant <i>Cantharus</i> , Who, ever faithfull to his dearest Spouse In Nuptiall Duties spending all his life, Love's never other then his onely wife.						
antharus.	But, for her Love, the <i>Mullet</i> hath no Peer ; For, if the Fisher have surpriz'd her Pheer, As mad with wo to shore she followeth, Prest to consort him both in life and death.						
ie Mullet.	As yerst those famous, loving <i>Thracian Dames</i> 220 That leapt alive into the funerall flames Of their dead Husbands ; who deceast and gone, Those loyall Wives hated to live alone.						
le.	O ! who can here sufficiently admire That <i>Gaping-Fish</i> whose glistening eyes aspire Still toward Heav'n ; as if beneath the skies He found no object worthy of his eyes. As the Wood-pecker, his long tongue doth lill Out of the clov'n pipe of his horny bill, To catch the Emets ; when, beguil'd with-all, 230 The busie swarms about it creep and crawl : Th' <i>Urano-scope</i> , so, hid in mud, doth put Out of his gullet a long limber gut, Most like unto a little Worm (at sight) Where-at, eft-soons, many small Fishes bite : Which there-withall this Angler swallows straight, Alwaies self-armed with hook, line, and bait.						
Urano- us.	The subtle ¹ <i>Smell-strong-Many-foot</i> , that fain A dainty feast of <i>Oyster-flesh</i> would gain, Swims softly down, and to him sliely slips, 240 Wedging with stones his yet wide-yawning lips, Lest else (before that he have had his prey) The <i>Oyster</i> closing, clip his limbs away,						
	And (where he thought t' have joy'd his victories) Himselfe become unto his prize a prize. The <i>Cramp-Fish</i> , knowing that she harboureth A plague-full humour, a fell banefull breath, A secret <i>Poppy</i> , and a senseless Winter, Be-numming all that dare too-neer her venter : Pours forth her poyson, and her chilling Yce 250 On the next Fishes ; charm'd so in a trice, That she not onely staves them in the Deep, But stuns their sense, and luls them fast asleep ; And then (at fill) she with their flesh is fed, Whose frozen limbs (still living) seem but dead. 'Tis this <i>Torpedo</i> , that, when she hath took Into her throat the sharp deceitfull hook, Doth not as other Fish, that wrench and wriggle When they be prickt, and plunge and strive, and struggle ; And by their stir, thinking to scape the Angle, 260 Faster and faster on the hook doe range : But, wily clasping close the Fishing Line, Suddenly spews into the Silver brine Her secret-spreading, sudden-speeding bane ; Which, up the Line, and all along the Cane, Creeps to the hand of th' Angler ; who, with-all Benumm'd and senseless, suddenly lets fall His hurtfull pole, and his more hatefull prize : Become like one that (as in bed he lies) Seems in his sleep to see some gastly Ghost ; 270 In a cold sweat, shaking, and sweet almost, He cals his Wife for ayd, his friends his folks ; But his stuff stomach his weak clamour choaks : Then would he strike at that he doth behold, But sleep and feare his feeble hands do hold : Then would he run away ; but as he strives, He feels his feet fetter'd with heavie Gyves, But, if the <i>Scolopendra</i> have suckt-in The sowr-sweet morsell with the barded Pin, She hath as rare a trick to rid her from it : 280 For, instantly, she all her guts doth vomit ; And having clear'd them from the danger, then She fair and softly sups them in again, So that not one of them within her womb Changeth his office, or his wonted room. The thriving <i>Amia</i> (neer <i>Abidos</i> breeding) And subtle <i>Sea-Fox</i> (in Steeds-love exceeding) Without so vent'ring their dear life and lynning, Can from the Worm-clasp compass their untwining ; For, sucking-in more of the twisted hair, 290 Above the hook they it in sunder shear ; So that their foe, who for a Fish did look Lifts up a bare line robb'd of bait and hook. But timorous <i>Barbles</i> will not taste the bit, Till with their tails they have unhooked it : And all the baits the Fisher can devise Cannot beguile their wary jealousies. Even so, almost, the <i>many spotted Cuttle</i> Well-neer insnared yet escapeth suttile ; The <i>Barbel</i> . For, when she sees her selfe within the Net, 300 And no way left, but one from thence to get,	The Torpedo.	Simile.	The Scolopendra.	The Amia. The Sea-Fox.	The Barbel.	The Cuttle.
	¹ The Ozens.						

	She suddenly a certaine Ink doth spew, Which dyes the Waters of a sable hew ; That, dazling so the Fisher's greedy sight, She through the clouds of the black Water's night Might scape with honour the black streams of <i>Styx</i> , Whereof already, almost lost, she licks.		
Simile.	And, as a Prisoner (of some great transgression, Convict by witness and his own confession) Kept in dark Durance full of noysom breath, 310 Expecting nothing but the Day of Death ; Spies every corner, and pries round about To finde some weak place where he may get out :		
The Golden-eye or Guilt-head.	The delicate, cud-chewing <i>Golden-eye</i> , Kept in a Weyre, the widest space doth spy, And thrusting in his tail, makes th' Osiars gape With his oft flapping, and doth so escape : But, if his fellow finde him thus bested, He lends his tail to the imprisonéd ; That thereby holding fast with gentle jaw, 320 Him from his durance, he may friendly draw. Or, (if before that he were captivate) He see him hookéd on the biting bait, Hasting to help, he leapeth at the line, And with his teeth snaps-off the hairy twine.		
Sundry instructions that Fishes give to men.	You stony hearts, within whose stubborn Center Could never touch of sacred friendship enter, Look on these Seas my Songs have calmed thus : Here's many a <i>Damon</i> , many a <i>Theseus</i> .		
The Sparlings.	The gilden <i>Sparlings</i> , when cold Winter's blast 330 Begins to threat, themselves together cast In heaps like bals, and heating mutually, Live ; that alone, of the keen cold would dye. Those small white Fish to <i>Venus</i> consecrated, Though without <i>Venus'</i> ayd they be created Of th' Ocean scum ; seeing themselves a prey Expos'd in every Water-Rover's way, Swarming by thousands, with so many a fold Combine themselves, that their joynt strength doth hold		
	Against the greediest of the Sea-theeves' sallies ; 340 Yea, and to stay the course of swiftest Gallies.		
Simile.	As a great Carrak, cumb' red and opprest With her self's-burthen, wends not East and West, Star-boord and Lar-boord, with so quick Careers As a small Fregat, or swift Pinnass steers :		
Another.	And as a large and mighty limbéd Steed, Either of <i>Friseland</i> , or of <i>German</i> breed, Can never manage half so readily, As <i>Spanish</i> Jennet, or light <i>Barbarie</i> :		
Of the Whale and his friend <i>Mus- culus</i> .	So the huge <i>Whale</i> hath not so nimble motion, 350 As smaller Fishes that frequent the Ocean ; But sometimes rudely 'gainst a Rock he brushes, Or in some roaring straight he blindly rushes, And scarce could live a Twelve-month to an end, But for the little <i>Musculus</i> (his friend) ; A little Fish, that swimming still before, Directs him safe from Rock, from Shelf and Shore :		
Simile.	Much like a Childe that loving leads about His agéd Father when his eyes be out :		
	Still wafting him through every way so right, 360 That reft of eyes he seems not reft of sight. Waves-mother <i>Thetis</i> , though thine arms embrace The World about, within thine ample space, A firmer League of friendship is not seen Then is the <i>Pearl-Fish</i> and the <i>Prawns</i> between ; Both have but one repast, both but one Palace, But one delight, death, sorrow, and one solace : That lodgeth this, and this remunerates His Land-lord's kindness, with all needfull Cates. For, while the <i>Pearl-Fish</i> gaping wide doth glisten, 370 Much Fry (allur'd with the bright silver lustre Of her rich Casket) flocks into the <i>Nacre</i> ; Then with a prick the <i>Prawn</i> a signe doth make- her That instantly her shining shell she'll close (Because the prey worthy the pain he knows) : Which gladly done, she ev'nly shareth-out The prey betwixt her, and her faithfull scout. And so the <i>Sponge-Spy</i> , warily awakes The <i>Sponge's</i> dull sense, when repast it takes. But O ! what stile can worthily declare 380 (O ! <i>Galley-Fish</i> , and thou <i>Fish-Mariner</i> , Thou <i>Boat-Crab</i> , and <i>Sea-Urchin</i>) your dexterity In Sailer's Art, for safeness and celerity ! If <i>Jaffa</i> Merchants, now <i>Comburgers</i> seem With <i>Portugals</i> , and <i>Portugals</i> with them : If Worlds of Wealth, born under other Sky, Seem born in ours : if without wings we fly From North to South, and from the East to West, Through hundred sundry way-less wayes address : If (to be brief) this World's rich compass round, 390 Seem as a Common, without hedge or mound, Where (at his choyce) each may him freely store With rarest fruits ; You may we thank therefore. For, whether <i>Typhis</i> , or that pride of <i>Greece</i> That sayl'd to <i>Colchos</i> for the <i>Golden-feece</i> , Or <i>Belus'</i> Son, first builded floating bowrs, To mate the Winde's storms, and the Water's stowrs ; What ee'r he were, he surely learn'd of you The Art of Rowing and of Sailing too. Here would I cease save that this hum'rous song 400 The <i>Hermit-Fish</i> compels me to prolong.	Strange Leap between the <i>Pearl-Fish</i> and the <i>Prawn</i> .	
	A man of might that builds him a defence 'Gainst Weather's rigour and Warr's insolence, First dearly buyes (for, What good is good-cheap ?) Both the rich Matter and rare Workmanship : But, without buying Timber, Lime, and Stone, Or hiring men to build his Mansion, Or borrowing House, or paying Rent therefore, He lodgeth safe : for, finding on the shore Some handsome shell, whose Native Lord, of late 410 Was dispossessed by the Doom of Fate ; Therein he enters, and he takes possession Of th' empty Harbour by the free concession Of nature's Law ; who <i>Goods that owner want</i> <i>Atwaies allots to the first Occupant</i> , In this new Case, or in this Cradle (rather) He spends his Youth : then, growing both together	Also between <i>Sponge</i> and the 377- The <i>Galley-Fi</i> The <i>myth-Fish</i> <i>Boat-Crab</i> <i>Sea-Urchin</i>	
	The <i>Sea-Bird</i>		

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ture of
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In age and wit, he gets a wider Cell,
Wherein at Sea his later dayes to dwell.
But *Clio*, wherefore art thou tedious 420
In numb'ring *Neptune's* busie Burgers thus?
If in his works thou wilt admire the worth
Of the Sea's Sovereigne, bring but onely forth
One little *Fish*; whose admirable Story
Sufficeth sole to shew his might and glory.
Let all the Winds in one Winde gather them,
And (seconded with *Neptune's* strongest stream)
Let all at once blow all their stiffest gales
A-sterne a Galley under all her sails;
Let her be holpen with a hundred Owers, 430
Each lively handled by five lusty Rowers:
The *Remora*, fixing her feeble horn
Into the tempest-beaten Vessel's stern,
Stayes her stone-still, while all her stout Consorts
Saile thence at pleasure to their wishéd Ports.
Then loose they all the sheets, but to no boot:
For, the charm'd Vessell bougeth not a foot:
No more then if three fadome under ground,
A score of Anchors held her fastly bound:
No more then doth an Oak that in the Wood 440
Hath thousand tempests (thousand times) withstood;
Spreading as many massie roots belowe,
As mighty Arms above the ground do growe.
O *Stop-Ship* say, say how thou canst oppose
Thy selfe alone against so many foes?
O! tell us where thou doo'st thine Anchors hide?
Whence thou resisteth Sayls, Ow'rs, Wind, and Tide?
How on the sodain canst thou curb so short
A Ship, whom all the Elements transport?
Whence is thine Engin, and thy secret force 450
That frustrates Engins, and all force doth force?
I had (in Harbour) heav'd mine Anchor o're,
And ev'n already set one foot a-shore;
When lo, the *Dolphin*, beating 'gainst the bank,
'Gan mine oblivion moodily mis-thank.
Peace, Princely Swimmer, sacred *Fish* content thee;
For, for thy praise, th' end of this Song I meant thee.
Brave Admirall of the broad briny Regions,
Triumphant Tamer of the scaly Legions,
Who living, ever liv'st (for, never sleep, 460
Death's lively Image, in thy eyes doth creep)
Lover of Ships, of Men, of Melody,
Thou up and down through the moyst World dost
ply
Swift as a shaft; whose Salt thou lovest so,
That lacking that, thy life thou dost forgoe:
Thou (gentle Fish) wert th' happy Boat, of yore,
Which safely brought th' *Amiclean* Harp a-shore.
Arion, matchless for his Musick's skill,
Among the *Latines* having gain'd his fill
Of gold and glory, and exceeding fain 470
To re-salute his learnéd *Greece* again;
Unwares, imbarcs him in a Pyrate's ship,
Who, loath to let so good a booty slip,
Soon weighs his Anchors, packs on all his sail;
And Winds conspiring with a prosperous gale,

His wingéd Fregat made so speedy flight,
Tarentum Towers were quicly out of sight;
And all, save Skies, and Seas, on every side;
Where th' onely Compass is the Pylot's guide.
The Saylours then (whom many times we finde 480
Falsér then Seas, and fiercer then the Winde)
Fall straight to strip him, rifling (at their Pleasure)
In every corner to find out his Treasure;
And, having found it, all with one accord
Hoist th' Owner up, to heave him over-board.
Who, weeping, said, O *Nereus'* noble issue,
Not, to restore my little gold, I wish you:
For, my chiefe Treasure in my Musick lyes
(And all *Apollo's* sacred Pupils, prize
The holy Virgins of *Parnassus* so, 490
That under-foot all worldly wealth they throw.)
No (brave Triumphers over Winde and Wave,
Who in both Worlds your habitation have,
Who both Heav'n's Hooks in your adventures
view)
'Tis not for That, with broken sighes I sue:
I but beseech you, offer no impieties
Unto a person deer unto the Deities.
So may *Messenian Sirens*, for your sake,
Be ever mute when you your voyage make,
And *Triton's* Trumpet th' angry Surges swage, 500
When (justly) *Neptune* shall against you rage.
But if (alas!) I cannot this obtaine
(As my faint eye reads in your frowns too plaine)
Suffer, at least, to my sad dying voyce,
My dolefull fingers to consort their noise:
That so the Sea-Nymphs (rapt in admiration
Of my divine, sweet, sacred lamentation)
Dragging my corps to shore, with weeping shows
May dew the same, and it entoomb in flows.
Then play (said they) and give us both together 510
Treasure and pleasure by thy comming hither.
His sweetest strokes then sad *Arion* lent
Th' enchanting sinnewes of his Instrument:
Wherewith he charm'd the raging Ocean so,
That crook-tooth'd *Lampreys*, and the *Congers* row
Friendly together, and their native hate
The *Pike* and *Mullet* (for the time) forgate,
And *Lobstars* floated fear-less all the while
Among the *Polyps*, prone to theft and guile.
But among all the Fishes that did throng 520
To dance the measures of his mournfull song,
There was a *Dolphin* did the best accord
His nimble Motions to the trembling Chord:
Who, gently sliding neer the Pinnass' side,
Seem'd to invite him on his back to ride.
By this time, twice the Saylours had assayd
To heave him o're; yet twice himselfe he staid:
And now the third time strove they him to cast;
Yet by the shrowds the third time held he fast.
But lastly, seeing Pyrats past remorse, 530
And him too-feeble to withstand their force,
The trembling *Dolphin's* shoulders he bestrid;
Who on the Ocean's azure Surges slid;

So, that far-off (his charge so cheer'd him)
 One would have thought him rather fly, then swim :
 Yet fears he every Shelve and every Surge
 (Not for himselfe, but for his tender charge)
 And, sloping swiftly overthwart those Seas
 (Not for his owne but for his Rider's ease)
 Makes double haste to finde some happy strand, 540
 Where his sweet *Phabus* he may safely land.
 Mean-while, *Arion*, with his Musick rare,
 Payes his deer Pylot his delightfull Fare.
 And heaving eyes to Heav'n (the Hav'n of Pity)
 To his sweet Harp he tunes this sacred Ditty :
 O thou Almighty ! who mankinde to wrack,
 Of thousand Seas, didst whilom one Sea make,
 And yet didst save from th' universall Doom,
 One sacred Houshold, that in time to come
 (From Age to Age) should sing thy glorious praise ! 550
 Looke down (O Lord) from thy supernall rayes ;
 Look, look (alas !) upon a wretched man,
 Halfe-Toomb'd already in the Ocean,
 O ! be my Steers-man, and vouchsafe to guide
 The stern-less Boat, and bit-less Horse I ride ;
 So that, escaping Wind's and Water's wrath,
 I once again may tread my native path :
 And hence-forth, here with solemn voves I sacre
 Unto thy glory (O my God and Maker)
 For this great favour's high Memoriall, 560
 My Heart and Art, my Voyce, Hand, Harp, and all.
 Here-with, the Seas their roaring rage refrain,
 The cloudy Welkin waxed clear again,
 And all the Windes did sodainly convert
 Their mouthes to ears, to heare his wondrous Art.
 The *Dolphin* then, discreding Land (at last)
 Stormes with himselfe, for having made such haste,
 And wisht *Laconia* thousand Leagues from thence,
 T' have joy'd the while his Musick's excellence.
 But, 'fore his owne delight, preferring far 570
 Th' unhop'd safety of the Minstrell rare,
 Sets him ashore, and (which most strange may
 seem)

Where life he took, there life restoreth him.
 But now (deere *Muse*) with *Jonas* let us hie
 From the Whale's belly ; and from jeopardy
 Of stormfull Seas, of wrackfull Rocks and Sand,
 Come, come (my Darling) let us haste to Land.
 While busie, poaring downward in the Deep,
 I sing of *Fishes* (that their Quarter keep)
 See how the *Fowles* are from my fancie fled, 580
 And their high prayes quite out of my head :
 Their flight out-flies me ; and my Muse almost
 The better halfe of this bright *Day* hath lost.
 But, cheer ye, *Birds* : your shadows (as ye pass)
 Seeming to flutter on the Water's face,
 Make me remember, by their nimble turns,
 Both what my duty and your due concerns.
 But first I pray (*for meed of all my toyl*
In bringing you into this HAPPIE ILE)
 Vouchsafe to waken with your various Notes 590
 The sense-less senses of those drowaie Sots,

The second part
 of this Book,
 treating of
 Fowles.

Whose eye-lids laden with a weight of Lead
 Shall fall a-sleep the while these Rimes are read.
 But, if they could not close their wakefull eyes
 Among the Water's silent Colonies ;
 How can they sleep among the *Birds*, whose sound
 Through Heav'n, and Earth, and Ocean doth re-
 dound ?

The Heav'nly Phoenix first began to frame
 The Earthly *Phanix*, and adorn'd the same
 With such a plume, that *Phabus* circuiting 600
 From *Fes* to *Cairo*, sees no fairer thing :
 Such form, such feathers, and such Fate he gave-her,
 That fruitfull Nature breedeth nothing braver :
 Two sparkling eyes ; upon her crown a crest
 Of starrie Sprigs (more splendent then the rest),
 A golden doun about her dainty neck, 610
 Her brest deep purple, and a scarlet back,
 Her wings and train of feathers (mix'd fine)
 Of orient Azure and incarnadine.

He did appoint her Fate to be her Pheer,
 And Death's cold kisses to restore her here
 Her life again ; which never shall expire
 Untill (as she) the World consume in fire.
 For, having pass'd under divers Climes,
 A thousand Winters, and a thousand Primes ;
 Worn-out with years ; wishing her endless end,
 To shining flames she doth her life commend,
 Dies to revive, and goes into her Grave
 To rise again more beautifull and brave. 620

Perch'd, therefore, upon a branch of palm,
 With Incense, Cassia, Spiknard, Myrrh, and Balm ;
 By break of Day she builds (in narrow room)
 Her Urn, her Nest, her Cradle, and her Toomb :
 Where, while she sits all gladly-sad expecting
 Some flame (against her fragrant heap reflecting)
 To burn her sacred bones to seedfull cinders
 (Wherein, her age, but not her life, she renders) 630
 The *Phrygian* Skinker with his lavish Ewer,
 Drowns not the Fields with shower after shower ;
 The shivering *Coach-man*, with his Ycy Snowe

Dares not the Forrests of *Phanicia* strowe :
Anster presumes not *Libyan* shores to pass
 With his moist wings : and gray-beard *Boreas*
 (As the most boistrous and rebellious slave)
 Is prisoned close in th' *Hyper-Borean* Cave :
 For, Nature now propitious to her End,
 T' her living Death a helping hand doth lend :
 And, stopping all those Mouths, doth mildly sted
 Her Funerals, her fruitfull birth, and bed :
 And *Sol* himself, glancing his golden eyes 640
 On th' odoriferous Couch wherein she lies :
 Kindles the spice, and by degrees consumes
 Th' immortall *Phanix*, both her flesh and plumes.
 But instantly out of her ashes springs
 A Worm, an Egg then, then a Bird with wings,
 Just like the first (rather the same indeed)
 Which (re-ingendred of it's selfy seed)

By nobly dying a new Date begins,
 And where she loseth, there her life she wins :

Of the ador-
 able and
 Phenix.

Her descri-

610

Her life

620

Her desc-

630

640

Her re-
 tion.

	End-less by 'r End, eternall by her Tomb ; While, by a prosperous Death, she doth becom (Among the cinders of her sacred Fire) Her ownself's Heir, Nurse, Nurseling, Dam, and Sire :	650	Which, strain by strain, they studiously recite, And follow all their Mistress' Rules aright. The <i>Colchian Pheasant</i> , and the <i>Partridge</i> rare, The lustfull <i>Sparrow</i> , and the fruitfull <i>Stare</i> , The chattering <i>Fye</i> , the chastest <i>Turtle-Dove</i> , The grizel <i>Quoist</i> , the <i>Thrush</i> (that Grapes doth love,) The little <i>Gnat-snap</i> (worthy Princes' Boords) And the greene <i>Parrat</i> , fainer of our Words ; Wait on the <i>Phoenix</i> , and admire her tunes, And gaze themselves in her blew golden plumes. The ravening <i>Kite</i> , whose train doth well supply A Rudder's place, the <i>Falcon</i> mounting high, The <i>Martin</i> , <i>Lanar</i> , and the gentle <i>Tercell</i> , Th' <i>Ospray</i> , and <i>Saker</i> , with a nimble sarcell, Follow the <i>Phoenix</i> , from the Clouds (almost) At once discovering many an unknow'n Coast. In the swift Rank of these fell Rovers, flies The <i>Indian Griffin</i> with the glistening eyes, Beak <i>Eagle-like</i> , back sable, sanguin brest, White (Swan-like) wings, fierce talons alwayes prest For bloody battails ; for, with these he tears Boars, Lions, Horses, Tigres, Bulls, and Bears : With these, our Grandam's fruitfull panch he puls, Whence many an Ingot of pure Gold he culls, To floor his proud nest, builded strong and steep On a high Rock, better his thefts to keep : With these, he guards against an Army bold The hollow Mines where first he findeth Gold ; As wroth, that men upon his right should rove, Or theevish hands usurp his <i>Treasar-trove</i> . O ! ever may'st thou fight so (valiant Fowl) For this dire bane of our seduced soule : And (with thee) may the <i>Dardan</i> Ants so ward The Gold committed to their carefull Guard, That hence-forth hopeless, man's frail mind may rest her From seeking that, which doth it's Masters master. O odious poyson ! for the which we dive To <i>Pluto's</i> dark Den : for the which we rive Our Mother Earth ; and, not contented with Th' abundant gifts she outward offereth, With sacrilegious Tools we rudely rend-her, And ransack deeply in her bosom tender, While under ground we live in hourly fear When the frail Mines shall over-whelm us there : For which, beyond rich <i>Taproban</i> , we roule Through thousand Seas to seek another Pole ; And maugre Winde's and Water's enmity, We every Day new vnknow'n Worlds descry : For which (alas !) the Brother sels his Brother, The Sire his Son, the Son his Sire and Mother, The Man his Wife, the Wife her wedded Pheer, The Friend his Friend : O ! what not sell we here ? Sithence, to satiate our Gold-thirsty gall, We sell ourselves, our very soules, and all. Near these, the <i>Crow</i> his greedy wings displayes, The long-liv'd <i>Rav'n</i> , th' <i>infamous Bird</i> that layes His Bastard Egges within the nests of other, To have them hatcht by an unkindly Mother :	710 Divers other delicate and gentle Birds. Ravenous Birds. 720 730 740 Detestation of Avarice, for her execrable and dangerous effects. 750 760 Night-Fowles and solitary Birds.
rest applica-	Teaching us all, in <i>Adam</i> here to dy, That we in Christ may live eternally. The <i>Phoenix</i> , cutting th' unfrequented Aire, Forth-with is followed by a thousand pair Of wings, in th' instant by th' Almighty wrought, With divers Size, Colour, and Motion fraught.			
that follow henix, and atures.	The sent-strong <i>Swallow</i> sweepeth to and fro, As swift as shafts fly from a Turkish Bow, When (Use, and Art, and Strength confederéd) The skillfull Archer draws them to the head : Flying she sings, and singing seeketh where She more with cunning, then with cost, may rear Her round-Front Palace in a place secure, Whose plot may serve in rarest Arch'tecture : Her little beak she loads with brittle straws, Her wings with Water, and with Earth her claws ; Whereof she Morter makes and there-with-all Aptly she builde her semi-circle Wall.	660		
swallow.	The pretty <i>Lark</i> , climbing the Welkin clear, Chaunts with a cheer, <i>Heer peer-I neer my Dear</i> ; Then stooping thence (seeming her fall to rew) <i>Adieu</i> (she saith) <i>adieu, deer Deer adieu</i> . The <i>Spink</i> , the <i>Linot</i> , and the <i>Gold Finch</i> fill All the fresh Aire with their sweet warbles shrill. But, These are nothing to the <i>Nightingale</i> , Breathing so sweetly from a brest so small, So many Tunes ; whose Harmony excels Our Voyce, our Violls, and all Musick els. Good Lord ! how oft in a green Oaken Grove, In the cool shadow have I stood and strove To marry mine immortal Layes to theirs, Rapt with delight of their delicious Aiers ! And (yet) me thinks, in a thick thorn I hear A <i>Nightingale</i> to warble sweetly, cleer. One while she bears the Base, anon the Tenor, Anon the Treble, then the Counter-Tenor : Then all at once ; (as it were) challenging The rarest voices with herself to sing. Thence thirty steps, amid the leafie Sprayes, Another <i>Nightingale</i> repeats her Layes, Just Note for Note, and adds some strain at last, That she hath connéd all the Winter past : The first replies, and descants there-upon ; With divine warbles of Division, Redoubling Quavers ; And so (turn by turn) Alternately they sing away the Morn : So that the conquest in this curious strife Doth often cost the one her voyce and life : Then, the glad Victor all the rest admire, And after count her Mistress of the Quire. At break of Day, in a delicious song She sets the <i>Gam-ut</i> to a hundred yong : And, when as fit for higher Tunes she sees them, Then learnedly she harder Lessons gives them ;	670		
ark.				
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ightingale.				
		680		
		690		
		700		

- The *Skrick-Owle*, us'd in falling Towres to lodge,
Th' unlucky *Night-Rav'n* ; and thou lasie *Madge*
That, fearing light, still seekest where to hide
The hate and scorn of all the Birds beside.
- Water Fowls. But (gentle *Muse*) tell me what *Fowls* are those 770
That but even-now from flaggy Fenns arose?
'Tis th' hungry *Hern*, the greedy *Cormorant*,
The *Coot* and *Curllew*, which the moors doe haunt,
The nimble *Teal*, the *Mallard* strong in flight,
The *Di-dapper*, the *Plover* and the *Snight* :
The silver *Swan*, that dying singeth best,
And the *Kings-Fisher* ; which so buildes her nest,
By the Sea-side in midst of Winter Season,
That man (in whom shines the bright Lamp of Reason)
Cannot devise, with all the wit he has, 780
Her little building how to raise or raze :
So long as there her quiet Couch she keeps,
Sicilian Sea exceeding calmly sleeps ;
For *Eolus*, fearing to drown her brood,
Keeps home the while, and troubles not the Flood.
The Pirat (dwelling alwayes in his Bark)
In 's Calendar her building-Dayes doth mark :
And the rich Merchant resolutely ventures,
So soon as th' *Halcyon* in her brood-bed enters.
Mean-while, the *Langa*, skimming (as it were) 790
The Ocean's surface, seeketh every where
The huyg Whale ; where slipping-in (by Art)
In his vast mouth, she feeds upon his heart.
- Strange admirable Birds. NEW-SPAIN'S *Cucuo*, in his forehead brings
Two burning Lamps, two underneath his wings ;
Whose shining Rayes serve oft, in darkest night,
Th' imbroiderer's hand in royall Works to light :
Th' ingenious Turner, with a wakefull eye,
To polish fair his purest Ivory :
The Usurer to count his glistring treasures : 800
The learned Scribe to limn his golden measures.
- But note we now, towards the rich *Moluques*,
Those passing strange and wondrous (birds) *Mamuques* ;¹
(Wondrous indeed, if Sea, or Earth, or Sky,
Saw ever wonder swim, or go, or fly)
None knowes their nest, none knowes the dam that
breeds them :
Food-less they live ; for, th' Aire alonely feeds them :
Wing-less they fly ; and yet their flight extends,
Till, with their flight, their unknow'n lives'-date ends.
- Charitable Birds. The *Stork*, still eying her deer *Thessalie*, 810
The *Pelican* consorteth cheerfully :
Praise-worthy Payre : with pure examples yeeld
Of faithfull Father, and officious Childe :
Th' one quites (in time) her Parents' love exceeding,
From whom she had her birth and tender breeding,
Not onely brooding under her warm brest
'Their age-chill'd bodies bed-rid in the nest ;
Nor onely bearing them upon her back
Through th' empty Aire when their owne wings they
lack ;
- But also sparing (This let Children note) 820
Her daintiest food from her own hungry throat,
To feed at home her feeble Parents, held
From forraging, with heavie Gyves of Eld.
The other, kindly, for her tender Brood
Tears her own bowells, trilleth-out her blood
To heal her young, and in a wondrous sort
Unto her Children doth her life transport :
For, finding them by some fell Serpent slain,
She rents her brest, and doth upon them rain
Her vitall humour ; whence recovering heat, 830
They by her death, another life do get :
A Type of *Christ*, who, sin-thrall'd man to free,
Became a captive ; and on shamefull Tree
(Self-guiltless) shed his blood, by's wounds to save-us,
And salve the wounds th' old Serpent firstly gave-us :
And so became of meer immortal, mortall ;
Thereby to make frail mortall Man, immortal.
Thus do'st thou print (O Parent of this All) Lesson for
kinde, out of
consideration
the nature of
divers creat
In every brest of brutest Animall
A kind instinct, which makes them dread no less 840
Their Children's danger then their owne decease ;
That so each Kinde may last immortally,
Though th' *Individuum* pass successively.
So fights a *Lion* not for glory (then)
But for his Deer Whelps taken from his Den
By Hunters fell : He fiercely roareth out,
He wounds, he kills ; amid the thickest rout,
He rushes-in, dread-less of spears, and darts,
Swords, shafts, and staves, though hurt in thousand
parts ;
And brave-resolvéd, till his last breath lack, 850
Never gives-over, nor an inch gives-back :
Wrath salves his wounds : and lastly (to conclude)
When, over-layd with might and Multitude,
He needs must die ; dying, he more bemoanes,
Then his own death, his Captive little-Ones.
So for their young our *Masty Currs* will fight,
Eagerly bark, bristle their backs and bite.
So, in the *Deep*, the *Dog-Fish* for her Fry
Lucina's throwes, a thousand times doth try :
For, seeing when the subtle Fisher follows them, 860
Again alive into her womb she swallows them ;
And when the perill's past, she brings them thence,
As from the Cabins of a safe defence ;
And (thousand lives to their deer Parent owing)
As sound as ever in the Seas are rowing.
So doth a *Hen* make of her wings a Targe
To shield her *Chickens* that she hath in charge :
And so, the *Sparrow* with her angry bill
Defends her brood from such as would them ill.
I hear the *Crane* (if I mistake not) cry : 870 The Crane
Who in the Clouds forming the forkéd Y,
By the brave orders practiz'd under her,
Instructeth Souldiers in the Art of War.
For when her Troops of wandring Cranes forsake
Frost-firméd *Strymon*, and (in *Autumn*) take
Truce with the *Northren Dwarfs*, to seek adventure
In *Southren Climates* for a milder Winter ;

¹ With us call'd Birds of Paradise.

	A front each Band a forward Captain flies, Whose pointed Bill cuts passage through the Skies ;		Not ¹ That which flying from the furious <i>Hun</i> , In th' <i>Adrian</i> Sea another World begun. Their well-rul'd State my soule so much admires, That, durst I loose the Reins of my desires,	
	Two skilfull Sergeants keep the Ranks aright, And with their voyce hasten their tardy Flight ; And when the honey of care-charming sleep Sweetly begins through all their veines to creep, One keeps the Watch, and ever carefull-most, Walks many a Round about the sleeping Hoast, Still holding in his claw a stony clod, Whose fall may wake him if he hap to nod ; Another doth as much, a third, a fourth, Untill, by turns the night be turned forth.	88o	I gladly could digress from my designe, To sing a while their sacred Discipline : But if, of all, whose skilfull Pencils dare To counterfeit th' Almighty's Models rare, None yet durst finish that fair Piece, wherein Learnéd <i>Apelles</i> drew <i>Love's</i> wanton Queen ; Shall I presume <i>Hymetus'</i> Mount to climbe, And sing the <i>Bees'</i> praise in mine humble rime ? Which <i>Latian</i> Bards' inimitable Prince Hath warbled twice about the banks of <i>Mince</i> ?	94o
cock.	There, the fair <i>Peacock</i> beautifully brave, Proud, portly-strouting, stalking, stately-grave, Wheeling his starry Trayn, in pomp displays His glorious eyes to <i>Phabus'</i> golden rayes.	89o	Yet may I not that little <i>Worm</i> ² pass-by, Of Fly turn'd Worm, and of a Worm a Fly : Two births, two deaths, here Nature hath assign'd-her, Leaving a Post-hume (dead-alive) seed behind her ; Which soon transforms the fresh and tender leaves Of <i>Thisbe's</i> pale Tree, to those slender sleeves (On oval clews) of soft, smooth, <i>Silken</i> flakes ; Which more for us, then for herself, she makes. O precious fleece ! which onely did adorn The sacred loyns of Princes heretofore :	95o
ock.	Close by his side stands the couragious <i>Cock</i> , Crest-people's King, the Peasant's trusty Clock, True Morning Watch, <i>Aurora's</i> Trumpeter, The Lyon's terror, true Astronomer, Who daily riseth when the Sun doth rise ; And when <i>Sol</i> setteth then to roost he hies.		But our proud Age, with prodigall abuse, Hath so profan'd the old honourable use, That Shifters now, who scarce have bread to eat, Disdain plain <i>Silk</i> , unless it be beset With one of those deer Metals ; whose desire Burns greedy soules with an immortall Fire. Though last, not least ; brave <i>Eagle</i> no contempt Made me so long thy story hence exempt ; (<i>Nor LESS-EX told shall thy true vertues be,</i> <i>For th' Eyrie's sake that ownes my Muse and me :</i> <i>Where Jov's and Juno's stately Birds be billing,</i> <i>Their Azure Field with fairest Eaglets filling</i> <i>(Azure they bear three Eaglets Argentine,</i> <i>A Cheuron Ermin graild Or between).</i> Wilt CHieftie RICHess, to THem all I wish <i>In Earth ; in Heav'n th' immortall Crown of Bliss.</i>) For, well I know, thou holdest (worthily) That place among the Aëry flocks that fly, As doth the <i>Dragon</i> , or the <i>Cochatrice</i> Among the banefull Creeping Companies :	96o
stridge.	There, I perceive amid the flowry Plain The mighty <i>Estridge</i> , striving oft in vain To mount among the flying multitude, (Although with feathers, not with flight indu'd), Whose greedy stomach steely gads digests ; Whose crispéd train adorns triumphant crests. Thou happy Witness of my happy Watches, Blush not (my book) nor think it thee mismatches, To bear about upon thy paper-Tables, <i>Flies, Butterflies, Gnats, Bees</i> , and all the rabbles Of other <i>Insects</i> (endless to rehearse)	90o	The noble <i>Lion</i> among savage beasts ; And gentle <i>Dolphin</i> 'mong the Dying guests. I know thy course ; I know, thy constant sight Can fixly gaze against Heav'n's greatest Light. But, as the <i>Phoenix</i> on my Front doth glisten, Thou shalt the Finials of my Frame illustre. On <i>Thracian</i> shore, of the same stormy stream Which did inherit both the bones and name Of <i>Phryxus'</i> Sister (and not far from thence Where love-blind <i>Hero's</i> hap-less diligence, Instead of <i>Love's</i> lamp, lighted <i>Death's</i> cold brand, To waft <i>Leander's</i> naked limbs to land)	98o
sects, in the on whereof adome of Maker h admir-	Limn'd with the pencill of my various Verse : Sith these are also his Workmanships Whose fame did never obscure Work eclipse : And sith in These he shows us every howr More wondrous proofs of his Almighty powr Then in huge Whales, or hideous Elephants, Or whatsoever other Monster haunts In Storm-less Seas, raising a storm about, While in the Sea another Sea they spout. For, if old times admire <i>Callicrates</i> For Ivory <i>Emmets</i> ; and <i>Mermicides</i> For framing of a riggéd Ship, so small That with her wings a <i>Bee</i> can hide it all, (Though th' Artfull fruits of all their curious pain, Fit for no use, were but inventions vain) Admire we then th' all-wise Omnipotence, Which doth within so narrow space dispence So stiff a sting, so stout and valiant heart, So loud a voyce, so prudent Wit and Art.	91o		
res.	For, where's the State beneath the Firmament, That doth excell the <i>Bees</i> for Government ? No, no : bright <i>Phabus</i> , whose eternal Race Once every Day about the World doth pace, Sees here no Citie, that in Rites and Laws (For Equitie) neer to their Justice draws :	92o		
es.		93o		

¹ Venice.

² The Silkworm.

A strange and notable story of the love and death of an Eagle.

There dwelt a Maid, as noble, and as rich,
As fair as *Hero*, but more chaste by much :
For, her steel brest still blunted all the Darts
Of *Paphos*' Archer, and eschew'd his Arts.

One day, this Damsell through a Forrest thick
Hunting among her Friends (that sport did seek)
Unto a steep Rock's thorny-thrumméd top
(Where, one (almost) would fear to clamber up)
Two tender *Eaglets* in a nest espies, 1000
Which 'gainst the Sun sate trying of their eyes ;
Whose callow backs and bodies round about
With soft short quilts began to bristle out ;
Who yawning wide, with empty gorge did gape
For wonted fees out of their Parents' rape.
Of these two *Fowls* the fairest up she takes
Into her bosome, and great haste she makes
Down from the Rock, and shivering yet for fear
Trips home as fast as her light feet can bear :
Even as a wolf, that hunting for a prey, 1010
And having stoln (at last) some Lamb away ;
Flies with down-hanging head, and leareth back
Whether the Mastife doo pursue his track.

In time, this *Eagle* was so throughly mann'd,
That from the Quarry to her Mistress' hand
At the first call 't would come ; and fawn upon-her,
And bill and bow, in signe of love and honour :
On th' other side, the Maiden makes as much
Of her deer Bird ; stroaking with gentle touch
Her wings and train, and with a wanton voyce 1020
It wantonly doth cherish and rejoyce :
And (pretty fondling) she doth prize it higher
Then her owne beauties ; which all else admire.

But (as fell Fates mingle our single joyes,
With bitter gall of infinite annoyes)
An extream Fever vext the Virgin's bones
(By one disease to cause two deaths at once)
Consum'd her flesh, and wanly did displace
The Rose-mixt-Lillies in her lovely face.
Then far'd the *Fowl* and *Fairest* both alike ; 1030
Both like tormented, both like shivering sick ;
So that, to note their passions, one would gather
That *Lachesis* spun both their lives together.
But oft the *Eagle*, striving with her Fit,
Would fly abroad to seek some dainty bit
For her deer Mistress : and with nimble wing,
Some *Rail*, or *Quail*, or *Partridge* would she bring ;
Paying with food, the food receiv'd so oft,
From those fair Ivory, Virgin-fingers soft, 1040
During her nonage, yer she durst assay
To cleave the sky, and for her selfe to prey.

The Fever now with spitefull fits had spent
The blood and marrow of this Innocent,
And Life resign'd to cruell death her right ;
Who three dayes after doth the Eagle cite.

The fearfull Hare durst now frequent the Down ;
And round about the Wals of *Hero's* Town,
The Tercel-gentle, and swift Falcon flew,
Dread-less of th' *Eagle* that so well they knew :
For she (alas !) lies on her Ladies' bed, 1050
Still-sadly mourning ; though a-live, yet dead :
For, O ! how should she live sith Fatall knife
Hath cut the thread of her live's dearest life ?
O're the deer Corps somtimes her wings she
hovers,

Somtimes the dead brest with her brest she covers,
Somtimes her neck doth the pale neck embrace,
Somtimes she kisses the cold lips and face ;
And with sad murmurs she lamenteth so,
That her strange moan augments the parents' wo.
Thrice had bright *Phæbus*' daily Chariot run 1060
Past the proud *Pillars* of *Alcmanas*' son,
Since the fair Virgin past the fatall Ferrey
Where (lastly) Mortals leave their burthens weary ;
And yet this dolefull Bird, drown'd in her tears,
All comfort-less, Rest and Repast forbears :
So much (alas !) she seemeth to contend
Her life and sorrows both at once to end.

But lastly, finding all these means too-weak,
The quick dispatch, that she did wish, to wreak ;
With ire and anguish both at once enraged, 1070
Unnaturally her proper brest she gaged,
And tears her bowels, storming bitterly
That all these deaths could yet not make her dy.

But, loe the while, about the lightsome door
Of th' hap-less house, a mournfull troop that bore
Black on their back and Tapers in their fists,
Tears on their cheeks, and sorrow in their breasts ;
Who, taking up the sacred Load (at last)
Whose happy soule already Heav'n embrac't ;
With shrill, sad cries, march toward the fatall
Pile 1080

With solemn pace : The silly Bird, the while,
Following far-off, her bloody entrails trails ;
Honouring, with convoy, two sad Funerals.
No sooner had the Ceremonie's Flame
Embrac't the body of her tender Dame,
But suddenly, distilling all with blood,
Down soust the *Eagle* on the blazing wood :
Nor boots the *Flamine*, with his sacred wand,
A hundred times to beat her from her stand :
For, to the midst still of the *Pile* she plies ; 1090
And, singing sweet her Ladie's Obsequies,
There burns herselfe, and blendeth, happily,
Her bones with hers she lov'd so tenderly.

O happy Pair ! upon your sable Toomb,
May *Mel* and *Manna* ever showing come ;
May sweetest Myrtles ever shade your *Herse*,
And evermore live you within my *Verse*.

*So Morne and Evening the Fifth Day conclude,
And God perceiv'd that All his Works were good.*



THE SIXTH DAY OF THE FIRST WEEKE.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Inviting all, which through this World, aspire
Unto the next, God's glorious Works t' admire ;
Here, on the Stage, our noble Poet brings
Beasts of the Earth, Cattell, and creeping things ;
Their hurt and help to us : The strange events
Between Androdus, and the Forrest Prince.
The little-world (Commander of the greater)
Why form'd last : his admirable feature :
His Heav'n-born Soule ; her wond'rous operation : 10
His dearest Rib ; All Creatures' generation.*

An exhortation to all which through the Pilgrimage of this life, tend toward the everlasting City, to consider well the excellent works of God, here represented by our Poet.

YOU Pilgrims, which (through this world's City) wend
Toward th' happy City, where withouten end
True joyes abound ; to anchor in the Port
Where Death's pale horrors never do resort :
If you will see the fair Amphitheaters,
Th' Arke, Arcenels, Towrs, Temples, and Theaters,
Colosses, Cirque, Pyles, Ports, and Palaces
Proudly dispers'd in your passages ;
Come, come with me : for, there's not any part 20
In this great Frame where shineth any Art,
But I will show 't you. Are you weary, since ?
What ! tyr'd so soon ? Why will you not (my friends)
Having already ventur'd forth so far
On *Neptun's* back (through Winde's and Water's war)
Rowe yet a stroak, the Harbour to recover,
Whose shores already my glad eyes discover ?
Almighty Father guide, their guide along,
And pour upon my faint influent tongue
The sweetest hony of th' *Hyantian* Fount, 30
Which freshly purlith from the Muses' Mount,
With the sweet charm of my victorious Verse ;
Tame furious Lions, Bears, and Tigers fierce ;
Make (all the while) Beasts, laying fury by,
To come with Homage to my Harmony.

OF ALL THE Beasts which thou *This-Day* didst The Day build,

To haunt the Hills, the Forrest, and the Field,
I see (as Vice-Roy of their Brutish Band)
The *Elephant*, the Vant-guard doth command :
Worthy that Office ; whether we regard 40
His Tower'd back, where many Souldiers ward :
Or else his Prudence, wherewithall he seems
T' obscure the wits of human-kinde somtimes :
As studious Scholar, he self-rumineth
His lessons giv'n, his King he honoureth,
Adores the Moon : mov'd with strange desire
He feels the sweet flames of the *Idalian* fire,
And (pierc't with glance of a kinde-cruell eye)
For humane beauty, seems to sigh and dye.
Yea (if the *Gracians* doe not mis-recite) 50
With 's crookéd trumpet he doth somtimes write.
But, his huge strength, or subtile Wit, cannot
Defend him from the sly *Rhinocerot* :
Who (never with blinde fury led) doth venter
Upon his Foe, but (yer the lists he enter) 60
Against a Rock he whetteth round about
The dangerous pike upon his arméd snout :
Then buckling close, doth not (at ranson) hack
On the hard Cuirass on his Enemy's back ;
But under's belly (cunning) findes a skin,
Where (and but there) his sharpned blade will in.
The scaly *Dragon*, being else too lowe
For th' *Elephant*, up a thick Tree doth goe ;
So, closely ambusht almost every Day,
To watch the Carry-Castle in his way :
Who, once approaching straight his stand he leaves,
And round about him he so closely cleaves
With 's wrything body ; that his Enemy 80
(His stinging knots unable to un-tie)
Hastes to some Tree, or to some Rock, whereon
To rush and rub-off his detested zone ;

His comb
the Rhinoc

His comb
the Dragon

<p>The fell imbraces of whose dismal clasp Have almost brought him to his latest gasp. Then suddenly, the <i>Dragon</i> slips his hold From th' <i>Elephant</i>, and sliding down, doth fold About his fore-legs, fetter'd in such order, That stockéd there he now can stir no further ; While th' <i>Elephant</i> (but to no purpose) strives With 's winding Trunk t' undoe his wounding gyves, His furious foe thrusts in his nose, his nose, 80 Then head and all ; and there-withall doth close His breathing passage : but, his victory He joyes not long ; for his huge Enemy Falling down dead, doth with his weighty Fall Crush him to death, that caus'd his death withall : Like factious <i>French-men</i>, whose fell hands pursue In their own brests their furious blades t' embrew, While pittie-less, hurried with blinded zeal, In their own blood they bath their Common-weal ; When as at <i>Dreux</i>, <i>S. Denis</i>, and <i>Mountcounter</i>, 90 Their parricidiall bloody swords encounter ; Making their Country (as a Tragick Tomb) T' enter th' Earth's terror in their hap-less womb. <i>Or, like our own (late) YORK and LANCASTER,</i> <i>Ambitious broachers of that Viper-War ;</i> <i>Which did the womb of their own Dam devour,</i> <i>And spoil'd the freshest of fair ENGLAND'S Flower ;</i> <i>When (WHITE and RED) ROSE against ROSE, they</i> <i>stood,</i> <i>Brother 'gainst Brother, to the knees in blood :</i> <i>While Wakefield, Barnet, and S. Alban's streets</i> 100 <i>Were drunk with deer blood of PLANTAGENETS :</i> <i>Where, either Conquer'd, and yet neither won ;</i> <i>Sith, by them both, was but their own undone.</i> Near th' <i>Elephant</i>, comes th' hornéd <i>Hirable</i>,¹ Stream-troubling <i>Camell</i>, and strong-neckéd <i>Bull</i>, The lazy-pacéd (yet laborious) <i>Asse</i>, The quick, proud <i>Courser</i>, which the rest doth passe For apt address ; <i>Mars</i> and his Master loving, After his hand with ready lightness moving : This, out of hand, will self advance, and bound, 110 Corvet, pase, manage, turn, and trot the Round : That, followes loose behind the Groom that keeps-him ; This, kneeleth down the while his Master leaps-him : This runs on Corn-Ears, and ne'r bends their quills ; That on the Water, and ne'r wets his heels. In a fresh Troup, the fearfull <i>Hare</i> I note, Th' oblivious <i>Conney</i>, and the brouzing <i>Goat</i>, The sloathfull <i>Swine</i>, the golden-fleeced <i>Sheep</i>, The light-foot <i>Hart</i>, which every yeer doth weep (As a sad Recluse) for his branched head, 120 That in the Spring-time he before hath shed. O ! what a sport, to see a Heard of them Take soyl in Summer in some spacious stream ! One swims before, another on his chine, Nigh half-upright, doth with his brest incline ;</p>	<p>On that, another ; and so all do ride Each after other : and still, when their guide Growes to be weary, and can leade no more, He that was hindmost comes and swims before : Like as in Cities, still one Magistrate 130 Bears not the Burthen of the common state ; But having past his Yeer, he doth discharge On others' shoulders his sweet-bitter charge. But, of all Beasts, none steadeth Man so much Dog. As doth the <i>Dog</i> ; his diligence is such : A faithfull Guard, a watchfull Sentinell, A painfull Purveyor, that, with perfect smell, Provides great Princes many a dainty mess ; A friend till death, a helper in distress, Dread of the Wolf, Fear of the fearfull Thief, 140 Fierce Combatant, and of all Hunters chief. There skips the <i>Squirrill</i>, seeming Weather-wise, Squirrill. Without beholding of Heav'n's twinkling eyes : For, knowing well which way the Winde will change, He shifts the portall of his little Grange. There's th' wanton <i>Weasell</i>, and the wily <i>Fox</i>, Weasell. The witty <i>Monkey</i>, that man's action mocks ; Fox. The sweet-sweet <i>Civit</i>, deerly fetcht from far Monkey. For Courtiers nice, past <i>Indian Tarnassar</i>. Civit Cat There, the wise <i>Bever</i>, who, pursu'd by foes, 150 Bever or Bezar. Tears-off his codlings, and among them throwes, Knowing that Hunters on the <i>Pontick Heath</i> Doe more desire that ransom, then his death. There the rough <i>Hedg-hog</i> ; who, to shun his thrall, Hedg-hog. Shrinks up himselfe as round as any Ball ; And fastning his slowe feet under his chin, On's thistly bristles rowles him quickly in. But th' eye of Heav'n beholdeth nought more strange Chameleon. Then the <i>Chameleon</i>, who with various change Receives the colour that each object gives, 160 And (food-less else) of th' Aire alonely lives. My blood congeales, my sudden swelling brest Can hardly breath, with chill cold cakes opprest ; My haire doth stare, my bones for fear do quake, My colour changes, my sad heart doth shake : And, round about 'Death's Image (gastly-grim) Before mine eyes all-ready seems to swim. O ! who is he that would not be astound, To be (as I am) heer environ'd round With cruell'st Creatures, which for Mastery, 170 Creatures Vene- Have vow'd against us end-less Enmity ? mous, and offen- <i>Phabus</i> would faint, <i>Alcides</i> selfe would dread, sive to man. Although the first drad <i>Python</i> conqueréd, And th' other vanquisht th' <i>Erymanthian Boar</i>, The <i>Nemean Lion</i> and a many more. What strength of arm, or Art-full stratagem, From <i>Nile's</i> fell Rover could deliver them, Who runs, and rowes, warring by Land and Water The Crocodile. 'Gainst men and Fishes subject to his slaughter ? Or from the furious <i>Dragon</i>, which alone 180 Dragon. Set-on a Roman Army ; whereupon Stout <i>Regulus</i> as many Engines spent, As to the ground would <i>Carthage</i> wals have rent ?</p>
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¹ Alias *Cyrraffe*, alias *Anabula* : an Indian Sheep, or a wilde Sheep.

Aspick.	<p>What shot-free Corslet, or what counsell crafty, 'Gainst th' angry <i>Aspick</i> could assure them safety? Who (faithfull Husband) over Hill and Plain Pursues the man that his dear Pheer hath slain ; Whom he can finde amid the thickest throng, And, in an instant, 'venge him of his wrong. What shield of <i>Ajax</i> could avoid their death</p>	190	<p>" Well knowing, Conquest yeelds but little Honour, " If bloody Danger doe not wait upon her.</p>	God hath us at comity and themselves.	
Basilisk.	<p>By th' <i>Basilisk</i> whose pestilentiall breath Doth pierce firm Marble, and whose banefull eye Wounds with a glance, so that the soundest dye.</p>	190	<p>O gracious Father ! th' hast not onely lent Prudence to Man, the Perils to prevent, Wherewith these foes threaten his feeble life : But (for his sake) hast set at mutuall strife <i>Serpents</i> with <i>Serpents</i>, and hast rais'd them foes Which, unprovokéd, felly them oppose.</p>	250 The <i>Viper</i> Scorpion vie their young.	
Why God created such noysome and dangerous crea- tures : Sin the oc- casion of the hurt they can doe us.	<p>Lord ! if so be, thou for mankinde didst rear This rich round Mansion (glorious every where) Alas ! why didst thou on <i>This-Day</i> create These harmful Beasts, which but exasperate Our thorny life? O ! wert thou pleas'd to form Th' innammel'd <i>Scorpion</i>, and the <i>Viper</i>-worm, Th' horned <i>Cerastes</i>, th' <i>Alexandrian Shink</i>, Th' <i>Adder</i>, and <i>Drynas</i> (full of odious stink) Th' <i>Eft</i>, <i>Snake</i>, and <i>Dipsas</i> (causing deadly Thirst) : Why hast thou arm'd them with a rage so curst?</p>	200	<p>Thou mak'st th' ingratefull <i>Viper</i> (at his birth) His dying Mother's belly to gnaw forth : Thou mak'st the <i>Scorpion</i> (greedy after food) Unnaturally devour his proper brood : Whereof, one scaping from the Parent's hunger, With 's death doth vengeance on his brethren's wronger : Thou mak'st the <i>Weasell</i>, by a secret might, Murder the <i>Serpent</i> with the murdering sight : Who so surpris'd, striving in wrathfull manner, Dying himself, kilts with his bane his Banner.</p>	The <i>Weasel</i> against the <i>Basilisk</i> .	
Simile.	<p>Pardon, good God, pardon me ; t' was our pride, Not Thou, that troubled our first happy tide, And, in the Childehood of the World, did bring Th' <i>Amphisbena</i>, her double banefull sting. Before that <i>Adam</i> did revolt from Thee, And (curious) tasted of the <i>sacred Tree</i>, He livéd King of <i>Eden</i>, and his brow</p>	210	<p>Thou mak'st th' <i>Ichneumon</i> (whom the <i>Memphs</i> adore) To rid of Poysons <i>Nile's</i> manuréd shore ; Although (indeed) he doth not conquer them So much by strength as subtle stratagem. As he that (urg'd with deep indignity) By a proud Challenge doth his foe defie, Premeditates his posture and his play, And arms himself so compleat every way (With wary hand guided with watchfull eye, And ready foot to traverse skilfully)</p>	The <i>Ichneumon</i> against the <i>Wren</i> pack.	
God hath given us wisdome to avoid and vanquish them.	<p>Was never blancht with pallid fear, as now : The fiercest Beasts, would at his word, or beck, Bow to his yoke their self-obedient neck ; As now the ready <i>Horse</i> is at command To the good Rider's spur, or word, or wand ; And doth not wildely his own will perform, But his that rules him with a steady arm. Yea, as forgetfull of so foule offence, Thou left'st him (yet) sufficient wisdome, whence He might subdue, and to his service stoop</p>	220	<p>That the Defendant, in the heat of fight, Findes no part open for his blade to light : So <i>Pharaoh's</i> Rat, yer he begin the fray 'Gainst the blinde <i>Aspick</i>, with a cleaving Clay Upon his coat he wraps an earthen Cake, Which, afterward, the Sun's hot beams doe bake : Arm'd with this Plaister, th' <i>Aspick</i> he approacheth, And in his throat his crookéd tooth he brocheth ; While th' other boot-less strives to pierce and prick Through the hard temper of his armour thick : Yet, knowing himself too-weak (for all his wile) Alone to match the scaly <i>Crocodile</i> ; Hee, with the <i>Wren</i>, his ruine doth conspire.</p>	270	The <i>Ichneumon</i> the <i>Wren</i> of the <i>Crocodile</i>
	<p>Of all the creatures through the Welking gliding, Walking on Earth, or in the Waters sliding, Th' hast arméd some with Poyson, some with Paws, Some with sharp Antlers, some with griping Claws, Some with keen Tushes, some with crookéd Beaks, Some with thick Cuirets, some with scaly Necks ; But mad'st Man naked, and for Weapons fit Thou gav'st him nothing but a pregnant Wit ; Which rusts and duls, except it subject finde Worthy it's worth, whereon itself to grinde ; And (as it were) with envious armies great, Be round about besieged and beset.</p>	230	<p>Hee, with the <i>Wren</i>, his ruine doth conspire. The <i>Wren</i>, who seeing (prest with sleep's desire) <i>Nile's</i> poys'ny Pirate press the slimy shore ; Suddenly comes, and hopping him before, Into his mouth he skips, his teeth he pickles, Cleanseth his palate, and his throat so tickles, That, charm'd with pleasure, the dull <i>Serpent</i> gapes Wider and wider with his ugly chaps : Then, like a shaft th' <i>Ichneumon</i> instantly Into the Tyrant's greedy gorge doth flie, And feeds upon that Glutton, for whose Riot All <i>Nile's</i> fat margents scarce could furnish diet.</p>	280	The <i>Ichneumon</i> the <i>Wren</i> of the <i>Crocodile</i>
	<p>For, what boot <i>Milo's</i> brawny Shoulders broad, And sinnewie Arms, if but a common load He alwaies bear? what Bayes, or Olive boughs, Parsley, or Pine, shall crown his warlike brows, Except some other <i>Milo</i>, entring Lists, Couragiously his boasted strength resists? " In deepest perils shineth Wisdome's prime : " Through thousand deaths true Valour seeks to clime ;</p>	240	<p>Nay, more, good Lord, th' hast taught Mankind a Reason To draw Life out of Death, and Health from Poyson : So that in equall Balance balancing The Good and Evil which these Creatures bring Unto man's life, we shall perceive, the first By many grains to over-weigh the worst.</p>	God hath us to make use of them	

From Serpents 'scap't, yet am I scarce in saf'ty : 300
 Alas ! I see a Legion fierce and lofty
 Of *Savages*, whose fleet and furious pase,
 Whose horrid roaring, and whose hideous face
 Make my sense sense-less, and my speech restrain,
 And cast me in my former fears again.
 Already howls the waste-full *Wolf*, the *Boar*
 Whets foamy Fangs, the hungry *Bear* doth roar,
 The Cat-fac'd *Ounce*, that doth me much dismay,
 With grumbling horror threatens my decay ;
 The light-foot *Tigre*, spotted *Leopard*, 310
 Foaming with fury, doe besiege me hard :
 Then th' *Unicorn*, th' *Hyena* tearing-tombs,
 Swift *Mantichor*, and *Nubian Cephus* coms :
 Of which last three, each hath, (as here they stand)
 Man's voice, Man's visage, Man-like foot and hand.
 I fear the Beast bred in the bloody Coast
 Of *Cannibals*, which thousand times (almost)
 Re-whelps her whelps, and in her tender womb
 She doth as oft her living brood re-tomb.
 But O ! what Monster 's this that bids me battell, 320
 On whose rough back an Hoast of Pikes doth rattle,
 Who string-less shoots so many arrowes out,
 Whose thorny sides are hedged round about
 With stiff steel-pointed quills, and all his parts
 Bristled with Bodkins, arm'd with Auls and Darts,
 Which ay fierce darting, seem still fresh to spring,
 And to his aid still new supplies to bring ?
 O fortunate Shaft-never-wanting Bow-man !
 Who, as thou fleest, canst hit thy following foe-man,
 And never missest (or but very narrow) 330
 Th' intended mark of thy self's-kindred Arrow :
 Who, still self-furnisht, needest borrow never
Diana's shafts, nor yet *Apollo's* quiver,
 Nor bow-strings fetcht from *Carian Aleband*,
 Brazell from *Peru* ; but hast all at hand
 Of thine own growth ; for in thy Hide doe growe
 Thy String, thy Shafts, thy Quiver, and thy Bow.
 But (Courage now.) Here coms the valiant
 on King of
 Beast,
 The noble *Lion*, King of all the rest ;
 Who, bravely minded, is as milde to those 340
 That yeeld to him, as fierce unto his foes :
 To humble suiters neither stern nor statefull,
 To benefactours never found ingratefull.
 I call to record that same *Roman* Thrall,
 Who (to escape from his mechanicall
 And cruell Master that (for lucre) us'd him
 Not, as a Man ; but, as a Beast, abus'd him)
 Fled through the desert, and, with travell tir'd,
 At length into a mossie cave retir'd :
 But there, no sooner 'gan the drowsy wretch 350
 On the soft grass his weary limbs to stretch ;
 But, comming swift into the cave, he seeth
 A ramping *Lion* gnashing of his teeth.
 A thief, to shamefull execution sent
 By *Justice*, for his fault's just punishment,
 Feeling his eyes' clout, and his elbowes' cord,
 Waiting for nothing but the fatall Sword ;

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Dies yer his death, he looks so certainly
 Without delay in that drad place to Die :
 Even so the Slave, seeing no means to shun 360
 (By flight or fight) his fear'd destruction
 (Having no way to flee, nor arms to fight,
 But sighs and tears, prayers and wofull plight)
 Embraceth Death ; abiding, for a stown,
 Pale, cold, and sense-less, in a deadly swown.
 At last, again his courage 'gan to gather,
 When he perceiv'd no rage (but pity rather)
 In his new Hoast ; who with milde looks and meek
 Seem'd (as it were) succour of him to seek,
 Shewing him oft one of his paws, wherein 370
 A festring thorn for a long time had been.
 Then (though still fearfull) did the Slave draw nigher,
 And from his foot he lightly snatcht the bryer ;
 And wringing gently with his hand the wound,
 Made th' hot impostume run upon the ground.
 Thenceforth the *Lion* seeks for Booties best
 Through hill and dale, to cheer his new-come
 Guest,
 His new Physician ; who, for all his cost,
 Soon leaves his lodging, and his dreadfull Hoast,
 And once more wanders through the wilderness, 380
 Whither his froward Fortune would address ;
 Untill (re-ta'en) his fell Lord brought him home,
 For Spectacle unto Imperiall *Rome*,
 To be (according to their barbarous Laws)
 Bloodily torn with greedy *Lion's* paws.
 Fell *Cannibal* ! Flint-hearted *Polyphem* !
 If thou would'st needs exactly torture him
 (Inhumane Monster, hatefull *Lestrigon*)
 Why from thine own hand hast thou let him gon,
 To bears and *Lions* to be giv'n for prey, 390
 Thy self more fell, a thousand-fold then they ?
African Panthers, *Hyrcan Tigres* fierce,
Cleonian Lions, and *Pannonian Bears*,
 Be not so cruell, as who violates
 Sacred Humanity, and cruciates
 His loyall subjects ; making recreations
 Of Massacres, Combats, and sharp taxations.
 'Bove all the Beasts that fill'd the *Martian Field*
 With blood and slaughter, one was most beheld ;
 One valiant *Lion*, whose victorious fights 400
 Had conquer'd hundreds of those guilty wights,
 Whose feeble skirmish had but striv'n in vain
 To 'scape by combat their deserved pain.
 That very Beast, with faint and fearfull feet,
 This Runnagate (at last) is forc't to meet ;
 And beeing entred in the bloody List,
 The *Lion* rowz'd and ruffles-up his Crest,
 Shortens his body, sharpens his grim eye,
 And (staring wide) he roareth hideously :
 Then often swindging, with his sinnewy train, 410
 Sometimes his sides, sometimes the dusty plain,
 He whets his rage and strongly rampeth on
 Against his foe ; who, nigh already gon
 To drink of *Lethé*, lifeth to the Pole
 Religious vows ; nor for his life, but soule.

	After the Beast had marcht some twenty paze, He sodain stops : and, viewing well the face Of his pale foe, remembred (rapt with joy) That this was he that easéd his annoy :		
	Wherefore, converting from his hatefull wildeness From pride to pitie, and from rage to mildeness, On his bleak face he both his eyes doth fix ; Fawning for homage, his lean hands he licks. The Slave, thus knowing, and thus being known, Lifts to the Heav'ns his front, now hoary growne, And (now no more fearing his tearing paws) He stroaks the Lion, and his poule he claws, And learns by proof, that <i>A good turn at need,</i> <i>At first or last, shall be assur'd of need.</i>	490	
<i>Noce teipsum.</i>	THER's under Sun (as <i>Delphos</i> God did show) No better knowledge then <i>Our selfe to Know</i> : There is no Theam more plentifull to scan, Then is the glorious goodly frame of MAN : For, in man's self is Fire, Aire, Earth and Sea ; Man's (in a word) the World's <i>Epitomie</i> Or little Map ; which here my Muse doth try By the grand Patern to exemplifie.	430	
The second part of the sixth book : Wherein is dis- coursed at large of the creation of Man.	A witty Mason, doth not (with rare Art) Into a Palace, <i>Paros</i> Rocks convert, Seel it with gold, and to the Firmament Raise the proud Turrets of his Battlement, And (to be briefe) in every part of it Beauty to Use, Use unto Beauty fit, To th' end the Skrich-Owl, and Night-Raven should In those fair walls their habitations hold ; But rather, for some wise and wealthy Prince Able to judge of his art's excellence : Even so, the Lord built not this All-Theater, For the rude guests of Aire, and Woods, and Water ;	440	
And of the won- ders of God's wis- dome, appearing both in his Body and Soule.	But, all for Him, who (whether he survey The vast salt kingdoms, or th' Earth's fruitfull clay, Or cast his eyes up to those twinkling Eyes That with disorderd order gild the Skies) Can every-where admire with due respect Th' admiréd Art of such an Architect. Now of all Creatures which his Word did make, MAN was the last that living breath did take : Not that he was the least ; or that God durst Not undertake so noble a Work at first : Rather, because he should have made in vain So great a Prince, without on whom to Reign.	450	
The world made for Man.	A wise man never brings his bidden Guest Into his Parlour, till his Room be drest, Garnisht with Lights ; and Tables, neatly spred, Be with full dishes well-nigh furnishéd : So our great God, who (bounteous) ever keeps Here open Court, and th' ever-bound-less Deeps Of sweetest <i>Nectar</i> on us still distills By twenty-times ten thousand sundry quills ; Would not our Grandsire to his Boord invite, Yer he with Arras his fair house had dight, And, under starry State-Clothes plac't his plates Fill'd with a thousand sugred delicates.	460	
Man was created last and why.			
Fit comparison.			
	All th' admirable Creatures made beforne, Which Heav'n, and Earth, and Ocean doe adorn, Are but Essays, compar'd in every part, To this divinest Master-Piece of Art. Therefore the supreme peer-less Architect, When (of meer nothing) he did first erect Heav'n, Earth, and Aire, and Seas ; at once his Thought,	480	All other out nothing is of Man, but the Image of with (as it great person not all at once but by insin- first his Body then his man- able Soule.
	His Word, and Deed, all in an instant wrought : But, when he would his own self's Type create, Th' honour of Nature, th' Earth's sole Potentate ; As if he would a Councell hold, he citeth His sacred Power ; his Prudence he inviteth, Summons his Love ; his Justice he adjourns, Callesh his Goodness, and his Grace returns ; To (as it were) consult about the birth And building of a second God, of Earth ; And each (a-part) with liberal hand to bring Some excellence unto so rare a thing. Or rather, he consults with 's onely Son (His own true Pourtrait) what proportion, What gifts, what grace, what soule he shoulde bestow Upon his <i>Vice-Roy</i> of this Realm below. When th' other things God fashion'd in their kind, The Sea t' abound in Fishes he assign'd, The Earth in Flocks : but, having Man in hand His very self he seeméd to command. He both at-once both life and body lent To other things ; but when in Man he meant In mortall limbs immortall life to place, He seem'd to pawse, as in a weighty case : And so at sundry moments finishéd The Soule and Body of Earth's glorious Head. Admiréd Artist, Architect divine, Perfect and peer-less in all Works of thine, So my rude hand on this rough Table guide To paint the prince of all thy Works beside, That grave Spectators, in his face may spie Apparent marks of thy Divinity.	490	Gen. 1. 16
	Almighty Father, as of watery matter It pleas'd thee make the people of the Water : So, of an earthly substance mad'st thou all The slimie Burgers of this Earthly Ball ; To th' end each Creature might (by consequent) Part-sympathize with his own Element. Therefore, to form thine Earthly Emperour, Thou tookest Earth, and by thy sacred power So tempered'st it, that of the very same Dead shape-less lump didst <i>Adam's</i> body frame : Yet, not his Face down to the Earth-ward bending (Like Beasts that but regard their belly, ending For ever all) but toward th' Azure Skyes : Bright golden Lamps lifting his lovely Eyes ; That through their nerves, his better part might look Still to that place from whence her birth she took.	500	510
	Also thou plantest th' Intellectuall Pow'r In th' highest stage of all this stately Bow'r, That thence it might (as from a Cittadell) Command the members that too-oft rebell	530	Man's body created of a dust of the I
			His Head seat of man standing.

<p>Eyes full of an admira-</p>	<p>Against his Rule : and that our Reason, there Keeping continuall Garrison (as 't were) Might Avarice, Envie, and Pride subdue, Lust, Gluttony, Wrath, Sloath, and all their Crew Of factious Commons, that still strive to gaine The golden Scepter from their Soverain. Th' Eyes (Bodie's guides) are set for Sentinell In noblest place of all this Cittadell, To spie far-off, that no miss-hap befall 540 At unawares the sacred Animall. In forming these thy hand (so famous held) Seemed almost to have it self excell'd. Them not transpiercing, lest our eyes should be As theirs, that Heav'n through hollow Canes doe see, Yet see small circuit of the Welkin bright, The Cane's strict compass doth so clasp their Sight : And lest so many open holes disgrace The goodly form of th' Earthly Monarch's face, These lovely Lamps, whose sweet sparks lively turn- ing, 550</p>	<p>The watchfull Eye might true distinction make 590 'Twixt Herbs and Weeds, betwixt an Eel and Snake ; And then th' impartiall Tongue might (at the last) The Tongue. Censure their goodness by their savory taste. Two equall ranks of Orient Pearls impale The Teeth. The open Throat : which (Quern-like) grinding small Th' imperfect food, soon to the Stomack send it (Our Master-Cook) whose due concoctions mend-it. But lest the Teeth, naked and bare to Light, Should in the Face present a ghastly sight : With wondrous Art, over that Mill, do meet 600 Two moving Leaves of Corall, soft and sweet. O mouth ! by thee, our savage Elders, yerst The Lips. Through way-less Woods, and hollow Rocks disperst, Of the excellent With Acorns fed, with Fels of Feathers clad use and end of (When neither Traffick, Love, nor Law they had) speech. Themselves uniting, built them Towns, and bent Their willing necks to civill Government. O Mouth ! by thee, the rudest Wits have learn'd The <i>Noble Arts</i>, which but the Wise discern'd : By thee, we kindle in the coldest spirits 610 Heroik flames affecting glorious merits : By thee, we wipe the tears off wofull Eyes : By thee, we stop the stubborn mutinies Of our rebellious Flesh, whose rest-less Treason Strives to dis-throne and to dis-scepter Reason : By thee, our Soules with Heav'n have conversation : By thee, we calm th' Almighty's indignation, When faithfull sighs from our soule's Centre fly About the bright Throne of his Majesty : By thee, we warble to the King of kings ; 620 Our Tongue's the Bowe, our Teeth the trembling Strings, Our hollow Nostrils (with their double vent) The hollow Belly of the Instrument ; Our Soule's the sweet Musician, that plays So divine lessons and so Heav'nly layes, As, in deep passion of pure burning zeal, <i>Jove's</i> forked Lightning from his fingers steal. But O ! what member hath more marvels in't, The Ears. Then the Ears' round-winding double labyrinth ? The bodie's Scouts, of sounds the Censurers, 630 Doors of the Soule, and faithfull Messengers Of divine treasures, when our gracious Lord Sends us th' Embassage of his sacred Word. And, sith all Sound seems alwaies to ascend, God plac't the Ears (where they might best attend) As in two turrets, on the building's top, Snailling their hollow entries so a-sloap, That, while the voyce about those windings wanders, The sound might lengthen in those bow'd <i>Meanders</i> ; As, from a Trumpet, Winde hath longer life, 640 Or, from a Sagbut, then from Flute or Fife : Or, as a noyse extendeth far and wide In winding Vales, or by the crooked side Of crawling Rivers ; or with broken trouble Between the teeth of hollow Rocks doth double ; And that no sodaine sound, with violence Piercing direct the Organs of this Sense,</p>
<p>Browes and Lids.</p>	<p>With sodain glance set coldest harts a-burning ; These windows of the Soule, these starry Twins, These <i>Cupid's</i> quivers have so tender skinns, Through which (as through a pair of shining glasses) Their radiant point of piercing splendor passes, That they would soon be quenched and put-out But that the Lord hath Bulwarkt them about, By seating so their wondrous Orb, betwix The Front, the Nose, and the vermilion Cheeks : As in two Vallies pleasantly inclosed 560 With pretty Mountains orderly disposed : And as a Pent-house doth preserve a Wall From Rain and Hail, and other Storms that fall ; The twinkling Lids with their quick-trembling hairs Defend the Eyes from thousand dang'rous fears. Who fain would see how much a human Face A comely Nose doth beautifie and grace ; Behold <i>Zopyrus</i>, who cut-off his Nose For's Prince's sake, to circumvent his foes. The Nose, no less for use then beauty makes : 570 For, as a Conduit, it both gives and takes Our living breath : it's as a Pipe put-up, Whereby the moist Brain's spongy boan doth sup Sweet-smelling fumes : it serveth as a Gutter To void the Excrements of grossest matter ; As by the Scull-seams, and the Pory Skin Evaporate those that are light and thin : As through black Chimneyes flies the bitter smoak, Which, but so vented, would the Houshold choak. And, sith that Time doth with his secret file 580 Fret and diminish each thing every-while ; And whatsoever here begins and ends, Wears every houre, and its self-substance spends ; Th' Almighty made the Mouth to recompence The Stomack's pension, and the time's expence (Even as the green Trees, by their roots resume Sap for the sap, that hourelly they consume) And plac't it so, that alwayes by the way, By sent of <i>meats</i> the Nose might take Essay,</p>	<p>Our hollow Nostrils (with their double vent) The hollow Belly of the Instrument ; Our Soule's the sweet Musician, that plays So divine lessons and so Heav'nly layes, As, in deep passion of pure burning zeal, <i>Jove's</i> forked Lightning from his fingers steal. But O ! what member hath more marvels in't, The Ears. Then the Ears' round-winding double labyrinth ? The bodie's Scouts, of sounds the Censurers, 630 Doors of the Soule, and faithfull Messengers Of divine treasures, when our gracious Lord Sends us th' Embassage of his sacred Word. And, sith all Sound seems alwaies to ascend, God plac't the Ears (where they might best attend) As in two turrets, on the building's top, Snailling their hollow entries so a-sloap, That, while the voyce about those windings wanders, The sound might lengthen in those bow'd <i>Meanders</i> ; As, from a Trumpet, Winde hath longer life, 640 Or, from a Sagbut, then from Flute or Fife : Or, as a noyse extendeth far and wide In winding Vales, or by the crooked side Of crawling Rivers ; or with broken trouble Between the teeth of hollow Rocks doth double ; And that no sodaine sound, with violence Piercing direct the Organs of this Sense,</p>
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Sundry Similes
expressing the
reason of the
round winding
Mases of the
Ears.

Another comparison to that purpose.	Should stun the Brain, but through these Masy holes Conveigh the voyce more softly to our Soulea. <i>As th' Ouse, that crooking in and out doth run</i> 650 <i>From Stony-Stratford towards Huntingdon,</i> <i>By Royall Ampfill; rusheth not so swift,</i> <i>As our near Kennet, whose Trout-famous Drift</i> <i>From Marleborow, by Hungerford doth hasten</i> <i>Through Newbery, and Prince-gras's Aldermaston;</i> <i>Her Silver Nymphs (almost) directly leading</i> <i>To meet her Mistress (the great Thames) at Reading.</i>	Like Summer gales, waving with gentle puffs, The smiling Meadow's green and gaudy tufts: Light, spongy Fans, that ever take and give Th' aetheriall Aire, whereby we breath and live: Bellows, whose blasts (breathing by certain pawses) 710 A pleasant sound through our speech-organs comes?	
The Hands.	But will my Hands in handling th' human Stature, Forget the Hands, the handmaids unto <i>Nature</i> , Th' Almighty's Apes, the Instruments of Arts, 660 The voluntary Champions of our Hearts, Minde's Ministers, the Clarks of quick conceites, And bodie's Victuallers to provide it meats?	Or, shall I rip the Stomack's hollownesse, That ready Cook concocting every Meas? Which in short time it cunningly converts Into pure Liquor fit to feed the parts; And then the same doth faithfully deliver Into the <i>Port-vein</i> passing to the <i>Liver</i> ; Who turns it soon to blood; and thence again Through branching pipes of the great <i>Hollow-veins</i> , Through all the members doth it duly scatter: 720 Much like a Fountain, whose divided Water	Of the Sun Of the Liver An apt Siml
Joynts. The Knees, and Armes.	Will you the knee's and Elbowe's springs omit, Which serve th' whole body by their motions fit? For, as a Bow, according as the String, Is stiff or slack, the Shafts doth farther sling; Our Nerves and Gristles diversly dispence, To th' human Frame, meet Motion, Might, and Sense: Knitting the Bones, which be the Pillars strong, 670 The Beams and Rafters, whose firm Joynts may long (Maugre Death's malice, till our Maker calls) Support the Fabrick of these Fleshly Wals?	It selfe dispersing into hundred Brooks, Batches some fair Garden with her winding crooks: For, as these brooks, thus branching round about, Make here the Pink, there th' Aconite to sprout; Here the sweet Plum-tree, the sharp Mulberry there, Here the low Vine, and there the lofty Pear; Here the hard Almond, there the tender Fig, Here bitter Worm-wood, there sweet-smelling Spiker: Even so the Blood (bred of good nourishment) 730 By divers Pipes to all the body sent,	Of the Head Nourishment
The Sinewes, Gristles and Bones.	Can you conceal the Feet's rare-skilfull feature, The goodly Bases of this glorious Creature? But, is 't not time now, in his Inner Parts, To see th' Almighty's admirable Arts? First, with my Launcet shall I make incision, To see the Cells of the twin Brain's division; The Treasurer of Arts, the Source of Sense, 680 The Seat of Reason; and the Fountaine, whence Our Sinewes flow: whom Nature's providence, Arm'd with a helme, whose double-lynings fence The Brain's cold moisture from its boany Armor, Whose hardnesse else might hap to bruise or harm- her:	Turns here to Bones, there changes into Nerves; Is made Marrow, there for Muscles serves, Here skin becoms, there crooking veins, here flesh, To make our Limbs more forcefull and more fresh.	
The Feet.	A Register, where (with a secret touch) The studious daily some rare Knowledge couch? O! how shall I on learned Leaf forth-set That curious Maze, that admirable Net, Through whose fine folds the spirit doth rise and fall, 690 Making its powrs of <i>Vital, Animal!</i> Even as the Blood and Spirits, wandering Through the <i>preparing vessel's</i> crooked Ring, Are in their winding course concoct and wrought, And by degrees to fruitfull <i>Seed</i> are brought.	But, now me lift no nearer view to take Of th' inward parts, which God did secret make; Nor pull in pieces all the Human Frame: That work were fitter for those men of Fame, Those skilfull sons of <i>Aesculapius</i> , <i>Hippocrates</i> , or deep <i>Herophilus</i> ; Or th' eloquent and artificiall Writ Of <i>Galen</i> , that renowned <i>Pergamite</i> . 'T sufficeth me in some sort to express, By this Essay, the sacred mightiness, Not of <i>Japhetus</i> ' witty-fainéd Son, But of the true <i>Prometheus</i> , that begun And finisht (with inimitable Art) The famous Image, I have sung in part.	730 Of the Head Nourishment
Of the Heart.	Shall I the Heart's un-equal sides explain, Which equal poiz doth equally sustaine? Whereof, th' one's fill'd with blood, in th' other bides The vitall Spirit which through the body slides: Whose rest-less panting, by the constant Pulse, 700 Doth witness health; or, if that take repulse, And shift the dance and wonted pase it went, It shews that Nature 's wrong'd by Accident.	Now, this more peer-less learned Imager, Life to his lovely Picture to confer, Did not extract out of the Elements A certain secret Chymick Quint-essence: But, breathing, sent as from the lively Spring Of his Divineness, some small Rivering, Itself dispersing into every Pipe Of the frail Engin of this Earthen Type. Not, that his own Self's-Essence blest he trade, Or did his <i>Triple-Unity</i> partake Unto his work; but, without Self's expence, Inspir'd it richly with rare excellence: And by his powr so spread his Rayes thereon: That, even as yet, appears a portion	740
Of the Lungs.	Or, shall I cleave the Lungs, whose motions light Our inward heat doe temper day and night;	Now, this more peer-less learned Imager, Life to his lovely Picture to confer, Did not extract out of the Elements A certain secret Chymick Quint-essence: But, breathing, sent as from the lively Spring Of his Divineness, some small Rivering, Itself dispersing into every Pipe Of the frail Engin of this Earthen Type. Not, that his own Self's-Essence blest he trade, Or did his <i>Triple-Unity</i> partake Unto his work; but, without Self's expence, Inspir'd it richly with rare excellence: And by his powr so spread his Rayes thereon: That, even as yet, appears a portion	750 Of the crani the Seat.
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	Or, shall I cleave the Lungs, whose motions light Our inward heat doe temper day and night;		760

	Of that pure lustre of Coelestiall Light Wherewith at first it was adorn'd and dight.		In what deep vessell did th' Ambassador Of <i>Pyrrhus</i> (whom the <i>Delphian</i> Oracler Deluded by his double-meaning Measures) Into what Cisterns did he pour those Treasures Of learned store, which after (for his use) In time and place, he could so fit produce? The Memory is th' Eye's true Register, The Peasant's Book, Time's wealthy Treasurer, Keeping Records of Acts and Accidents Whats'ever, subject unto humane sense, Since first the Lord the World's foundations laid, Or <i>Phabus</i> first his golden locks displaid, And his pale Sister from his beaming light Borrow'd her splendor to adorn the Night. So that our Reason, searching curiously Through all the Roules of a good Memory, And fast'ning closely with a <i>Gordian</i> knot To Past Events, what Present Times allot, Fore-sees the Future, and becomes more sage, More happily to lead our latter age.		
ice it is pro- d.	This <i>Adam's</i> spirit did from that Spirit derive Which made the World: yet did not thence deprive Of God's Self-substance any part at all;				
s Similies.	As in the Course of Nature doth befall, That from the Essence of an Earthly Father, An Earthly Son essentiall parts doth gather: Or as in Spring-time from one sappy twig There sprouts another consubstantiall sprig; In brief, it 's but a breath. Now, though the Breath Out of our Stomack's concave issueth; Yet, of our substance it transporteth nought; Onely it seemeth to be simply fraught, And to retaine the purer qualities Of th' inward place whence it deriv'd is. Inspired by that Breath, this Breath desire I to describe. Whoso doth not admire His spirit, is sprightless; and his sense is past, Who hath no sense of that admir'd Blast. Yet wot I well, that as the Eye perceives All but it self, even so our Soule conceives All save her own self's-Essence; but, the end Of her own greatness cannot comprehend. Yet as a sound Eye, voyd of vicious matter, Sees (in a sort) it self in Glass or Water: So, in her sacred Works (as in a Glass) Our Soule (almost) may see her glorious face.	770		830	
e excellence n's Soule.	The boistrous Winde, that rents with roaring The lofty Pines, and to the Welkin casts Millions of Mountains from the watry World, And proudest Turrets to the ground hath whurld: The pleasing fume that fragrant Roses yeeld, When wanton <i>Zephyr</i> , sighing on the field, Enamels all; and, to delight the Sky, The Earth puts on her richest Lyvory: Th' accorded Discords, that are sweetly sent From th' Ivory ribs of some rare Instrument, Cannot be seen: but he may well be said Of Flesh, and Ears, and Nose intirely voyd, Who doth not feel, nor hear, nor smell (the powrs) The shock, sound, sent; of storms, of strings, of flours.	780		840	
she may her selfe.	Although our Soule's pure substance, to our sight Be not subjected; yet her motion light And rich discourse, sufficient proofs do give, We have more Soule then to suffice to live; A Soule divine, pure, sacred, admirable, Immortall, endless, simple, unpalpable.	790			Of the quick swiftness and sod- ain motion of the Soule: compre- hending all things in Heaven and Earth.
fit compari- o that pur-	For, whether that the Soule (the Mint of Art) Be all in all, or all in every part: Whether the Brain or Heart do lodge the Soule, O <i>Seneca</i> / where, where could'st thou enroule Those many hundred words (in Prose or Verse) Which at first hearing thou could'st back reberse? Where could great <i>Cyrus</i> that great Table shut Wherein the Pictures and the names he put Of all the Souldiers, that by thousands wander'd After the fortunes of his famous Standard?	800			
Soule, not vitall, but divine and etall.	What can be hard to a sloath-shunning Spirit, Spurr'd with desire of Fame's eternall merit? Look (if thou canst) from East to Occident, From <i>Island</i> to the <i>Moore's</i> hot Continent; And thou shalt nought perfectly fair behold, But Pen, or Pencil, Graving-tool, or Mould Hath so resembled, that scarce can our eye The Counterfeit from the True thing descry. The brazen Mare, that famous <i>Myron</i> cast, Which Stallions leapt, and for a Mare imbract: The lively picture of that ramping Vine Which whilom <i>Zeuxis</i> limn'd so rarely fine.	810		850	
Seat of the .				860	
ble examples cellent ories.				870	Of learned, curious, pleasant, marvailous and more then human invention of man's Wit.
				880	Of Carving and Painting.

	That shoals of Birds, beguiled by the shapes, Peckt at the Table, as at very Grapes : The Marble Statue, that with strangest fire Fondly inflam'd th' <i>Athenian</i> Youth's desire : <i>Apelles' Venus</i> , which allur'd well-neer As many Loves, as <i>Venus' selfe</i> had here ; Are proofs enow that learnéd Painting can, Can (Goddess-like) another Nature frame.	880	With constant windings, tho contrary waies, Mark the true mounds of Years, and Months, and Daies?		
The subtle conclusions of the Mathematicks : Witness <i>Archytas' Dove</i> .	But th' Art of Man, not onely can compack Features and Forms that life and motion lack ; But also fill the Aire with painted shoals Of flying Creatures (Artificiall Fowls) : The <i>Tarentine's</i> valiant and learnéd Lord, <i>Archytas</i> , made a wooden Dove, that soar'd About the Welkin, by th' accorded sleights And counterpoize of sundry little weights.	890	Yet 't is a story that hath oft been heard, And by grave Witness hundred times averr'd, That, that profound <i>Briarius</i> , who of yore (As selfy arm'd with thousand hands and more) Maintain'd so long the <i>Syracusan</i> Towers 'Gainst great <i>Marcellus</i> and his <i>Roman</i> Powrs : Who fir'd his foe's Fleet with a wondrous Glass : Who, hugest Vessels that did ever pass The <i>Tirrhen</i> Seas, turn'd with his onely hand From Shore to Sea, and from the Sea to Land : Framéd a <i>Sphear</i> , where every <i>Wandering Light</i> Of lower Heav'n's and th' upper <i>Tapers</i> bright, Whose glistening flames the Firmament adorn, Did (of themselves) with ruléd motion turn.	940	The Engin Archytas his Sphear.
The Eagle and the Fly, of <i>Iohnde Monte-regio</i> , or <i>Regi-Montanus</i> .	Why should I not that wooden Eagle mention (A learnéd <i>Germane's</i> late admir'd invention) Which mounting from his fist that framéd her, Flew far to meet an <i>Almain</i> Emperour ; And having met him, with her nimble train, And weary wings, turning about again, Follow'd him close unto the Castle Gate Of <i>Noremburg</i> ; whom all the Showes of State, Streets hang'd with Arras, Arches curious built, Loud-thundering Canons, Columns richly gilt, Gray-headed Senate, and Youth's gallantise, Grac't not so much, as onely This Device. Once, as this Artist (more with mirth than meat) Feasted some friends that he esteeméd great, From under's hand an Iron Fly flew out ; Which having showne a perfect Round-about, With weary wings return'd unto her Master, And (as judicious) on his arme she plac't her. O divine wit ! that in the narrow womb Of a small Fly, could finde sufficient room For all those Springs, wheels, counterpoiz, and chains, Which stood in stead of life, and spur, and rains.	900	Nor may we smother, or forget (ingrately) The Heav'n of Silver, that was sent (but lately) From <i>Ferdinando</i> (as a famous Work) Unto <i>Bisantium</i> to the greatest Turk : Wherein, a spirit, still moving to and fro, Made all the Engin orderly to go : And though th' one Sphear did alwaies slowly slide, And (opposite) the other swiftly glide : Yet still their Stars kept all their Courses ev'n With the true Courses of the Stars of Heav'n. The Sun, there shifting in the <i>Zodiack</i> His shining Houses, never did forsake His pointed Path : there, in a Month, his Sister Fulfill'd her course, and changing oft her lustre And form of Face (now larger, lesser soon) Follow'd the Changes of the other <i>Moon</i> .	950	The Heav'n Silver sent by Emperour Ferdinando to Saj the great Turk
Astronomy.	O divine wit ! that in the narrow womb Of a small Fly, could finde sufficient room For all those Springs, wheels, counterpoiz, and chains, Which stood in stead of life, and spur, and rains. Yea, you your selves, ye bright Celestiall Orbs, Although no stop your rest-less Dance disturbs, Nor staves your Course ; yet can ye not escape The hands of men that are but men in shape.	910	O complete Creature ! who the starry Sphears Canst make to move, who 'bove the Heav'nly Bears Extend'st thy powr, who guidest with thy hand The Day's bright Chariot, and the nightly Brand : This curious Lust to imitate the best And fairest Works of the Almightyest, By rare effects bears record of thy Linage And high descent ; and that his sacred Image Was in thy Soule ingrav'n, when first his Spirit (The Spring of life) did in thy limms inspire-it. For, as his beauties are past all compare ; So is thy Soule all beautifull and fair. As hee's immortal, and is never idle : Thy Soule's immortal, and can brook no bridle Of sloath, to curb her busie intellect : He ponders all ; thou poizest each effect, And thy mature and settled Sapience Hath some alliance with his Providence : He works by Reason, thou by Rule : He's glory Of th' Heav'nly Stages, thou of th' Earthly Story : He's great High-Priest, thou his great Vicar here : He's Sovrain Prince and thou his Vice-Roy deer.	970	Of man's im- balance to his patience, w th God.
The King of Persia his Heaven of Glasse.	A <i>Persian</i> Monarch, not content well-nigh With the Earth's bounds to bound his Empery : To reign in Heav'n, rais'd not with bold defiance (Like braving <i>Nimrod</i> , or those boistrous <i>Gyants</i>) Another <i>Babel</i> , or a heap of <i>Hils</i> ; But, without moving from the Earth, he builds A Heav'n of Glass, so huge, that thereupon Sometimes erecting his ambitious Throne, Beneath his proud feet (like a God) he saw The shining Lamps of th' other Heav'n, to draw Down to the <i>Deep</i> , and thence again advance (Like glorious Brides) their golden Radiance : Yet had the Heav'n no wondrous excellence (Save Greatnes) worthy of so great a Prince.	920	For, soon as ever he had framéd thee, Into thy hands he put this Monarchy ; Made all the Creatures know thee for their Lord, And come before thee of their own accord :	980	Other testi- of the end of Man, or situated in the World.
Admirable Dials and Clockes, namely, at this Day, that of Straesbourg.	But, who would think, that mortal hands could mould New Heav'n's, new Stars, whose whirling courses	930			

And gave thee power (as Master) to impose
Fit sense-full Names unto the Hoast that rowes
In watery Regions ; and the wandring Heards
Of Forrest people ; and the painted Birds.
O too-too happy ! had that fall of thine
Not cancell'd so the Character divine. 1000

But sith our Soule's now-sin-obscured Light
Shines through the Lanthorn of our flesh so bright ;
What sacred splendor will this Star send forth,
When it shall shine without this veil of Earth ?
The Soule here lodg'd is like a man that dwels
In an ill Aire, annoy'd with noysom smels ;
In an old house, open to winde and weather ;
Never in health, not half an houre together :
Or (almost) like a Spider, who confin'd
In her Web's centre, shak't with every winde ;
Moves in an instant, if the buzzing Flie
Stir but a string of her Lawn Canapie. 1010

You that have seen within this ample Table,
Among so many Modules admirable,
Th' admir'd beauties of the King of Creatures,
Come, come and see the Woman's raptng features :
Without whom (here) Man were but half a man,
But a wilde Wolfe, but a Barbarian.
Brute, ragefull, fierce, moody, melancholike,
Hating the Light ; whom nought but naught could
like ;
Born solely for himselfe, bereft of sense,
Of heart, of love, of life, of excellence.
God therefore, not to seem less liberall
To Man, then else to every Animall ;
For perfect patern of a holy Love,
To *Adam's* halfe another halfe he gave,
Ta'en from his side, to binde (through every Age)
With kinder bonds the sacred Marriage. 1020

Even as a Surgeon, minding off-to-cut
Some-cureless Limb ; before in ure he put
His violent Engines on the vicious member,
Bringeth his patient in a sense-less slumber,
And grief-less then (guided by Use and Art)
To save the whole, sawes off th' infested part :
So, God empal'd our Grandsires' lively look,
Through all his bones a deadly chilness strook,
Siel'd-up his sparkling eyes with Iron bands,
Led down his feet (almost) to *Lethe* Sands ;
In brief, so numm'd his Soule's and Bodie's sense, 1040
That (without pain) opening his side, from thence
He took a rib, which rarely He refin'd,
And thereof made the Mother of Mankinde :
Graving so lively on the living bone
All *Adam's* beauties ; that, but hardly, one
Could have the Lover from his Love descry'd,
Or known the Bridegroom from his gentle Bride :
Saving that she had a more smiling Eye,
A smoother Chin, a Cheek of purer Dye,
A fainter Voyce, a more enticing Face, 1050
A deeper Tress, a more delighting Grace,
And in her Bosom (more then Lillie-white)
Two swelling Mounts of Ivory, panting light.

Now, after this profound and pleasing Transe,
No sooner *Adam's* ravisht eyes did glance
On the rare beauties of his new-come Half,
But in his heart he 'gan to leap and laugh,
Kissing her kindly, calling her his Life,
His Loue, his Stay, his Rest, his Weal, his Wife,
His other-Selfe, his Help (him to refresh) 1060
Bone of his Bone, Flesh of his very Flesh.
Source of all joyes ! sweet *Hee-Shee-Coupled-One* !
Thy sacred Birth I never think upon,
But (ravisht) I admire how God did then
Make Two of One, and One of Two again.
O blessed Bond ! O happy Marriage !
Which dost the match 'twixt Christ and us presage !
O chastest friendship, whose pure flames impart
Two Soules in one, two Hearts into one Heart !
O holy knot in *Eden* instituted 1070
(Not in this Earth with blood and wrongs polluted,
Profan'd with mischiefs, the Pre-Scène of Hell
To curséd Creatures that 'gainst Heav'n rebell) !
O sacred Cov'nant, which the sin-less Son
Of a pure Virgin (when he first begun
To publish proofs of his drad powr *Divine*,
By turning Water into perfect Wine,
At lesser *Cana*) in a wondrous manner
Did, with his presence, sanctifie and honour !
By thy deer favour, after our Decease, 1080
We leave-behinde our living Images,
Change War to Peace, in kindred multiply,
And in our Children live eternally.
By thee, we quench the wild and wanton Fires,
That in our Soule the *Paphian* shot inspires :
And taught (by thee) a love more firm and fitter,
We finde the Mel more sweet, the Gall less bitter,
Which here (by turns) heap up our humane Life
Ev'n now with joyes, anon with jars and strife.
This done, the Lord commands the happy Pair 1090
With chaste embraces to replenish Fair
Th' unpeopled World ; that, while the World en-
dures,
Here might succeed their living Portraitsures.
He had impos'd the like precept before,
On th' irefull Droves that in the Desarts roare,
The feathered Flocks, and fruitfull-spawning legions
That live within the liquid Crystall Regions.
Thence-forth therefore, Bears, Bears ingendred ;
The Dolphins, Dolphins ; Vulturs, Vulturs bred ;
Men, Men ; and Nature with a change-less Course, 1100
Still brought forth Children like their Ancestors :
Tho since indeed, as (when the fire hath mixt-them)
The yellow Gold and Silver pale betwixt them
Another Metall (like to neither) make,
Which yet of either's riches doth partake :
So, oft two Creatures of a divers kinde,
Against the common course through All assign'd
Confounding their lust-burning seeds together,
Beget an Elf, not like in all to either,
But (bastard Mongrell) bearing marks apparent 1110
Of mingled members, ta'en from either Parent.

Their marriage.

Their Epi-
thalamy, or wed-
ding Song.

1080 The commodities
of Marriage.

Propagation by
the blessing of
God.

Unnaturall con-
junctions produce
monstrous Births.

Of things ingendered without seed or commixion of sexes.

God, not contented, to each Kinde to give
And to infuse the Vertue Generative,
Made (by his Wisedome) many Creatures breed
Of live-less bodies, without *Venus'* deed.

So, the cold humour breeds the *Salamander*,
Who (in effect) like to her birth's Commander
With child with hundred Winters, with her touch
Quencheth the Fire, though glowing ne'r so much.

So, of the Fire in burning furnace springs 1120
The fly *Pyrausta* with the flaming Wings ;

Without the Fire, it dyes ; within it, joyes ;
Living in that, which Each thing else destroyes.

So, slow *Boltes* underneath him sees,
In th' ycie *Iles*, those Goslings hatch of Trees ;
Whose fruitfull leaves, falling into the Water,
Are turn'd (they say) to living Fowls soon after.
So, rotten sides of broken Ships do change
To *Barnacles* ; O Transformation strange !

'T was first a green Tree, then a gallant Hull, 1130
Lately a Mushroom, now a flying Gull.

*So Morne and Evening the Sixth Day conclude,
And God perceiv'd that All his Works were good.*

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

- Line 7, '*Androdus*'—*sic.*: Androclus is intended. The story is fetched from Aulus Gellius (v. 14).
.. 29, '*influent*' = un-fluent or not ready. Cf. Moses' 'I am not eloquent.'
.. 31, '*purleth*.' See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
.. 41, '*ward*'—noticeable use of the word.
.. 44, '*self-rumineth*' = self-ruminateth, self-introspects. In 'The Flea' of Peter Woodhouse (1605) of our Occasional Issues, the Elephant is made to tell very fully his gifts and graces, albeit not without sharp retorts by 'the Flea.'
.. 65, '*Carry-Castle*'—quaint name. The early wood-cuts make the 'Castle' very prominent.
.. 77, '*stocked*' = fixed.
.. 95, '*broachers*' = openers.
.. 111, '*pase*' = pace. So in l. 702.
.. 137, '*painfull*' = full-of-pains or painstaking.
.. 150, '*Bever*' = beaver. The mythic expedient of the beaver is noticed even in Juvenal.
.. 161, '*alonely*'—fine word.
.. 187, '*Pheer*' = wife or mate.
.. 222, '*Welking*' = welkin, *i.e.* curved sky.
.. 226, '*Tushes*' = teeth—still used in our Nurseries or child-language, *e.g.*, tushy pegs or peggies.
.. 227, '*Cuirets*' = hard, thick skin.
.. 249, '*felly*' = fiercely, vengefully.
.. 250, '*Viper (at his birth)*'—the very old myth that the viper eats its way to birth through its parent.
.. 269, '*traverse*' = dispute or oppose?
.. 277, '*brocheth*' = openeth.

- Line 293, '*margents*' = margins.
.. 356, '*clout*' = cloth—*Scottic* still.
.. 359, '*drad*' = dread, *frequent*.
.. 364, '*stow'n*' = a moment or instant.
.. 410, '*swindging*' = swinging.
.. 412, '*rampeth*' = reareth up—heraldic term.
.. 425, '*hoary*' = gray—as some are said to have done in a night of suspense and terror.
.. 427, '*poule*' = poll.
.. 474, '*beforn*' = before—by stress of rhyme with 'adorn.'
.. 585, '*pension*' = allowance.
.. 594, '*impale*' = surround as a 'paling.'
.. 595, '*Quern-like*' = hand-mill.
.. 604, '*Fels*' = hide or mantle.
.. 630, '*Censurers*' = judges.
.. 660, '*Apes*' = imitators or resemblances.
.. 702, '*pase*' = pace, as in l. 111.
.. 707, '*tufts*' = tufts—by stress of rhyme with 'puffs.'
.. 818, '*Table*' = tablet or memorandum-book?
.. 894, '*accorded*' = harmonised or balanced.
.. 899, '*Almain*' = German.
.. 917, '*rains*' = reins.
.. 957, '*greatest*'—note this use of the superlative. So by Milton.
.. 1031, '*are*' = use.
.. 1033, '*Bringeth his patient in a sense-less slumber*.' This might read as a description of chloroform administration. See Memorial-Introduction.
.. 1087, '*Mel*' = honey.
.. 1129, '*Barnacles*'—a myth that lingered long. Marvell applied it drastically to the Scotch in his Satires. See my edn., *s.v.*—G.



THE
SEVENTH DAY
OF THE FIRST
WEEKE.

THE ARGUMENT.

*In sacred Rest, upon This sacred Day
Th' Eternall doth his glorious works survey :
His onely Powr and Providence persever
T' uphold, maintain, and rule the World for ever :
Maugre Men's malice and Hel's raging mood,
God turneth all things to his children's good :
Sabbath's right use ; From all World's-Works to cease ;
To pray (not play) and hear the Word of Peace :
Instructions drawn from dead and living things, 10
And for our selves ; for all Estates ; for Kings.*

1 excellent
tude of a
or delighted
the sight of
ious table
he hath
finished :
bet sheweth
God rested
venth day,
aw (as saith
cripture) that
at he had
was Good.

THe cunning *Painter*, that with curious care,
Limning a *Land-scape*, various, rich, and rare,
Hath set a-work, in all and every part,
Invention, Judgment, Nature, Use and Art ;
And hath at length (t' immortalize his name)
With weary *Pencil* perfected the same ;
Forgets his pains ; and, inly fill'd with glee,
Still on his *Pictures* gazeth greedily.
First, in a *Mead* he marks a frisking *Lamb*, 20
Which seems, though dumb, to bleat unto the *Dam* ;
Then he observes a *Wood*, seeming to wave :
Then th' hollow bosom of some hideous *Cave* :
Here a high way, and there a narrow *Path* :
Here *Pines*, there *Oaks* torn by tempestuous wrath :
Here from a craggy *Rock's* steep-hanging boss
(Thrumm'd half with *Ivle*, half with crisped *Moss*)
A silver *Brook* in broken streams doth gush,
And head-long down the hornéd *Cliff* doth rush ;
Then, winding thence above and under ground, 30
A goodly *Garden* it be-moateth round :
There on his knee (behinde a *Box-Tree* shrinking)
A skillfull *Gunner*, with his left eye winking,
Levels directly at an *Oak* hard by ;
Whereon a hundred groaning *Culvers* cry ;

Down falls the *Cock*, up from the *Touch-pan* flies
A ruddy flash that in a moment dyes.
Off goes the *Gun*, and through the *Forrest* rings
The thundring bullet, born on fiery wings. 40
Here, on a green, two *Striplings*, stripped light,
Run for a prize with laboursom delight ;
A dusty *Cloud* about their feet doth flowe
(Their feet, and head, and hands, and all doe goe)
They swelt in sweat ; and yet the following *Rout*
Hastens their haste with many a obeerfull shout.
Here, six pyed *Oxen*, under painfull y oak,
Rip up the folds of *Ceres' Winter Cloak*.
Here in the shade, a pretty *Shepherdess*
Drives softly home her bleating happiness :
Still as she goes, she spins ; and as she spins, 50
A man would think some *Sonnets* she begins ;
Heer' runs a *River*, there springs forth a *Fountain*,
Here vales a *Valley*, there ascends a mountain.
Here smokes a *Castle*, there a *City* fumes,
And here a *Ship* upon the *Ocean* looms.
In brief, so lively *Art* hath *Nature* shap't,
That in his *Work* the *Work-man's* selfe is rapt,
Unable to look off ; for, looking still,
The more he looks, the more he finds his skill :
So th' *Architect* (whose glorious *Workmanships*
My cloudy *Muse* doth but too-much eclipse)
Having with pain-less pain, and care-less care,
In these *Six-Days* finisht the *Table* fair
And infinite of th' *Universall Ball*,
Resteth *This-Day*, t' admire himselfe in *All* :
And for a season eying nothing els,
Joyes in his *Work*, sith all his *Work* excels
(If my dull, stutting, frozen eloquence
May dare conjecture of his high intents).
One while, he sees how th' ample *Sea* doth take 70
The *Liquid* homage of each other *Lake* ;

60 God rested the
seventh day, and
contemplates on
his workes.

A brief recapitulation and consideration of the Works of God in the whole world, and a learned Exposition of the words of Moses. Gen. 1. 31. God saw that all that he had made was perfectly good.

And how again the Heav'n's exhale, from it,
Abundant vapours (for our benefit) :
And yet it swells not for those tribute streams,
Nor yet it shrinks not for those boyling beams,
There sees he th' Ocean-people's plenteous broods,
And shifting Courses of the Ebbs and Floods ;
Which with inconstant glaunces night and day
The lower Planet's forkéd front doth sway :
Anon, upon the flowry Plains he looks, 80
Lacéd about with snaking silver brooks.
Now, he delights to see foure Brethren's strife
Cause the World's peace, and keep the World in life :
Anon, to see the whirling Sphears to roule
In rest-less Dances about either Pole ;
Whereby, their Cressets (carried divers wayes)
Now visit us, anon th' *Anti'podts*.
It glads him now to note, how th' Orb of Flame,
Which girts this Globe, doth not enfire the Frame :
How th' Air's glib-gliding firmness body bears 90
Such store of Fowls, Hail-storms, and Floods of
tears :
How th' heavie Water, pronest to descend,
'Twixt Aire and Earth is able to depend :
And how the dull Earth's prop-less massie Ball
Stands steady still, just in the midst of All.
Anon his nose is pleas'd with fragrant sentes
Of Balm and Basill, Myrrh and Frankincense,
Thyme, Spiknard, Hyssop, Savory, Cinnamon,
Pink, Violet, Rose, and Clove-Carnation.
Anon, his ear's charm'd with the melody 100
Of wingéd consorts' curious Harmony :
For, though each Bird, guided with art-less Art,
After his kinde, observe a song a-part,
Yet the sole burden of their severall Layes
Is nothing but the Heav'n-King's glorious prayse.
In briefe, th' Almighty's eye, and nose, and ear,
In all his works, doth nought see, sent, or hear
But *shows* his greatness, *savours* of his grace,
And *sounds* his glory over every place.
But above all, Man's many beauteous features 110
Detaine the Lord more then all other Creatures :
Man's his own Minion ; Man's his sacred Type :
And for Man's sake, he loves his Workmanship.
Not that I mean to fain an idle God,
That lusk in Heav'n and never looks abroad,
That crowns not Vertue, and corrects not Vice ;
Blinde to our service, deaf unto our sighs :
A Pagan Idol, voyd of powr and piety,
A sleeping Dormouse (rather) a dead Deity.
For though (alas !) sometimes I cannot shun, 120
But some profane thoughts in my minde will run,
I never think on God, but I conceive
(Whence cordiall comforts Christian soules receive)
In God, Care, Counsell, Justice, Mercy, Might,
To punish wrongs, and patronize their right :
Sith Man (but Image of th' Almightyest)
Without these gifts is not a Man, but Beast.
Fond *Epicure*, thou rather sleep'st, thy self,
When thou did'st forge thee such a sleep-sick Elf

Of the providence
of God.

For Life's pure fount ; or vainly fraudulent 130
(Not shunning th' *Atheist's* sin, but punishment)
Imagined't a God so perfect-less,
In Works defying whom thy words profess.
God is not sitting (like some Earthly State)
In proud Theatre, him to recreate
With curious Objects of his cares and eyes
(Without disposing of the Comœdies)
Content t' have made (by his great Word) to move
So many radiant Stars as shine above ;
And on each thing with his own hand to draw 140
The sacred Text of an eternall Law :
Then, bosoming his hand to let them slide,
With reins at will, whither that Law shall guide ;
Like one that having lately forc't some Lake,
Through some new Channell a new Course to take,
Takes no more care thenceforth to those effects,
But lets the stream run where his Ditch directs.
The Lord our God wants neither Diligence,
Nor Love, nor Care, nor Powr, nor Providence.
He prov'd his Powr, by *Making* All of nought : 150
His Diligence, by *Ruling* All he wrought :
His Care, by *Ending* it in Six Dayes' space :
His Love, in *Building* it for *Adam's* Race :
His Providence (maugre Time's wastefull rages)
Preserving it so many Years and Ages.
For, O ! how often had this goodly Ball
By his own greatness caus'd his proper Fall ?
How often had this World deceast, except
God's mighty arms had it upheld and kept ?
God is the soule, the life, the strength, and sinew, 160
That quickens, moves, and makes this Frame continue.
God's the main spring, that maketh every way
All the small wheels of this great Engin play.
God's the strong *Atlas*, whose unshrinking shoulders
Have bin and are Heav'n's heavie Globe's upholders.
God makes the fountains run continually,
The Dayes and Nights succeed incessantly :
The Seasons in their Season he doth bring,
Summer and Autumn, Winter, and the Spring :
God makes th' earth fruitful, and he makes the 170
earth's
Large loynes not yet faint for so many births.
God makes the Sun and Stars, though wondrous hot,
That yet their heat themselves inflameth not ;
And that their sparkling beams prevent not so,
With wofull flames, the *Last great Day* of wo :
And that (as mov'd with a contrary wrest)
They turn at-once both North, and East, and West :
Heav'n's constant course, his heast doth never break :
The floating Water waiteth at his beck :
Th' Air's at his Call, the Fire at his Command, 180
The Earth is His : and there is nothing fan'd
In all these Kingdoms, but is mov'd each howr
With secret touch of his eternall Powr.
God is the Judge, who keeps continuall Sessions,
In every place to punish all Transgressions ;
Who, void of Ignorance and Avarice,
Not won with Bribes, nor wrested with Device,

130 *Epicure* of
followers, in
the name, and
by analysis

140 *Stink*

150 2. God's got
graces, and
wisdom, &
gloriously in
creating the W

160 2. In his, &
through his
things he,
move, and
their being

170 3. All thing
particularly
guided by
Ordinance:
power, and
continually

180

4. God is
Image of
World: h
all creature
visible on

ready
to execute
gements.

Sans Fear, or Favour, Hate, or partiall Zeal ;
Pronounceth Judgments that are past appeal.
Himself is Judge, Jury, and Witness too, 190
Well knowing what we all think, speak, or doe :
He sounds the deepest of the doublest heart,
Searcheth the Reines, and sifteth every part :
He sees all secrets, and his *Lym*-like eye
(Yer it be thought) doth every Thought descry :
His sentence given, never returns in vain ;
For, all that Heav'n, Earth, Aire, and Sea contain,
Serve him as Sergeants : and the wingéd Legions
That soar above the bright Star-spangled Regions,
Are ever prest, his powfull Ministers : 200
And (lastly) for his Executioners,
Sathan, assisted with th' infernall band,
Stands ready still to finish his command.
God (to be briefe) is a good Artizan
That to his purpose aptly manage can
Good or bad Tools ; for, for just punishment,
He arms our sins us Sinners to torment :
And, to prevent th' ungodly's plot, sometime
He makes his foes (will-nill-they) fight for him.
Yet true it is, that humane things (seem) slide 210
Unbridledly with so uncertain tide,
That in the Ocean of Events, so many,
Somtimes God's Judgments are scarce seen of any :
Rather it seems that giddy *Fortune* guideth
All that beneath the silver Moon betideth.
Yet art thou ever just (O God) though I
Cannot (alas !) thy Judgments' depth descry :
My Wit's too shallow for the least Designe
Of thy drad Counsaills, sacred, and divine :
And thy least-secret Secrets, I confess, 220
Too deep for us, without thy Spirit's address.
Yet oftentimes, what seemeth (at first sight)
Unjust to us, and past our reason quite,
Thou mak'st us (Lord) acknowledge (in due season)
To have been done with equity and reason.
So, suffering th' *Hebrew* Tribes to sell their brother,
Thy eternall Justice thou didst seem to smother.
But *Joseph* (when, through such rare hap, it chanced
Him of a slave to be so high advanced,
To rule the Land where *Nilus*' fertill flood 230
Dry Heav'n's defects endeavours to make good)
Learn'd, that his envious brethren's trecherous drift,
Him to the Stern of *Memphian* State had lift,
That he might there provide Reliefe and Room
For *Abraham's* Seed, against (then) time to come.
When thy strong arm, which plagues the Repro-
bate,
The World and *Sodom* did exterminate,
With flood and flame : because there livéd then
Some small remains of good and righteous men,
Thou seem'dst unjust : but when thou savédst *Lot* 240
From Fire ; from Water, *Noah* and his Boat ;
'T was plainly seen, thy Justice stands propitious
To th' Innocent, and smiteth but the vitious.
He wilfull winks against the shining Sun,
That sees not *Pharaoh* as a mean begun

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For th' *Hebrews*' good ; and that his hardned heart
Smoothéd the passage for their soon-depart ;
To th' end the Lord, when Tyrants will not yeeld,
Might for his glory finde the larger field.
Who sees not also, that th' unjust Decree 250
Of a proud Judge, and *Judas* trecherie,
The People's fury and the Prelate's gall,
Serv'd all as Organs to repair the Fall
Of *Eden's* old Prince ; whose luxurious pride
Made on his seed his sin for ever slide ?
Th' Almighty's Care, doth diversly disperse
Ore all the parts of all this Universe :
But more precisely, his wide wings protect
The race of *Adam*, chiefly his Elect.
For, aye he watcheth for his Children choice, 260
That lift to him their hearts, their hands, and voyce :
For them, he built th' ay-turning Heav'n's Theater ;
For them he made the Fire, Aire, Earth, and Water :
He counts their hairs, their steps he measureth,
Handles their hands, and speaketh with their breath ;
Dwells in their hearts, and plants his Regiments
Of watchfull Angels round about their Tents.
But here, what heare I ? Faithless, God-less men,
I marvell not, that you impugn my pen :
But (O !) it grieves me, and I am amaz'd, 270
That those, whose faith, like glistring Stars hath
blaz'd,
Even in our darkest nights, should so object
Against a Doctrine of so sweet effect ;
Because (alas !) with weeping eyes they see
Th' ungodly-most in most Prosperity,
Clothéd in Purple, crown'd with Diadems,
Handling bright Scepters, hoording Gold and Gems,
Croucht-to, and courted with all kinde affection,
As priviledged by the Heav'n's protection ;
So that, their goods, their honours, their delights 280
Excell their hopes, exceed their appetites :
And (opposite) the godly (in the storms
Of this world's Sea) tost in continuall harms :
In Earth, less rest then *Euripus* they finde,
God's heavie Rods still hanging them behinde :
Them, shame and blame, trouble and loss pursues ;
As shadows bodies, and as night the dews.
Peace, peace, deer friends : I hope to cancell quite
This profane thought from your unsettled Sp'rit.
Know then, that God (to th' end he be not thought 290
A powr-less Judge) here plagueth many a fault ;
And many a fault leaves here unpunishéd,
That men may also his last Judgment dread.
On th' other side, note that the Crosse becomes
A ladder leading to Heav'n's glorious rooms :
A Royall Path, the Heav'nly *Milken way*,
Which doth the Saints to *Jove's* high Court convey.
O ! see you not, how that a Father grave,
Curbing his Son much shorter then his Slave,
Doth th' one but rare, the other rife reprove ; 300
Th' one but for lucre, th' other all for love ?
As skilfull Quirry, that commands the Stable
Of some great Prince, or person honourable,

confusion of the
mightiest : and
in the deliverance
of his Church.

4. Hee turnes
the malice of
Satan and his
instruments, to
his owne glory,
and the good of
his : of whom hee
hath alwaies
speciall care.

A remedy for
temptation of the
godly, seeing the
prosperity of the
wicked, and the
afflictions of God's
Children.

The same com-
forted in divers
sorts with apt
similitudes, con-
firming the
reason, and
declaring the
right end of God's
divers dealing
with men.

	Gives ofttest to that Horse the teaching Spur, Which he finds fittest for the Use of War. A painfull School-master, that hath in hand To institute the flowr of all a Land, Gives longest Lessons unto those, where Heav'n The ablest Wits and aptest Wils hath giv'n. And a wise Chieftain never trusts the weight Of th' execution of a brave exploit, But unto those whom he most honourest, For often proof of their firm force and faith : Such sends he first t' assault his eager foes : Such 'gainst the Canon on a Breach bestowes : Such he commands naked to scale a Fort, And with small number to re-gain a Port.	310		
Afflictions profitable to the faithful.	God beats his Dear, from birth to buriall, To make them know him, and their pride appall, To draw devout sighs from calamity, And by the touch to try their Constancy, T' awake their sloath, their mindes to exercise To travell cheer'ly for th' immortal Prize.	320		
They are necessary to cure the diseases of the Soule.	A good Physician, that Art's excellence Can help with practise and experience, Applies discreetly all his <i>Receipts</i> , Unto the nature of each fell-disease ; Curing this Patient with a bitter Potion, That, with strict Diet, th' other with a Lotion, And sometime cutteth off a Leg or Arm, So (sharply-sweet) to save the whole from harm : Even so the Lord (according to th' ill humours That vex his most-Saints with soul-tainting tumors) Sends sometimes Exile, sometimes lingring Languor, Sometimes Dishonour, sometimes pining Hunger, Sometimes long Law-suits, sometimes loss of good, Sometimes a Child's death, or a Widow-hood : But ay he holdeth, for the Good of his, In one hand Rods, in th' other Remedies.	330		
Without them God's children decline.	The Souldier, slugging long at home in Peace, His wonted courage quickly doth decrease : The Rust doth fret the blade hangd up at rest : The Moath doth eat the garment in the Chest : The standing Water stinks with putrefaction : And Vertue hath no vertue but in action. All that is fairest in the world, we finde Subject to travell. So, with storms and winde Th' Aire still is tost : the Fire and Water tend, This still to mount, that, ever to descend : The Spirit is spright-less if it want discourse, Heav'n's no more heav'n if it once cease his Course.	340		
The Croesse an honourable mark.	The valiant Knight is known by many scars : But he that steals home wound-less from the Wars, Is held a Coward, voyd of Valour's proof, That for Death's fear hath fled, or fought a-loof. The Lord therefore, to give Humanity Rare Presidents of dauntless Constancy, And crown his deer Sons with victorious Laurels, Won from a thousand foes in glorious quarrels ; Pours down more evils on their hap-less head, Then yerst <i>Pandora's</i> odious Box did shed ;	350		
God will be glorified in the constant sufferings of his Servants.		360		
	Yet strengthning stil their harts with such a plaister, That though the Flesh stoop, still the Spirit is Master. But, wrongly I these evils Evill call : Sole Vice is ill, sole Vertue good : and all Besides the same, is selfy, simply, had And held indifferent, neither good nor bad. Let envious Fortune all her forces wage Against a constant Man ; her fellest rage Can never change his godly resolution, Though heav'n it self should threaten his confusion.	370	There is not evil in man's life, but sin, and vertue is best proved the profit.	
	A constant Man is like the Sea, whose brest Lies ever open unto every guest ; Yet all the Waters that she drinks, can not Make her to change her qualities a jot : Or like a good sound stomack, not soon casting For a light surfeit, or a small distasting ; But, that, untroubled, can incontinent Convert all meats to a perfect nourishment. Though then, the Lord's deep Wisdom, to day, In the World's uncertain-certain sway : Yet must we credit, that his hand compos'd All in six Dayes, and that He then <i>Repair'd</i> ; By his example, giving us behest On the Seventh Day for evermore to Rest. For, God remembred that he made not Man Of stone, or Steel, or Brass <i>Corinthian</i> : But lodg'd our Soul in a frail earthen Mass, Thinner then Water, Brittlr then the Glass ; He knows, our life is by nought sooner spent, Then having still our mindes and bodies bent. A Field, left lay for some few years, will yeeld The richer crop when it again is till'd : A River, stopp'd by a sluice a space, Runs (after) rougher, and a swifter paze : A Bow, a-while unbent, will after cast His shafts the farther, and them fix more fast : A Souldier, that a season still hath lain, Coms with more fury to the Field again : Even so this Body, when (to gather breath) One Day in Sev'n at Rest it sojourneth ; It recollects his Powrs, and with more cheer Fals the next morrow to his first Career. But the chief End this Precept aymes at, is To quench in us the coals of Covetise ; That, while we rest from all profaner Arts, God's Spirit may work in our retir'd hearts : That we, down-treading <i>earthly</i> cogitations, May mount our thoughts to <i>heav'nly</i> meditations : Following good Archers' guise, who shut one eye, That they the better may their mark espy.	380	True constancy lively repays by two compar- isons.	
	For, by th' Almighty, this great Holy-day Was not ordain'd to dance, to mask, and play, To slug in sloath, and languish in delights, And loose the Reines to raging appetites, To turn God's Feasts to filthy <i>Lupercals</i> , To frantick <i>Orgies</i> , and fond <i>Saturnals</i> , To dazle eyes with Pride's vaine-glorious splendor, To serve strange gods, or our ambition tender ;	390	this God, making the seventh day and blessing it teacheth us his in resting on day of the We we should prin- cipally employ in his service : That we shal come from our worldly and wicked walk, give place to his grace, and so suffer his Spirit to worke in us the instrument his holy will	
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	As th' irreligion of loose Times hath since Chang'd the <i>Prime-Churche's</i> chaster innocence. 420									
ight on the day attend vice, and ate on the sting Rest, a the works l.	God would, that men should in a certain place <i>This-Day</i> assemble as before his face, Lending an humble and attentive ear To learn his great Name's dear-drad Loving-Fear : He would, that there the faithfull Pastor should The Scripture's marrow from the bones unfould, That we might touch with fingers (as it were) The sacred secrets that are hidden there. For, though the <i>reading</i> of those holy lines 430 In private Houses som-what move our minds ; Doubtless, the Doctrin <i>preacht</i> doth deeper pierce, Proves more effectuall, and more weight it bears. He would, that there in holy Psalmes, we sing Shrill praise and thanks to our immortall King, For all the liberall bounties he bestow' th On us and ours, in soule and body both : He would, that there we should confess his Christ Our onely Saviour, Prophet, Prince, and Priest : Solemnizing (with sober preparation) His blessed Seals of Reconciliation : 440 And, in his Name, beg boldly what we need (After his will) and bee assur'd to speed ; Sith in th' Exchequer of his Clemency All goods of Fortune, Soule, and Body ly. He would, this Sabbath should a figure be Of the blest Sabbath of Eternity. But th' one (as Legall) heeds but outward things ; Th' other to Rest both Soule and Body brings : Th' one but a Day endures ; th' other's Date 450 Eternity shall not Exterminate : Shadows the one, th' other doth truth include : This stands in freedome, that in servitude : With cloudy cares th' one's muffled up som-whiles ; The other's face is full of pleasing smiles : For never grief, nor fear of any Fit Of the least care, shall dare come neere to it. 'Tis the grand <i>Jubill</i> , Feast of all Feasts, Sabbath of Sabbaths, end-less Rest of Rests ; Which, with the Prophets, and Apostles zealous, 460 The constant Martyrs, and our Christian Fellows, God's faithfull Servants : and his chosen Sheep, In Heav'n wee hope (within short time) to keep. He would this Day, our Soule (sequestered From busie thoughts of worldly cares) should read In Heav'n's bow'd Arches, and the Elements, His bound-less Bounty, Power, and Providence ; That every part may (as a Master) teach Th' illiterate, Rules past a vulgar reach. Come (Reader) sit, come sit thee downe by mee ; 470 Think with my thoughts, and see what I doe see : Hear this dumb Doctor : study in this Book, Where day and night thou maist at pleasure look, And thereby learne uprightly how to live : For every part doth special Lessons give, Even from the gilt Studs of the Firmament, To the base Centre of our Element.									
ractice of ithfull, in rmed bes, on the th day.		Seest thou those Stars we (wrongly) <i>wandering</i> call, Though divers wayes they dance about this Ball, Yet evermore their manifold Career 480 Follows the Course of the <i>First Moving</i> Sphear ? This teacheth thee, that though thine owne Desires Be opposite to what Heav'n's will requires, Thou must still strive to follow (all thy Dayes) God (the first Mover) in his holy wayes. Vain puff of winde, whom vaunting pride bewitches, For Bodies' Beauties, or Mind's (richer) Riches ; The Moon, whose splendor from her brother springs, May, by Example, make thee veil thy wings : For thou, no less then the pale Queene of Nights, 490 Borrow' st all goodness from the Prince of Lights. Wilt thou, from Orb to Orb, to th' Earth descend ? Behold the Fire which God did round extend : As neer to Heav'n, the same is cleer and pure, Ours here below, sad, smoakie, and obscure : So, while my Soule doth with the heav'ns converse It's sure and safe from every thought perverse ; And though thou won heer in this world of sin, Thou art as happy as Heav'n's Angels bin : But if thy mind be alwaies fix'd all 500 On the foul dung-hill of this darksome vale, It will partake in the contagious smels Of th' unclean house wherein it droops and dwels. If envious Fortune be thy bitter foe, And day and night doe toss thee to and fro : Remember, th' Air corrupteth soon, except With sundry winds it oft be swing'd and swept. The Sea, which somtimes down to Hel is driv'n And somtimes heaves a froathy Mount to Heav'n, Yet never breaks the bounds of her precinct, 510 Wherein the Lord her boistrous armes hath linkt ; Instructeth thee, that neither tyrant's rage, Ambition's winds, nor golden vassalage Of Avarice, nor any love, nor feare, From God's Command should make thee shrink a hair. The Earth, which never all at once doth move Through her rich Orb, receiv'd from above, No firmer base her burthen to sustent Then slippery props of softest Element ; By her example doth propose to thee 520 A needfull Lesson of true constancy. Nay, there is nought in our dear Mother found, But pithily som Vertue doth propound. O ! let the Noble, Wise, Rich, Valiant, Be as the base, poor, faint, and ignorant : And, looking on the fields when <i>Autumn</i> shears, There let them learn among the bearded ears ; Which still, the fuller of the flowry grain, Bow downe the more their humble heads again ; And ay the lighter and the less their store, They lift aloft their chaffe Crests the more. 530 Let her, that (bound-less in her wanton wishes) Dares spot the Spous-bed with unlawful kisses, Blush, (at the least) at Palm-Tree's loyalty, Which never bears unless her Male be by.	The planets teach us to follow the will of God.	The Moon teacheth that we have not any thing that we have not received.	The Elementary fire and ours, where our happi- nesse, and where our misery con- sists.	The Airs, that wee should be profitable for us.	The Sea, that wee ought for no respect to trans- gresse the Law of God.	The Earth, that wee should be constant.	The Ears of Corn, that we should be humble.	The Palm-trees, that we should be chaste.
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Cinnamon, teacheth diligence and prudence.	<p>Thou, thou that prancest after Honour's prize (While by the way thy strength and stomach dies) Remember, Honor is like Cinnamon, Which Nature mounds with many a million, Of thorny pricks ; that none may danger-less Approach the plant, much less the fruit possess.</p>	540	There shall you learn, that a couragious King To vex his humble Vassals hath no sting.	The Mar the anth	
The Sun and the Marigold direct us unto Christ the Sun of righteousness.	<p>Canst thou the secret Sympathy behold Betwixt the bright Sun and the Marigold ; And not consider, that wee must no less Follow in life the Sun of righteousness? O Earth ! the Treasures of thy hollow brest Are no less fruitfull Teachers then the rest.</p>	550	<p>The Persian Prince, that Princely did conclude So severe laws against Ingratitude, Knew that the Marlin, having kept her warm With a live Lark, remits it without harm ; And lest her friend-bird she should after slay, She takes her flight a quite contrary way. Fathers, if you desire your Children sage Should by their blessings bless your crookéd age ; Train them betimes unto true Vertue's Lore By Aw, Instruction, and Example (more) ; So the old Eagle flutters in and out, To teach his young to follow him about. If his example cannot timely bring His backward birds to use their feeble wing, He leaves them then some Dayes unfed, whereby Sharp hunger may at length constraene them fly. If that prevaile not, then he beats them, both With beak and wings, to stir their fearfull sloth.</p>	600	The Eag parents.
Lime in water, teacheth us to shew our vertue in extremity.	<p>For, as the Lime doth break and burne in Water, And swell and smoak, crackle, and skip, and scatter ; Waking that Fire, whose dull heat sleeping was Under the cold Crust of a Chalky Mass : He that (to march amid the Christian Hoast) Yeelds his heart's Kingdome to the Holy-Ghost ; And, for brave Service under Christ his Banner, Looks to bee crown'd with his chief Champion's Honor,</p>	550	<p>You, that to haste your hated Spouses end, Black deadly poyson in his dish doe blend ; O ! can you see with un-releting eyes The Turtle-Dove ? sith, when her husband dyes, Dyes all her joy : for, never loves she more ; But on dry boughs doth her dead Spouse deplore. Thou, whom the freedom of a foolish tongue Brings oft in danger for thy neighbour's wrong ; Discreetly set a hatch before the door : As the wise Wilde-geese, when they over-soar Cicilian Mounts, within their bills do bear A pebble-stone both day and night ; for feare Lest ravenous Eagles of the North descry Their Armie's passage, by their cackling Cry.</p>	610	The Turt wedlock
The Diamond exhorts to constancy.	<p>And, opposite, as the rich Diamond The Fire and Steel doth stoutly both withstand : So the true Christian should, till life expire, Contemn proud Tyrant's raging Sword and Fire. Or, if fell Rigour with some ruth-less smart A little shake the sinnewes of his heart, He must be like the richest Minerall, Whose Ingots bow, but never breake at all ; Nor in the Furnace suffer any loss Of weight, but lees ; not of the Gold, but dross.</p>	560	<p>O ! Mothers, can you ? can you (O unkinde !) Deny your Babes your breasts ? and call to minde That many Fishes many times are fain Receive their seed into their wombs again ; Lucina's sad throes, for the self-same birth, Enduring oft, it often bringing forth. O ! why embrace not we with Charity The living, and the dead with Piety ? Giving these succour, sepulture to those : Even as the Dolphins do themselves expose, For their live-fellows, and beneath the Waves Cover their dead-ones under sandy Graves.</p>	620	Wild-gees babblers.
Gold in the furnace, to magnanimity and parity.	<p>The precious stone, that bears the rainbow's name, Receives the bright face of Sol's burnisht flame ; And by reflection, after, it displayes On the next object all those pointed rayes : So, whose hath from the Empyreall Pole, Within the center of his happy Soule, Receiv'd some splendor of the beames divine, Must to his Neighbour make the same to shine ; Not burying Talents which our God hath giv'n To be employ'd in a rich trade for Heav'n, That in his Church he may receive his Gold With thirty, sixty, and an hundred fold.</p>	570	<p>You Children, whom (past hope) the Heav'n's benignity Hath heapt with wealth, and heaved-up to dignity, Doe not forget your Parents : but behold Th' officious Kids, who (when their Parents old, With heavie Gyves, Elds trembling Fever stops, And fetters-fast upon the mountain-tops) As careful purveyours, bring them home to brouz The tendrest tops of all the slendrest boughs ; And sip (self-thirst-less) of the River's brink, Which in their mouthes they bring them home to drink. For house-hold Rules, read not the learned Writs Of the Stagyrrian (glory of good Wits) :</p>	630	Divers in unnatural Mothers, not sure owse Chi
The stone Iris, to edification of our neighbour.	<p>As th' Iron, toucht by th' Adamant's effect, To the North Pole doth ever point direct : So the Soule, toucht once by the secret powr Of a true lively Faith, looks every houre To the bright Lamp which serves for Cynosure To all that sall upon the Sea obscure.</p>	580	<p>These presidents, from live-less things collected, Breed good effects in spirits well-affected : But lessons, taken from the things that live, A livelier touch unto all sorts doe give. Up, up, yee Princes : Prince and People, rise, And run to School among the Hony-Flies : There shall you learn, that an eternall Law Subjects the Subject under Prince's aw :</p>	640	Dolphins, crack.
The Needle in the Mariner's Compass shewes that we should instantly look on Christ our onely Loadstar.	<p>These presidents, from live-less things collected, Breed good effects in spirits well-affected : But lessons, taken from the things that live, A livelier touch unto all sorts doe give.</p>	590	<p>For house-hold Rules, read not the learned Writs Of the Stagyrrian (glory of good Wits) :</p>	650	The wild to childre
Lessons from living Creatures.	<p>Up, up, yee Princes : Prince and People, rise, And run to School among the Hony-Flies : There shall you learn, that an eternall Law Subjects the Subject under Prince's aw :</p>	600	<p>For house-hold Rules, read not the learned Writs Of the Stagyrrian (glory of good Wits) :</p>	650	The Spid Man and

<p>Nor his, whom, for his hony-steepéd stile, They Proverbiz'd the <i>Attick Muse</i> yer-while : Sith th' onely Spider teacheth every one The Husband's and the Huswife's function. For, for their food the valiant Male doth roam, The cunning Female tends her work at home : Out of her bowels wool and yarn she spitteth, And all that else her learned labour fitteth : Her weight's the spindle that doth twist the twine, 660 Which her small fingers draw so ev'n and fine, Still at the Centre she her warp begins, Then round (at length) her little threads she pins, And equall distance to their compass leaves : Then, neat and nimble her new web she weaves, With her fine shuttle circularly drawn Through all the circuit of her open lawn : Open, lest else th' ungentle Winds should tear Her Cipres Tent (weaker then any hair) And that the foolish Fly might easier get 670 Within the meshes of her curious Net : Which he no sooner doth begin to shake, But straight the Male doth to the Center make, That he may conquer more securely there The humming Creature hampred in his snare.</p> <p>Lion, to sa. You Kings (that bear the sword of just hostility) Pursue the Proud and pardon true Humility ; Like noble Lions that do never show Their strength and stomach on a yeelding Foe, But rather through the stoutest throags do forrage, 680 'Mid thousand Deaths to shew their daunt-less courage.</p> <p>Emmet and Ige-hog, to the thfull. Thou Sluggard, if thou list to learn thy part, Go learn the Emmet's and the Urchin's Art ; In Summer th' one, in Autumn th' other takes The Season's fruits, and thence provision makes, Each in his lodging laying up a hoord Against cold Winter, which doth nought afford.</p> <p>1 may finde in selfe excellent vctions. But reader, we resemble one that wiares From <i>Saba</i>, <i>Bandas</i>, and the wealthy <i>Indes</i> (Through threatening Seas, and dangers manifold) 690 To seek far-off for Incense, Spice, and Gold ; Sith we, not loosing from our proper Strand, Finde all wherein a happy life doth stand : And our own Bodie's self-contained motions Give the most gross a hundred goodly Notions.</p> <p>head teacheth persons in ority. You Princes, Pastors, and ye Chiefs of War, Do not your Laws, Sermons, and Orders mar ; Lest your examples banefull leprosis Infect your Subjects, Flocks, and Companies ; Beware, your evill make not others like ; 700 For, no Part 's sound if once the Head be sick.</p> <p>Eyes instruct ices and le-men. You Peers, O do not, through self-partiall zeal, With light-brain'd Counsels vex your Common-weale :</p>	<p>But, as both Eyes do but one thing behold, Let each his Countrie's common good up-hold. You that for Others travell day and night, With much-much labour, and small benefit, Behold the teeth, which Toll-free grinde the food, From whence themselves do reap more grieve then good. Even as the Heart hath not a Moment's rest, 710 But night and day moves in our panting brest, That by his beating it may still impart The lively spirits about to every part : So those, to whom God doth his Flock betake, Ought alwayes study, alwaies work, and wake, To breath (by Doctrine and good conversation) The quickning spirit into their Congregation. And as the Stomack from the wholesom food Divides the grosser part (which is not good) They ought from false the truth to separate, 720 Error from Faith, and Cockle from the Wheat, To make the best receiv'd for nourishment, The bad cast forth as filthy excrement. If Bat or Blade do threaten sudden harm To belly, brest, or leg, or head, or arme, With dread-less dread the Hand doth ward the blow, Taking her self her brethren's bleeding woe ; Then 'mid the shock of sacrilegious Arms That fill the world with blood and holstrous storms, Shall we not lend our helping hands to others, 730 Whom faith hath made more neer and deer then brothers ; Nor can I see, where underneath the sky A man may finde a juster Policy, Or truer Image of a calme Estate Exempt from Faction, Discord, and Debate, Then in th' harmonious Order that maintains Our Bodie's life, through Members' mutuall pains : Where, one no sooner feels the least offence, But all the rest have of the same a sense. The Foot strives not to smell, the Nose to walk, 740 The Tongue to combat, nor the Hand to talk : But, without troubling of their Common-weal With mutinies, they (voluntary) deal Each in his Office and Heav'n-pointed place, Be 't vile or honest, honouréd or base. But, soft my Muse : what ? wilt thou re-repeat The Little-World's admiréd modulet ? If twice or thrice one and the same we bring, 'Tis tedious ; how-ever sweet we sing, Therefore a-shore : Mates, let our Anchor fall : 750 Here blowes no Winde : here are we welcom all. Besides, consider and conceive (I pray) W' have row'd sufficient for a <i>Sabbath-day</i>.</p>	<p>The Teeth, such as travell for others.</p> <p>The Heart, the Ministers of the Word.</p> <p>The Stomack, the same.</p> <p>The Hands, all Christians to Charity.</p> <p>The whole body, the whole society of mankinde, that every one ought to stand in his owne vocation.</p>
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The End of the First Week.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

- Line 4, '*persever*'—note the accentuation, as contemporaneously and earlier and later.
- .. 26, '*boss*' = protuberance—and so 'embosa.'
- .. 27, '*Thrumm'd*' = tufted.
- .. 35, '*Culvers*' = doves, or wood-pigeons.
- .. 46, '*pyed*' = pie-bald or streaked or parti-coloured.
- .. 53, '*vales*' = vails, *i.e.* descends or stoops, in contrast with the 'ascend'ing mountain.
- .. 68, '*stutting*' = stuttering.
- .. 82, '*four Brethren's strife*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
- .. 86, '*Cressets*' = lamps.
- .. 95, '*in the midst of all*'—according to the elder science.
- .. 98, '*Savory*' = a seasoning kitchen herb.
- .. 112, '*Minion*' = favourite—since deteriorated.
- .. 115, '*lucks*' = lazily lolls.
- .. 142, '*bosoming*'—noticeable verb.
- .. 174, '*prevent*' = anticipate.
- .. 200, '*prest*' = ready.
- .. 227, '*smoother*' = smother.
- .. 231, '*Stern*' = helm.
- .. 245, '*mean*' = means, instrument.
- .. 275, '*ungodly-most*' = most ungodly, and similarly elsewhere.
- .. 297, '*Jove's*'—on the mixture of heathen, *i.e.* classical names with Christian, see our Memorial-Introduction.
- .. 300, '*rife*' = abundantly, frequently.
- Line 302, '*Quirry*' = equerry, attendant.
- .. 317, '*Post*' = gate.
- .. 340, '*slugging*' = acting as sluggards. See l. 414.
- .. 357, '*Presidents*' = precedents. So l. 586.
- .. 368-71—reminiscence of Horace.
- .. 387, '*Brass Corinthian*'—the famous amalgam through the melting together of gold, silver, and copper—by many of the Latin poets celebrated, as 'Corinthium ces.' See Pliny 34, 2, and Florus II, 16. Cf. Horace, Od. II. xviii., and Epod. II.
- .. 392, '*lay*' = lea, fallow.
- .. 402, '*recollects*'—accurate use of this fine verb.
- .. 416, '*Lurpercals*' = festival in honour of Lupercus, the Lycean Pan.
- .. 417, '*Saturnalias*' = Saturnalia—festival in honour of Saturn.
- .. 477, '*base*' = foundation?
- .. 498, '*won*' = dwell.
- .. 507, '*swing'd*' = beat.
- .. 580, '*Adamant*' = magnet.
- .. 584, '*Cynosure*' = that which draws attention.
- .. 598, '*Marlin*' = merlin hawk.
- .. 622, '*hatch*' = wicket? or death-sign?
- .. 643, '*efficious*' = office-filling.
- .. 669, '*Cyprus*' = crape-like or finest gauze.
- .. 683, '*Urchin*' = hedge-hog.
- .. 696, '*Pastors*' = clergymen.
- .. 721, '*Cockle*' = weed.
- .. 747, '*modulet*' = small model.—G.



D U B A R T A S

H I S

S E C O N D W E E K E :

D I S P O S E D

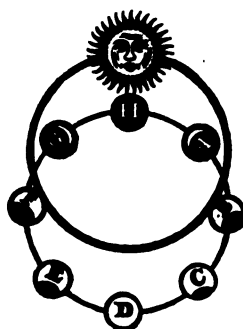
(After the proportion of his First)

Into S E A V E N D A Y E S :

(viz.)

The	{	I. ADAM,	}
		II. NOAH,	
		III. ABRAHAM,	
		IV. DAVID.	
The	{	V. ZEDECHIAS,	}
		VI. MESSIAS,	
		VII. Th' ETERNALL SABBATH.	

But, of the three last, Death (preventing Our
NOBLE POET) hath deprived Us.



Acceptam refero.

TO
THE
MOST
ROYAL
PATTERN
AND PATRON
OF LEARNING
AND RELIGION,
THE HIGH
AND
MIGHTY PRINCE,
JAMES

(BY THE GRACE OF GOD)

KING
OF GREAT BRITAIN,
FRANCE, AND IRELAND,
TRUE DEFENDER OF
THE TRUE ANCIENT
CHRISTIAN,
CATHOLICKE, AND
APOSTOLICK FAITH,

&c.



I. SONNET.

From ZEAL-Land, saying with the Winds of Love,
In the Bark LABOUR, steer'd by Theorems,
Laden with Hope, and with Desire & approve,
Bound for Cape-Comfort in the Ile of JEMMES ;
In such a Mist we fell upon the Coast,
That suddenly upon the Rock Neglect
(Unhappily) our Ship and Goods we lost,
Even in a Place that we did least suspect.
So, Cast-away (my LIEGE) and quite vndon,
We Orphan-remnants of a woefull Wrack,
Here cast a-shore, to Thee for succour run :
O Pittie us, for our dear Parent's sake,
Who Honour'd Thee, both in his Life and Death,
And to thy guard his POSTHUMES did bequeath.

II. SONNET.

These glorious WORKES, and gratefull Monuments
Built by Du BARTAS, on the Pyreneis
(Your Royall Vertues to immortalize,
And magnifie your rich Munificence)
Have prov'd so Chargefull to Trans-port from thence,
That our small Art's-stock hardly could suffice
To under-goe so great an Enterprize ;
But is even beggerd with th' un-cast Expense.
So that, except our Muse's SOVERAIN
With gracious Eye regard her spent Estate ;
And, with a hand of Princely Favour daigne
To stay her fall (before it be too-late)
She needs must fail : as (tending light about)
Self-spending Lamps, for lack of Oyl, go-out.

Voy (Sire) Saluste.

DEDICATIONS.

TO THE RIGHT
 EXCELLENT, AND MOST
 HOPEFULL YOUNG PRINCE,

HENRY, Prince of
 WALES.

ANAGR. { Henricus Stuartus. }
 { Hic strenuus ratus. }
 { THE TROPHEIS, }
 { and }
 { MAGNIFICENCE. }

The gracious Welcome You vouchsaf't yer-while
To my grave PIERAC (though but meanly clad)
Makes BARTAS (now, no Stranger in this Isle)
More bold to come (though ousted even as bad)
To kiss Your HIGHNES' Hand ; and, with Your Smile,
To Crown His Haps, and our faint Hopes to glad
(Whose weary longings languish in our Stile :
For in our WANTS, our very Songs be sad)
He brings for Present to so great a PRINCE,
A Princely GLASSE, made first for SALOMON :
The fitter therefore for your EXCELLENCE
As oft to look in, as you look upon.
Some Glasses flatter : others some deforme :
This, ay, presents You a true PRINCE'S FORM.

Voy (Sire) Saluste.

TO THE RIGHT
 HONORABLE, THE
 LORD HIGH CHANCEL-

lor of ENGLAND.

ANAGR. { Thomas Egerton. }
 { 1. Gestat honorem. }
 { 2. Age metit Honors. }
 { 3. Honors metit Age. }

THE LAW.

Most humbly

Shewes to thy Great Worthiness
(Grave MODERATOR of our Britain LAWES)
The Muses' Abject (subject of Distress)
How long wrong-vent, in a not-Need-less Cause,
Not at the King's-Bench, but the Penny-less,
By one, I Want (the son of Simpleness) ;
Unable, more to grease the scraping penne
Of his Attorney Shirk, or oyl the jaws
Of his (dear) Counsell, Sergeant Peniveness ;
He is compell'd in forma pauperis,
To Plead himselfe (and shew his (little) Law)
In the free Court of thy middle Courtesies.
Please it thee therefore an Injunction grant,
To stay the Suit between himself and Want.

For Thee and Thine, for ay
So He and His shall pray.

I. S.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, THE EARLE OF SALISBURY, Lord high Treasurer of *England*.

ANAGR. { Robertus Cecilius. Robertus Cecilius. }
 { Cui ortus celebris: (vel) Cerebro sic Tullius. }
 { Robertus Comes Sari. Carus est Orbi sermo. }

THE CAPTAINES.

Armes yeeld to Arts: the Trumpet to the Tongue:
 Stout Ajax Prize the wise Ulysses wan:
 It will not seem then that we have mis-sung,
 To sing of CAPTAINES to a Counsaill-man:
 Sith without Counsaile, Courage is but Rage;
 Rude in Resolving, rash in Acting it:
 In which respect those of the Antique Age
 Fain PALLAS Goddess both of War and Wit:
 Therefore, to Thee, whose Wit so much hath staid
 (In War and Peace) our Princes and our STATE:
 To Thee, whose Vertue hath now triumphed
 Of Cause-less Envie, and mis-grounded Hate:
 To Thee (Witt's-WORTHIE) had it not been wrong,
 Not to have sounded my War-WORTHIE'S Song?
 J. S.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE,

The Earle of *Dorset* (late) Lord high
 Treasurer of *ENGLAND*.

ANAGR. { Sacvilus. Comes Dorsetius. }
 { Vas lucis. Esto decor Musis. }
 { Sacris Musis celo devotus. }

THE SCHISME.

Not with-out Error, and apparent Wrong
 To Thee, the Muses, and my Self (the most)
 Could I omit, amid this Noble Hoast
 Of learned Friends to Learning, and our Song,
 To muster Thee; Thee, that hast lov'd so long
 The sacred Sisters, and (sad-sweetly-most)
 Thy Selfe hast sung (under a fain'd Ghost)
 The tragick Falls of our Ambitious Throng.
 Therefore, in honour of Thy younger Art,
 And of the Muses, honour'd by the same,
 And to express my Thankfull thoughts (in part)
 This Tract I sacre unto SACKVIL'S Name,
 No less renown'd for Numbers of Thine Owne,
 Then for thy Love, to Other's Labours, show'n.

J. S.

TO THE RIGHT
 HONOURABLE, THE
 EARLE OF PEMBROKE,

ANAGR. { William Harbert. }
 { With liberall arm. }

THE DECAY.

FAr be the Title of this tragick page
 From Thee (rare Module of Herolk minds)
 Whose noble Bountie all the Muses binds
 To honour Thee; but mine doth most engage:
 And yet, to Thee, and to Thy Patronage
 (For present lack of other gratefull signes)
 Needs must I Offer these DECAY'd lines
 (Lyned with HORRORS of ISAACIAN rage)
 Where-in, to keep decorum with my Theam,
 And with my Fortunes (ruin'd every-way)
 My Care-clogd Muse (still carried down the stream)
 In singing Other's, sighes her Own DECAY
 In stile, in state, in hap, in hope, in all:
 For, Vines, vnpropp'd, on the ground do crawl.

J. S.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE,

The Earle of *Essex*, Earle Marshall of
ENGLAND, &c.

EDEN.

Great Strong-bowe's heir, no selfe-conceit doth cause
 Mine humble wings aspire to you, unknowne:
 But, knowing this, that your renown alone
 (As th' Adamant, and as the Amber drawes:
 That, hardest steel; this, easie-yielding strawes)
 Atterrs the stubborn, and attracts the prone:
 I have presum'd (O Honor's Paragon!)
 To grave your Name (which all Iberia awes)
 Here, on the fore-front of this little Pile;
 T' invite the vertuous to a sacred feast,
 And chase-away the vicious and the vile;
 Or stop their lothsom envious tongues, at least.
 If I have err'd, let my submission 'scuse:
 And daign to grace my yet vngrac'd Muse.

J. S.

TO THE SAME

RIGHT HONOURABLE

EARLE OF ESSEX, &c.

THE ARK.

From th' ARK of Hope, still toss'd in distress
 On th' angry Deluge of disastrous plight,
 My silly Dove here takes her second flight,
 To view (great Lord) thy World of worthiness:
 Vouchsafe (rare plant of perfect Nobleness)
 Some branch of safety, whereon she may light;
 Some Olive leaf, that may presage me right;
 A safe escape from this wet wilderness.
 So, when the Flood of my deep cares shall fall,
 And I be landed on sweet Comfort's Hill;
 First, my pure thoughts to Heav'n present I shall:
 Then, on thy favours meditating still,
 My Zealous Muse shall daily strive to frame
 Some fairer Trophæis to thy glorious Name.

J. S.

TO THE RIGHT HO-
NOURABLE CHARLES LORD

Mount-joy, Earle of Devonshire.

THE IMPOSTURE.

Though in thy Brook (great Charles) there swim a
 Swan
 Whose happy, sweet, immortall tunes can raise
 The vertuous greatness of thy Noble praise
 To higher notes, then my faint Numbers can;
 Yet, while thy Lucan doth in silence scan
 Unto himselfe new meditated laies,
 To finish up his sad Pharsalian fraies,
 Lend ear to BARTAS (now our Country-man)
 For, though his English be not yet so good
 (As French-men hardly doe our tongue attain)
 He hopeth yet to be well understood;
 The rather, if you (worthy Lord) shall daign
 His bashfulness a little to advance,
 With the milde favours of your countenance.

J. S.

TO THE SAME

RIGHT HONOURABLE

The Earle of DEVONSHIRE, &c.

THE HANDY-CRAFTS.

The Mome-free Passage, that my Muse hath found
 Under Safe-Conduct of thy Patronage,
 Through carping censures of this curious Age
 (Where high conceited happy Wits abound)
 Makes her presume (O Mount-joy, most Renownd!)
 To bear again, in her re-Pilgrimage,
 The noble Passport of thy Tutelage,
 To save her still from sullen Envie's wound.
 Let thy (true Eagle) Sun-beholding Eyes
 Glance on our Glow-worme's scarce discern'd spark:
 And while Witt's towering Falcons touch the skies,
 Observe a while our tender-imp'd Lark.
 Such sparks may flame, and such light Larks may flie
 A higher pitch, then dross-full Vanity.

J. S.

TO THE SAME RIGHT
HONOURABLE EARLE OF

DEVONSHIRE, &c.

THE COLONIES.

Renownd Scipio, though thine Ennius
 Still merit best the best of thy regard:
 Though (worthily) his trumpet be prefer'd
 To sound the Triumphs thou hast won for us;
 Yet sith one Pen, how-ever plenteous
 Were it the Mantuan or Meonian Bard)
 Sufficeth not to give Fame's full Reward
 To thy great Deeds, admir'd and glorious:
 Though Hee, thy Homer be; Thou, his Achilles;
 Both by Each other Happy: Thou (here-in)
 Thave such a Trumpe as his immortall Quill-is:
 He such a Theam as thy High Vertues bin:
 It shall (Great Worthy) no Dis-Honour be,
 That (English) Bartas hath Sung (thrice) to thee.

J. S.

TO THE HONOURABLE,
LEARNED, AND RELIGIOUS
Gentleman, Sir *Peter Young* of Seton,
KNIGHT,
Almoner of *Scotland*, and one of his Majestie's
Privie COUNCELL there.

THE COLUMNS.

YOUNG, *Ancient Servant of our Sovereign Lord,*
Grave Master of thy Master's minor-years :
Whose Prudence and whose Pietie appears
In his Perfection, which doth thine record :
Whose loyall Truth, His Royall Trusts approve
By oft Embassage to the greatest Peers :
Whose Duty and Devotion he endears
With present favours of his princely Love :
In Honour of these Honours many-fold,
And for memoriall of Thy kinde regard
Of these poor Orphanes (pyn'd in Hopeless cold)
Accept these Thanks for thy firm Love's reward ;
Where-in (so Heav'n prosper what we have sung)
Through every Age thou shalt live ever YOUNG.

J. S.

TO THE RIGHT VERTUOUS
(Favourer of Vertue, Furtherer of Learning) Sir
THOMAS SMITH (of London) Knight, (late)
Lord Embassadour for his Majestie, to the
Emperour of RUSSIA.

JONAS.

TO thee, long lost in a full Storm of State ;
Cast out, and swallowed in a Gulfe of Death,
On false-suspect of thine unspotted Faith
And flying from thy (heav'n-given) Charge of late :
For much resemblance of thy troublous Fate
(Much like in Case to that hee suffereth,
Though (in effect) thy Cause far differeth)
I send my JONAS, to congratulate
Thy (happy) Rescue, and thy holy Triall :
Where-by (as Fire doth purifie the Gold)
Thy Loyalty is more notorious Loyall,
And worthy th' Honours which thou now do'st hold.
Thus, Vertue's Palms, oppress'd, mount the more :
And Spices bruin'd, smell sweeter then before.

J. S.

TO THE
MOST HONOURABLE
LEARNED, AND RELIGIOUS
Gentleman, Mr. *Anthonie Bacon*.
THE FURIES.

BOUND by thy Bounty, and mine owne Desire
To tender still new Tribute of my Zeal
To Thee, whose favour did the first repeal
My proto-BARTAS from Self-doom'd Fire :
Having new-tun'd to du BARTAS Lyre,
These tragick murmurs of his FURIES fell,
Which (with the Horrors of an earthly Hell)
The Sin-curst life of wretched Mortals tire :
To whom, but Thee, should I present the same ?
Sith, by the Breath of Thine encouragement
My sacred-furie thou didst first inflame
To prosecute This sacred Argument.
Such as it is, accept it, as a signe
Of thankful Love, from Him, whose all is Thine.

J. S.

TO THE SAME MOST
HONOURABLE GENTLEMAN,
Mr. *Anthonie Bacon*.
BABYLON.

THy friendly censure of my first ESSAY
Du Bartas' FURIES, and his BABYLON)
My faint Endeavours hath so cheerd on,
That both His WEEKS are also Ours to-day.
Thy gracious hand, relieving from decay
My fame-lesse Name doom'd to oblivion,
Hath so stirr'd up my Soule's devotion,
That in my Songs thy Name shall live for ay.
Thy milde acceptance of my simple myte
(Pattern and Patron of all vertuous drifts)
Doth here again my gratefull Muse invite
To re-salute thee with mine humble gifts ;
Indeed, no Gifts, but Debts to thy Desert :
To whom I owe my hand, my head, my heart.

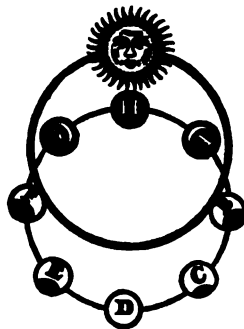
J. S.



A D A M.
THE
FIRST DAY
OF THE
SECOND WEEKE,

Containing

- I. EDEN,
II. The IMPOSTURE,
III. The FURIES,
IV. The HANDY-CRAFTS.



Acceptam refero.



E D E N.





Eden.
THE FIRST PART
 OF THE
FIRST DAY OF
THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Our Poet, first, doth God's assistance seek :
 The Scope and Subject of his Second Week.
 Adam in Eden : Eden's beauties rare ;
 A reall place, not now discern'd where :
 The Tree of Life, and Knowledge-Tree withall :
 Knowledge of Man, before and since his Fall :
 His Exercise and excellent Delights,
 In's Innocence : of Dreams and Ghostly Sights :
 Nice Questions curb'd : Death, Sin's effect, whereby 10
 Man (else Immortall) mortall now, must Dy.*

Excitation of the
 God, for as-
 sistance in descrip-
 tion of the infancy
 first estate
 in the World.

Great God, which hast this *World's Birth* made
 me see,
 Unfold his Cradle, shew his infancy :
 Walk thou, my Spirit, through all the flowring alleys
 Of that sweet Garden, where, through winding valleys,
 Four lively floods crauld : tell me what mis-deed
 Banisht both *Eden's Adam*, and his seed :
 Tell who (immortall) mortalizing, brought us
 The balm frō heav'n w^{ch} hopéd health hath wrought us :
 Grant me the story of thy Church to sing, 20
 And gests of Kings : Let me this Totall bring
 From thy first Sabbath to his fatall Toomb,
 My stile extending to the Day of Doome.
 Lord, I acknowledge and confess, before,
 This Ocean hath no bottom, nor no shore ;
 But (sacred Pilot) thou canst safely steer
 My vent'rous Pinnasse to her wishéd Peer ;
 Where once arriv'd, all dropping wet, I will
 Extoll thy favours, and my vows fulfill.

*And gracious Guide, which dost all grace infuse,
 Since it hath pleas'd thee task my tardy Muse
 With these high Theames, that through mine Art-less
 Pen
 This holy Lamp may light my Country-men :
 Ah, teach my hand, touch mine unlearn'd lips ;
 Lest, as the Earth's grosse body doth Eclipse
 Bright Cynthia's beams when it is interpos'd
 'Twixt her and Phœbus : so mine ill-dispos'd,
 Dark gloomy Ignorance, obscure the rays
 Of this divine Sun of these learn'd dayes.
 O! furnish me with an un-vulgar stile,
 That I by this may wain our wanton ILE
 From Ovid's heires, and their un-hallowed spell
 Here charming senses, chaining soules in Hell.
 Let this provoke our modern Wits to sacre
 Their wondrous gifts to honour thee their Maker ;
 That our mysterious ELPHINE Oracle :
 Deep, morall, grave, Invention's miracle ;
 My deer sweet DANIEL, sharp conceived, brief,
 Civill, sententious, for pure accents chief :
 And our new NASO, that so passionates
 The Heroick sighes of love-sick Potentates :
 May change their subject, and advance their wings
 Up to these higher and more holy things.
 And if (sufficient rich in self-invention)
 They scorn (as I) to live of Stranger's Pension,
 Let them devise new Weeks, new Works, new Waies
 To celebrate the supreme Prince of praise.
 And let not me (good Lord) be like the Lead
 Which to some City from some Conduit-head*

30 The Translator,
 considering his
 own weakness
 and insufficiency
 for a worke so
 rare and excellent,
 as all the world
 hath worthily ad-
 mired : craveth
 also the assistance
 of the Highest,
 that (at least) his
 endeavour may
 both stir up some
 abler spirit to
 undertake this
 40 Task : and also
 provoke all other
 good wits to take
 in hand som holy
 Argument : and
 with-all, that him-
 self may be for
 ever sincerely
 affected, and (as it
 were) thoroughly
 seasoned with the
 sweet relish of
 these sacred and
 religious dis-
 courses.
 50

Simile.

	<i>Brings wholesome Water ; yet (self-wanting sense)</i>	60	
	<i>Itself receives no drop of comfort thence :</i>		
Simile.	<i>But rather, as the thorough-seasoned But</i>		
	<i>Wherain the tears of death-press Grapes are put,</i>		
	<i>Releins (long after all the Wine is spent)</i>		
	<i>Within it selfe the Liquor's lively sent :</i>		
	<i>Let me still savour of these sacred sweets</i>		
	<i>Till Death fold-up mine earth in earthen sheets ;</i>		
	<i>Lest my young layes, now prone to preach thy glory</i>		
	<i>To BRUTUS' heirs, blush at my elder Story.</i>		
	God (<i>supreme Lord</i>) committed not alone	70	
	T' our Father <i>Adam</i> , this inferiour Throne ;		
	Ranging beneath his rule the scaly Nation		
	That in the Ocean have their habitation ;		
	Those that in horror of the Desarts lurk ;		
	And those that capering in the Welkin work :		
	But also chose him for a happy Seat		
	A climate temperate both for cold and heat,		
	Which dainty <i>Flora</i> paveth sumptuously		
	With flowry VER's inameld tapistry ;		
	<i>Pomona</i> pranks with fruits, whose taste excels,	80	
	And <i>Zephyr</i> fils with Musk and Amber smels ;		
	Where God himselfe (as Gardner) treads the allies,		
	With Trees and Corn covers the hills and valleyes ;		
	Summons sweet sleep with noise of hundred brooks,		
	And Sun-proof Arbours makes in sundry nooks ;		
	He plants, he proins, he pares, he trimmeth round		
	Th' ever green beauties of a fruitfull ground ;		
	Here-there the course of th' holy Lakes he leads,		
	With thousand Dies he motleys all the Meades.		
	Ye Pagan Poets that audaciously	90	
	Have sought to dark the ever-Memory		
	Of God's great Works ; from henceforth still be		
	dum		
	Your fabled prayes of <i>Elysium</i> ;		
	Which by this goodly Module you have wrought,		
	Through deaf tradition, that your Fathers taught :		
	For, the Almighty made his blissfull bows		
	Better indeed then you have fainéd yours.		
	For, should I say that still with smiling face,		
	Th' all-clasping Heav'ns beheld this happy place ;		
	That honey sweet, from hollow rocks did drain ;	100	
	That fostring milk flow'd up and down the Plain :		
	That sweet as Roses smelt th' ill-savory Rew ;		
	That in all soyls, all seasons, all things grew ;		
	That still there dangled on the self-same treen		
	A thousand fruits, nor over-ripe, nor green ;		
	That eagrest fruits, and bitterest hearts did mock		
	<i>Madera</i> Sugars, and the Apricock ;		
	Yeelding more wholesome food then all the messes,		
	That now taste-curious wanton Plenty dresses,		
	Disguising (in a thousand costly dishes)	110	
	The various store of dainty Fowls and Fishes,		
	Which far and neer we seek by Land and Seas,		
	More to provoke then hunger to appease.		
	Or should I say, each morning on the ground		
	Not common dew, but <i>Manna</i> did abound :		
	That never gutter-gorging durty muds		
	Defil'd the chrystall of smooth-sliding floods,		
	Whose waters past, in pleasant taste, the drink		
	That now in <i>Candia</i> decks <i>Cerathus'</i> brink :		
	That shady Groves of noble Palm-tree sprays,	120	
	Of amorous Myrtles, and immortal Bays		
	Never un-leav'd : but evermore, their new		
	Self-arching arms in thousand Arbours grew :		
	Where thousand sorts of Birds, both night and day,		
	Did bill and woove, and hop about, and play :		
	And, marrying their sweet tunes to th' Angels'		
	layes,		
	Sung <i>Adam's</i> bliss, and their great Maker's praise.		
	For then, the Crowes, night-Rav'n's, and Howlet's		
	noise		
	Was like the Nightingal's sweet-tuned voice ;		
	And Nightingals sung like divine <i>Arion</i> ,	130	
	Like <i>Thracian Orpheus</i> , <i>Linus</i> , and <i>Amphion</i> .		
	Th' Air's daughter <i>Echo</i> , haunting woods among,		
	A blab that will not (cannot) keep her tongue,		
	Who never asks, but onely answers all,		
	Who lets not any her in vain to call ;		
	She bore her part ; and full of curious skill,		
	They ceasing, sung ; they singing, ceased still :		
	There Musick reign'd, and ever on the plain,		
	A sweet sound rais'd the dead-live voyce again.		
	If there, I say, the Sun (the Season's stinter)	140	All documents for from E before Sim.
	Made no hot Summer, nor no hoary Winter,		
	But lovely VER kept still in lively lustre		
	The fragrant valleys, smiling Meads, and Pasture :		
	That boistrous <i>Adam's</i> body did not shrink		
	For Northren Windes, nor for the Southren wink :		
	But <i>Zephyr</i> did sweet musky sighes afford,		
	Which breathing through the Garden of the Lord,		
	Gave bodies vigour, verdure to the field,		
	That verdure flowers, those flowres sweet savour		
	yeeld :		
	That Day did gladly lend his Sister Night,	150	
	For half her Moisture, half his shining Light :		
	That never hail did Harvest prejudice,		
	That never frost, nor snow, nor slippery yce		
	The Fields en-ag'd : nor any stormy stowr		
	Dismounted Mountains : nor no violent showr		
	Pov'risht the Land, which frankly did produce		
	All fruitfull vapours for delight and use :		
	I think I lye not, rather I confess		
	My stammering Muse's poor unlearnedness.		
	If in two words thou wilt her praise comprise,	160	Eden's pinn and most ex lent beauty
	Say 'twas the type of th' upper Paradise ;		
	Where <i>Adam</i> had (O wondrous strange !) discourse		
	With God himselfe, with Angels intercourse.		
	Yet (over-curious) question not the site,		
	Where God did plant this Garden of delight :		
	Whether beneath the Equinoctiall line,		
	Or on a Mountain neer <i>Latona's</i> shine ;		
	Nigh <i>Babylon</i> , or in the radiant East :		
	Humble content thee that thou know'st (at least)		
	That, that rare, plenteous pleasant happy thing	170	
	Whereof th' Almighty made our Grand-sire King ;		
	Was a choice soil, through which did rowling slide		
	Swift <i>Ghion</i> , <i>Pishon</i> , and rich <i>Tigris</i> tide,		

Narration.
God, having
created and estab-
lished Man Lord
of the creatures,
lodgeth him in the
faire Garden of
Eden.

The *Elysian* fields
of the Heathen
Poets are but
dreams.

A large descrip-
tion of the rich
beauties of the
Garden of *Eden*,
or earthly Para-
dise.

Excellent estate of
the Earth, and
especially of
Eden before
Adam's fall.

Of the place
where the G
of *Eden* was
situate.

	And that fair stream whose silver waves do kiss The Monarch Towers of proud <i>Semiramis</i> .		
as a certain erial place, soever now yes we can tly observe ber the cir- nor extent	Now, if that (roaming round about the earth) Thou find no place that answers now in worth This beauteous place, nor Country that can showe Where now-adayes, those noted fouds do flowe : Include not all within this Close confin'd, That labouring <i>Neptune's</i> liquid Belt doth bind. A certaine place it was (now sought in vain) Where set by grace, for sin remov'd again, Our Elders were : whereof the Thunder-darter Made a bright Sword the Gate, an Angel Porter.	180	
as no alle- call nor sical Garden.	Nor think that <i>Moses</i> paints fantastick-wise A mystike tale of fainéd Paradise. (*Twas a true Garden, happy Plentie's horn, And seat of graces) lest thou make (forlorn) An Ideall <i>Adam's</i> food fantasticall, His sin suppos'd, his pain Poeticall : Such Allegories serve for shelter fit To curious Idiots of erroneous wit : And chiefly then when reading Histories, Seeking the spirit, they doe the body leese.	190	
as defaced of the generall d.	But if thou list to ghesse by likelihood, Think that the wreakfull nature-drowning Flood Spar'd not this beauteous place, which formost saw The first foul breach of God's eternall law : Think that the most part of the plants it pull'd, And of the sweetest flowrs the spirits dull'd, Spoyl'd the fair Gardens, made the fat Fields lean, And chang'd (perchance) the river's channell clean : And think, that Time (whose slippery wheel doth play In humane causes with inconstant sway, Who exiles, alters, and disguises words) Hath now transform'd the names of all these Fords. For, as through sin we lost that place, I feare (Forgetfull) we have lost the knowledge where 'Twas situate, and of the sugred dainties Wherewith God fed us in those sacred plenties.	200	
y the Situa- of the den of Eden wv hard to	Now of the Trees wherewith th' immortal Powr Adorn'd the quarters of that blissfull Bowr, All serv'd the mouth save two sustain'd the mind ; All serv'd for food save two for seals assign'd. God gave the first, for honourable stile, <i>The tree of life</i> : true name ; (alas the while !) Not for th' effect it had, but should have kept, If man from duty never had mis-stept. For, as the ayre of those fresh dales and hills Preserv'd him from <i>Epidemick</i> ills, This fruit had ever-calm'd all insurrections, All civill quarels of the crosse complexions ; Had barr'd the passage of twice-childish age, And ever-more excluded all the rage Of painfull griefes, whose swift-slow posting pase At first or last our dying life doth chase.	210	
be two trees ing as Sacra- ts to Adam.	Strong counter-bane ! O Sacred plant divine ! What metall, stone, stalk, fruit, flower, root, or ryne, Shall I presume in these rude rimes to sute Unto thy wondrous World-adorning Fruit ?	220	
roof the tree fe was a ament.		230	
excellency at Tree.			
	The rarest Simples that our fields present-us Heale but one hurt, and healing too torment-us : And with the torment, lingring our reliefe, Our bags of Gold voyd, yer our bulks of griefe. But thy rare fruits hid powr admiréd most, Salveth all sores, <i>sans</i> pain, delay, or cost : Or rather, man from yawning Death to stay, Thou didst not cure, but keep all ils away. O holy, peerlesse, rich preservative ! Whether wert thou the strange restorative That suddenly did age with youth repair, And made old <i>Aeson</i> younger then his heir ? Or holy <i>Nectar</i> that in Heav'nly bowrs, Eternally self-pouring <i>Hebt</i> pours ? Or blest <i>Ambrosia</i> (God's immortall fare ?) Or else the rich fruit of the Garden rare, Where, for three Ladies (as assuréd guard) A fire-arm'd Dragon day and night did ward ? Or precious <i>Moly</i> , which <i>Jove's</i> Pursuivan Wing-footed <i>Hermes</i> brought to th' <i>Ithacan</i> ? Or else <i>Nepenthi</i> , enemy to sadnesse, Repelling sorrows, and repealing gladnesse ? Or <i>Mummie</i> ? or <i>Elisir</i> (that excels Save men and Angels every Creature els) ? No, none of these : these are but forgeries, But toyes, but tales, but dreams, deceits, and lies. But Thou art true, although our shallow sense May honour more, then sound thine Excellence. <i>The Tree of Knowledge</i> , th' other Tree beight : Not that it selfy had such speciall might, As men's dull wits could whet and sharpen so That in a moment they might all things know. 'T was a sure pledge, a sacred signe, and seal ; Which, being ta'en, should to light man reveal What ods there is between still peace, and strife ; God's wrath, and love ; drad death, and dearest life ; Solace, and sorrow ; guile, and innocence ; Rebellious pride, and humble obedience. For, God had not depriv'd that primer season The sacred lamp and light of learnéd Reason : Mankinde was then a thousand fold more wise Then now : blinde Errour had not bleard his eyes With mists ; which make th' <i>Athenian Sage</i> suppose That <i>nought he knows, save this, that nought he knows</i> . That even light <i>Pirrhon's</i> wavering fantasies Reave him the skill his un-skill to agnize. And th' <i>Alderite</i> , within a Well obscure, As deep as dark, the Truth of things immure. He (happy) knew the Good, by th' use of it : He knew the Bad, but not by proof as yet : But as they say of great <i>Hippocrates</i> , Who (though his limbs were numm'd with no excesse, Nor stopt his throat, nor vext his fantasie) Knew the cold Cramp, th' Angine and Lunacy, And hundred els-pains, whence in lusty flower He liv'd exempt an hundred years and foure. Or like the pure Heav'n-prompéd Prophets rather, Whose sight so cleerly future things did gather,	240	We cannot say what Tree it was.
		250	
		260	Of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil.
		270	Of the excellence of man's know- ledge before Sin.
		280	How he knew good and evill before Sin.

Of man's knowledge since his Fall.	<p>Because the World's Soule in their soule enseal'd 290 The holy stamp of secrets most conceal'd. But our now-<i>knowledge</i> hath, for tedious train, A drooping life, and over-rack'd brain, A face forlorn, a sad and sullen fashion, A restless toyl, and Care's self-pining passion. Knowledge was then even the soule's soul for light, The spirit's calm Port, and Lanthorn shining bright To strait-stept feet : cleer knowledg ; not confus'd : Not sower, but sweet : not gotten, but infus'd.</p>	<p>But when he once had entred Paradise, The remnant World he justly did dispise : [Much like a Boor far in the Countrey born, Who, never having seen but Kine and Corn, Oxen, and Sheep, and homely Hamlets thatcht (Wh^{ch}, fond, he counts as Kingdoms ; hardly matcht) When afterward he happens to behold</p>	<p>Best most especially of h Garden of Edn</p>
Why the Lord put man in the Garden of Eden.	<p>Now Heav'n's eternall all-fore-seeing King, 300 Who never rashly ordereth any thing, Thought good, that man (having yet spirit sound-stated) Should dwell elsewhere, then where he was created ; That he might know, he did not hold this place By Nature's right, but by meer gift and grace ; That he should never taste fruits un-permitted, But keep the sacred pledge to him committed, And dresse that Park, which, God without all tearm, On these conditions gave him as in Farm.</p>	<p><i>The wealthy London's wonders manifold, The silly peasant thinks himselfe to be In a new world ; and gazing greedily, One while he, Art-lesse, all the Arts admires, Then the fair Temples, and their top-lesse spires, Their firm foundations, and the massie pride Of all their sacred ornaments beside :</i></p>	<p>In this Comparisons my Author seemeth to downe the fan City of Paris: but I have presumed to apply to our own C^{ty} of London, th^{at} might be more familiar to my meer English and un-travel Readers.</p>
Of his exercise there.	<p>God would that (voyd of painfull labour) he 310 Should live in <i>Eden</i> ; but not idley : For, idlenesse pure Innocence subverts, Defiles our body, and our soule perverts : Yea, sobrest men it makes dilicious, To vertue dull, to vice ingenious. But that first travell had no sympathy With our since-travel's wretched cruelty, Distilling sweat, and panting, wanting winde, Which was a scourge for <i>Adam's</i> sin assign'd.</p>	<p><i>Anon he wonders at the differing graces, Tongues, gests, attires, the fashions and the faces, Of busie-buzzing swarmes, which still he meets Ebbing and flowing over all the streets ; Then at the signes, the shops, the weights, the measures, The handy-crafts, the rumours, trades, and treasures. But, of all sights, none seemes him yet more strange Then the rare, beauteous, stately rich Exchange. Another while he marvels at the Thames, 370 Which seems to bear huge Mountaines on her streams :</i> <i>Then at the fair-built Bridge ; which he doth judge More like a tradefull City then a Bridge ; And glancing thence along the Northkrene shore, That Princely Prospect doth amaze him more.]</i></p>	
Foure comparisons.	<p>For, <i>Eden's</i> Earth was then so fertill fat, 320 That he made only sweet Essayes in that, Of skilfull industry, and naked, wrought More for delight, then for the gaine he sought. In brief, it was a pleasant exercise, A labour lik't, a pain much like the guise Of cunning Dauncers ; who, although they skip, Run, caper, vault, traverse, and turn, and trip, From Morne till Even, at night again full merry, Renew their dance, of dancing never weary.</p>	<p>For in that Garden man delighted so, That (rapt) he wist not if he wak't or no ; If he beheld a true thing or a fable ; Or Earth, or Heav'n : all more then admirable. For such excesse his extasie was small : 380 Not having spirit enough to muse withall, He wisht him hundred-fold redoubled senses, The more to taste so rare sweet excellences ; Not knowing, whether nose, or ears, or eyes, Smelt, heard, or saw, more saviors, sounds, or dies.</p>	
1	<p>Or else of Hunters, that with happy luck 330 Rousing betimes some often-breath'd Buck, Or goodly Stagge, their yelping Hounds uncouple, Winde loude their horns, their whoops and halloos double, Spur-on and spare not, following their desire, Themselves un-weary, though their Hackneys tyre. But, for the end of all their jollity, There 's found much stifnesse, sweat, and vanity.</p>	<p>But, <i>Adam's</i> best and supreme delectation, Was th' often haunt and holy conversation His soule and body had so many wayes With God ; who lightned <i>Eden</i> with his Rayes. For spirits, by faith religiously refin'd, 390 "Twixt God and man retein a middle kinde : And (Umpires) mortall to th' immortall joine ; And th' infinite in narrow clay confine.</p>	<p>Happinesse of first man befo his fall.</p>
3	<p>Or to the Sun's calm course, who pain-lesse ay 340 About the Welkin posteth night and day. Doubtlesse when <i>Adam</i> saw our common ayre, He did admire the Mansion rich and faire Of his Successors. For frosts keenly cold The shady locks of Forrests had not powl'd : Heav'n had not thundred on our heads as yet, Nor giv'n the Earth her sad Divorce's Writ.</p>	<p>Sometimes by you, O you all-faining Dreams, We gain this good ; but not when <i>Bacchus</i> streames And glutton vapours over-flow the Brain, And drown our spirits, presenting fancies vain : Nor when pale <i>Phlegm</i>, or saffron-colour'd <i>Choler</i>, In feeble stomachs belch their divers dolor, And print upon our Understanding's Tables ; 400 That, Water-wracks ; this other, flamefull Fables : Nor when the Spirit of lies, our spirit deceives, And gullefull visions in our fancy leaves : Nor when the pencill of Cares over-deep Our day-bred thoughts depainteth in our sleep.</p>	<p>Of the visions the Spirit.</p>
4			
Adam admires the beauties of the World in generall :			

	<p>But when no more the soule's chiefe faculties, Are 'sperst to serve the body many ways, When all self-unéd, free from days disturber, Through such sweet Transe, she finds a quiet harbor ; Where some in riddles, some more plain exprest, 410 She sees things future in th' Almighty's brest.</p>	
Of the certainty of the visions of the spirit, the body being at rest.	<p>And yet far higher is this holy Fit When (not from flesh, but from flesh cares, acquit) The wakefull soule it selfe assembling so, All selfy dies ; while that the body though Lives motion-lesse : for, sanctified wholly, It takes th' impression of God's Signet solely ; And in his sacred Crystall Map, doth see Heav'n's Oracles, and Angel's glorious glee : Made more then spirit, Now, Morrow, Yesterday, 420 To it, all one, are all as present ay. And though it seem not (when the dreams expir'd) Like that it was ; yet is it much admir'd Of rarest men, and shines among them bright Like glistring stars, through gloomy shades of night.</p>	
Of divine and extraordinary visions and revelations.	<p>But above all, that's the divinest Transe, When the Soule's eye beholds God's countenance, When mouth to mouth familiarly he deales, And in our face his drad-sweet face he seales. As when S. Paul on his deer Master's wings, 430 Was rapt alive up to th' eternall things : And he that whilom for the chosen flock, Made wals of waters, waters of a rock.</p>	
Of the excellency of such visions and revelations.	<p>O sacred flight ! sweet rape ! love's soverain bliss ! Which very love's deer lips dost make us kiss : Hymns, of <i>Manna</i> and of <i>Mel</i> compact, Which for a time doth Heav'n, with earth contract : Fire, that in Limbeck of pure thoughts divine Dost purge our thoughts, and our dull earth refine ; And mounting us to Heav'n, un-moving hence, 440 Man (in a trice) in God doost quintessence : O ! mad'st thou man divine in habitude, As for a space ; O sweetest solitude, Thy bliss were equall with that happy Rest Which after death shall make us ever-blest.</p>	
What manner of visions the first man had in Eden.	<p>Now, I believe that in this later guise Man did converse in Pleasant Paradise With Heav'n's great Architect, and (happy) there His body saw (or body as it were) Gloriously compact with the blessed Legions 450 That reign above the azure-spangled Regions.</p>	
Man is put in possession of Eden, under a condition.	<p>ADAM, quoth He, the beauties manifold That in this <i>Eden</i> thou dost heer behold, Are all thine ; onely enter ; (sacred Race) Come, take possession of this wealthy place, The Earth's sole glory : take (dear Son) to thee. This Farm's demains, leave the Chief right to me ; And th' onely Rent that of it I reserve, is One Tree's fair fruit, to shew thy sute and service : Be thou the Liege, and I Lord Paramount, 460 Ile not exact hard fines (as men shall woont). For signe of Homage, and for seal of Faith, Of all the Profits this Possession hath,</p>	
	<p>I onely ask one Tree ; whose fruit I will For Sacrament shall stand of <i>Good</i> and <i>Ill</i>. Take all the rest, I bid the ; but I vow By th' un-nam'd Name, where-to all knees do bow, And by the keen Darts of my kindled ire (More fiercely burning then consuming fire) That of the fruit of <i>Knowledge</i> if thou feed, 470 Death, dreadfull death, shal plague Thee and thy seed. If then, the happy state thou holdst of me, My holy mildnesse, nor high Majestie, If faith nor honour curb thy bold ambition, Yet weigh thy selfe, and thine own Seeds condition. Most mighty Lord (quoth <i>Adam</i>) heer I tender All thanks I can, not all I should thee render For all thy liberrall favours far surmounting My heart's conceit, much more my tongue's recount- ing.</p>	
	<p>At thy command, I would, with boystroushock, 480 Go run my self against the hardest rock : Or cast me headlong from some Mountain steep, Down to the whirling bottom of the Deep : Yea, at thy beck, I would not spare the life Of my deer <i>Phoenix</i>, sister-daughter-wife : Obeying thee, I find the things impossible, Cruell, and painfull ; pleasant, kinde, and possible, But since thy first Law doth more grace afford Unto the Subject, then the soverain Lord : Since (bounteous Prince) on Me and my Descent, 490 Thou dost impose no other tax, nor rent, But one sole precept, of most just condition (No precept neither, but a Prohibition) ; And since (good God) of all the fruits in EDEN There's but one Apple that I am forbidden, Even onely that which bitter Death doth threat, (Better, perhaps, to look on then to eat) I honour in my soule, and humbly kisse Thy just Edict (as Author of my blisse) : Which, once transgrest, deserves the rigour rather 500 Of sharpest Judge, then mildnesse of a Father.</p>	
	<p>The Firmament shall retrograde his course, Swift <i>Euphrates</i> goe hide him in his source, Firm Mountains skip like Lambs ; beneath the Deep Eagles shall dive ; Whales in the Air shall keep, Yer I presume, with fingers' ends to touch (Much lesse with lips) the Fruit forbid so much. Thus, yet in league, with Heav'n and Earth he lives ; Enjoying all the Goods th' Almighty gives : And, yet not treading Sin's false mazy measures, 510 Sails on smooth surges of a Sea of pleasures.</p>	Description of the beauties of the Garden of Eden.
	<p>Heer, underneath a fragrant Hedge reposes, Full of all kinds of sweet all-coloured Roses, Which (one would think) the Angels daily dresse In true love-knots, tri-angles, lozenges. Anon he walketh in a levell lane, On eyther side beset with shady Plane, Whose archéd boughs, for <i>Frize</i> and <i>Cornick</i> bear Thick Groves, to shield from future change of air : Then in a path impal'd, in pleasant wise, 520 With sharp-sweet Orange, Limon, Citron trees ;</p>	The Orchard.

	Whose leavie twigs, that intricately tangle, Seem painted wals whereon true fruits do dangle. Now in a plenteous Orchard planted rare With un-graft Trees; in checker round and square : Whose goodly fruits so on his will do wait, That plucking one, another's ready straight : And having tasted all (with due satiety) Finds all one goodness, but in taste variety.		O wondrous vertue of God onely good ! The Beast hath root, the Plant hath flesh and bloud : The nimble Plant can turn it to and fro ;	580	
The Brook.	Anon he stalketh with an easy stride, By some cleer River's lilly-pavéd side, Whose sand's pure gold, whose pebbles precious Gems, And liquid, silver all the curling streams : Whose chiding murmur, mazing in and out, With Crystall cisterns moats a mead about :	530	The nummed Beast can neither stir nor go ; The Plant is leaf-less, branch-less, void of fruit ; The Beast is lust-less, sex-less, sire-less, mute : The Plant with Plants his hungry panch doth feed ; Th' admiréd Beast is sow'n a slender seed. Then up and down a Forrest thick he paseth ; Which, selfy op'ning in his presence, 'baseth Her trembling tresses never-vading spring, For humble homage to her mighty King : Where thousand Trees, waving with gentle puffs Their plumy tops, sweep the celestiall roofs : Yet envying all the massie <i>Cerbas'</i> fame, Sith fifty pases can but clasp the same.		The trees Garden e
The Bridges.	And th' art-less Bridges, over-thwart this Torrent, Are rocks self-archéd by the eating Current : Or loving <i>Palms</i> , whose lusty Females willing Their marrow-booyling loves to be fulfilling, (And reach their Husband-trees on th' other banks) Bow their stiffe backs, and serve for passing-planks.	540	There springs the Shrub three foot above the grass, Which fears the keen edge of the Curtelace, Whereof the rich <i>Egyptian</i> so endears Root, bark, and fruit, and much-much more the tears. There lives the <i>Sea-Oak</i> in a little shell ; There grows untill'd the ruddy <i>Cocheneil</i> : And there the <i>Chermes</i> , which on each side arms, With pointed prickles, all his precious arms ; Rich Trees and fruitfull in those Worms of Price, Which presséd, yeeld a <i>crimsin</i> -caloured juice, Whence thousand Lambs are died so deep <i>in grain</i> , That there own Mothers know them not again.		The Carb The bala
The Alleis, Beds, and Borders.	Then in a goodly Garden's alleys smooth, Where prodig' Nature sets abroad her booth Of richest beauties, where each bed and border Is like pide Posies divers dyes and order. Now, far from noyse, he creepeth covertly Into a Cave of kindly <i>Porphyry</i> , Which, rock-fal'n spowts, congeald by colder air, Seem with smooth anticks to have seeléd fair : There layd at ease, a cubit from the ground, Upon a Jasper fring'd with yvie round, Purfled with veins, thick thrumm'd with mossie Bever, He fals asleep fast by a silent River :		There mounts the <i>Melt</i> , which serves in <i>Mexico</i> For weapon, wood, needle, and threed (to sowe) Brick, hony, sugar, sucket, balm, and wine Parchment, perfume, apparel, cord and line : His wood for fire, his harder leaves are fit For thousand uses of inventive wit. Sometimes thereon they grave their holy things, Laws, lauds of Idols, and the gests of Kings : Sometimes, conjoynéd by a cunning hand, Upon their roofs for rows of tile they stand : Sometimes they twine them into equall threds ; Small ends make needles ; greater, arrow-heads : His upper sap the sting of Serpents cures : His new-sprung bud, a rare Conserve indures : His burnéd stalks, with strong fumosities Of piercing vapours, purge the <i>French disease</i> : And they extract from liquor of his feet, Sharp vinegar, pure hony, sugar sweet.	600	The Sea-C The Coch The Cherm
The Caves.	Whose captive streams, through crooked pipes still rushing, Make sweeter musick with their gentle gushing, Then now at <i>Tivoli</i> : th' <i>Hydrantick</i> Braul Of rich <i>Ferrara's</i> stately Cardinall : Or <i>Ctesibe's</i> rare engines, framéd there Whereas they made of <i>Ibis</i> , <i>Jupiter</i> .	550	There quakes the Plant, which in <i>Pudefetan</i> Is call'd the <i>Shame-fac't</i> : for, asham'd of man, If towards it one do approach too much, It shrinks his boughs, to shun our hatefull touch : As if it had a soule, a sense, a sight, Subject to shame, feare, sorrow, and despight. And there, that Tree from off whose trembling top Both swimming shoals, and flying troops doe drop : I mean the Tree now in <i>Juturna</i> growing, Whose leaves, disperst by <i>Zephyr's</i> wanton-blowing, Are metamorphos'd both in form and matter ; On Land to Fowls, to Fishes in the Water.	610	The admin Mekt.
The pleasant mur- mur of the Waters.	Whose art-less Bridges, over-thwart this Torrent, Are rocks self-archéd by the eating Current : Or loving <i>Palms</i> , whose lusty Females willing Their marrow-booyling loves to be fulfilling, (And reach their Husband-trees on th' other banks) Bow their stiffe backs, and serve for passing-planks.		There quakes the Plant, which in <i>Pudefetan</i> Is call'd the <i>Shame-fac't</i> : for, asham'd of man, If towards it one do approach too much, It shrinks his boughs, to shun our hatefull touch : As if it had a soule, a sense, a sight, Subject to shame, feare, sorrow, and despight. And there, that Tree from off whose trembling top Both swimming shoals, and flying troops doe drop : I mean the Tree now in <i>Juturna</i> growing, Whose leaves, disperst by <i>Zephyr's</i> wanton-blowing, Are metamorphos'd both in form and matter ; On Land to Fowls, to Fishes in the Water.	620	A Tree wh leaves tran to fowle an
The Maze.	Musing, anon through crooked Walks he wanders, Round-winding rings, and intricate Meanders, False guiding paths, doubtful beguiling strays, And right-wrong errors of an end-less Maze : Not simply hedgéd with a single border Of <i>Rosemary</i> , cut-out with curious order, In <i>Satyrs</i> , <i>Centaur's</i> , <i>Whales</i> , and <i>half-men-horses</i> , And thousand other counterfaieted corses ; But with true Beasts, fast in the ground still stick- ing, Feeding on grass, and th' Airy moysture licking : Such as those <i>Bonarets</i> , in <i>Scythia</i> bred Of slender seeds, and with green fodder fed ; Although their bodies, noses, mouthes, and eyes, Of new-yeand Lambs have full the form and guise ; And should be very Lambs, save that (for foot) Within the ground they fix a living root, Which at their navell grows and dyes that day That they have brouz'd the neighbour-grass away.	560			
The wonderful Plants.	Such as those <i>Bonarets</i> , in <i>Scythia</i> bred Of slender seeds, and with green fodder fed ; Although their bodies, noses, mouthes, and eyes, Of new-yeand Lambs have full the form and guise ; And should be very Lambs, save that (for foot) Within the ground they fix a living root, Which at their navell grows and dyes that day That they have brouz'd the neighbour-grass away.	570			
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modest correc-
tion of our Poet
rilling to wade
her in curious
rch of hidden
rets.

to wander
profitably in
e questions,
cerning the
rden of Eden,
l man's abode
re.

But, seest thou not (dear *Muse*) thou tread'st the same
Too-curious path thou dost in others blame?
And striv'st in vain to paint This Work of choice,
To which no humane spirit, nor hand, nor voice,
Can once conceive, less pourtray, least express, 640
All overwhelm'd in gulfs so bottomlesse.
Who (matching Art with Nature) likeneth
Our grounds to EDEN, fondly measureth
By painted Butter-flies th' imperiall Eagle;
And th' Elephant by every little Beagle.

This fear to faile, shall serve me for a bridle,
Lest (lacking wings and guide) too busie-idle,
And over-bold, God's Cabinet I clime,
To seek the place, and search the very time
When both our *Parents*, or but one was ta'en 650
Out of our Earth, into that fruitfull Plain:
How long they had that Garden in possession,
Before their proud and insolent Transgression:
What children there they earned, and how many,
Of whether sex: or, whether none or any:
Or how (at least) they should have propagated,
If the sly malice of the Serpent hated,
Causing their fall, had not defil'd their kin,
And unborn seed, with leprosie of sin.

If voyd of *Venus*; sith unlike it is, 660
Such blessed state the noble flou'r should miss
Of Virgin-head; or, folk so perfect chaste
Should furious feel, when they their loves imbrac't,
Such tickling flames as our fond soule surpris
(That dead a-while in *Epilepsie* lyes)
And slack our sinnews all, by little and little
Drowning our reason in foul pleasure brittle.

Or, whether else as men ingender now,
Sith Spouse-bed spot-less laws of God allow,
If no excess command: sith else again 670
The Lord had made the double sex in vain.

Whether their Infant, should have had the pow'r
We now perceive in fresh youth's lusty flou'r,
As nimble feet, limbs strong and vigorous,
Industrious hands, and hearte couragious;
Sith before Sin, Man ought not less appear
In nature's gifts, than his then servants were:
And lo the Partridge, which new-hatchéd bears
On her weak back her parent-house, and wears
(In steed of wings) a bever-supple Down, 680
Follows her Dam through furrows up and down.
Or else as now; sith in the womb of *Eve*
A man of thirty years could never live:
Nor may we judge 'gainst Nature's course apparent,
Without the sacred Scripture's speciall warrant:
Which for our good (as Heav'n's dear babe) hath right
To countermand our reason and our sight.

Whether their seed should with their birth have
brought
Deep knowledge, reason, understanding-thought;
Sith now we see the new-fall'n feeble Lamb 690
Yet stain'd with blood of his distressed Dam,
Knows well the Wolf, at whose fell sight, he shakes
And right the teat of th' unknown Ewe he takes.

And sith a dull Dunce, which no knowledge can,
Is a dead Image, and no living man.

Or the thick vail of ignorance's night
Had hooded-up their issues' inward sight;
Sith the much moysture of an infant brain
Receives so many shapes, that over-lain
New dash the old; and the trim commixation 700
Of confus'd fancies, full of alteration,
Makes th' understanding dull, which settle would;
And finds no firm ground for his Anchor's hold.

Whether old ADAM should have left the place
Unto his Sons; they, to their after-race:
Or whether all together at the last
Should gloriously from thence to Heav'n have
past;

Search who'st list: who list let vaunt in pride
T' have hit the White, and let him (sage) decide
The many other doubts that vainly rise, 710
For mine own part I will not seem so wise:
I will not waste my travell and my seed
To reap an empty straw, or fruit-less reed.

Alas! we know what *Orion* of grief
Rain'd on the curst head of the Creatures' *Chief*,
After that God against him war proclaim'd,
And Satan Princedom of the earth had claim'd:
But none can know precisely, how at all
Our Elders liv'd before their odious Fall:
An unknown Cifer, and deep Pit it is, 720
Where *Dircean Oedipus* his marks would misse:
Sith *Adam's* self, if now he liv'd anew,
Could scant unwind the knotty snarléd clew
Of double doubts and questions intricate
That Schools dispute about this pristin state.

But this sole point I rest resolvéd in,
That, seeing Death's the meer effect of sin,
Man had not dreaded Death's all-slaying might,
Had he still stood in Innocence upright.

For, as two Bellows, blowing turn by turn, 730
By little and little make cold coals to burn,
And then their fire inflames with glowing heat
An iron bar; which, on the Anvill beat,
Seems no more Iron, but flies almost all
In hissing sparks, and quick bright cindars small:
So, the World's Soule should in our soule inspire
Th' eternal force of an eternal fire,
And then our Soule (as form) breath in our corse
Her countless numbers, and Heav'n-tunéd force,
Wherewith our bodies' beauty beautifi'd, 740
Should (like our death-less Soule) have never dy'd.

Here (wot I well) some wranglers will presume
To say, Small Fire will by degrees consume
Our humour radical: and, how-be-it
The differing vertues of those fruits as yet
Had no agreement with the harmful spight
Of the fell Persian dangerous *Aconite*;
And notwithstanding that then ADAM's taste
Could well have uséd all, without all waste,
Yet could they not restore him every day 750
Unto his body that which did decay;

The decision of
such questions is a
busie idleness.

Sin makes us per-
ceive more then
sufficiently what
happinesse our
Grand-sire lost,
and what misery
he got, by his
shamefull fall.

But for sin, man
had not beene sub-
ject to death.

730 Simile.

Objections against
the estate of man,
who had not been
subject to death
but for sin

imile.

Because the food cannot (as being strange)
So perfectly in humane substance change :
For it resemblth Wine, wherein too rife
Water is brew'd, whereby the pleasant life
Is over-cool'd ; and so there rests, in fine,
Nought of the strength, savour, or taste of Wine.
Besides, in time the naturall faculties
Are tyr'd with toyl ; and th' Humour-enemies,
Our death conspiring, undermine at last,
Of our Soules' prisons the foundations fast.

760

Answer to those
objections.

I, but the Tree of life the strife did stay
Which th' humours caused in this house of clay ;
And stopping th' evill, changed (perfect good)
In body fed, the body of the food :

Onely the Soule's contagious malady
Had force to frustrate this high remedy.

Immortall then, and mortall, Man was made ;
Mortall he liv'd, and did immortall vade :
For, 'fore th' effects of his rebellious ill,
To dy or live was in his power and will :
But since his Sin, and proud Apostasie,
Ah ! dye he may, but not (alas !) not-dye ;
As after his new birth, he shall attain
Onely a powr to never-dye again.

770

Conclusio

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

- Line 21, 'gests' = deeds, *e.g.*, Gesta Romanorum.
 .. 31, 'lardy' = slow.
 .. 41, 'wain' = wean.
 .. 44, 'sacre' = consecrate.
 .. 48, 'Daniel' = Samuel Daniel. See our Memorial-Introduction on this.
 .. 50, 'our new Naso'—see *ibid.*
 .. 69, 'Brutus' heirs' = Britons—the mythical descent.
 .. 79, 'Ver's' = Spring's.
 .. 86, 'proins' = prune—as birds their feathers.
 .. 104, 'treen' = branch.
 .. 144, 'boistrous'—odd use of the word.
 .. 154, 'en-ag'd' = made aged or sere : *ibid.*, 'stowr'
 —see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
 .. 167, 'shine'—qu. shrine?
 .. 250, 'Moby'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, for illustrations.
 .. 254, 'Mummie'—*ibid.*
 .. 274, 'th' Athenian Sage' = Socrates.

- Line 277, 'agnise' = confess.
 .. 285, 'Angine' = quinsy.
 .. 331, 'often-breathed'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
 .. 369, 'Exchange'—*ibid.*
 .. 372, 'fair-built Bridge'—*ibid.*
 .. 408, 'self-oned' = self-oned, self-contained.
 .. 518, 'Frisse and Cornich' = frieze and cornice.
 .. 520, 'impal'd' = encircled with palings.
 .. 552, 'Purpled' = fringed—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, and 'thrumm'd.'
 .. 605, 'there' = their.
 .. 654, 'earned' = gained or obtained.
 .. 675, 'hearte'—misprinted 'hearts' in the original.
 .. 680, 'bever-supple' = supple beaver-skin-like.
 .. 700, 'commixation' = commingling.
 .. 712, 'travell' = travail.
 .. 714, 'Orion'—query—that it would need all the words in the lexicon of Orion to set forth?
 .. 742, 'woot' = I wit, I know.

G.



The Imposture.
THE SECOND PART
 OF THE
FIRST DAY OF
THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Justice and Mercy modul'd in their kinde :
 Satan's proud Hate, and Envie to Mankinde :
 His many engines, and malicious Wiles,
 Whereby the best he many times beguiles :
 Why he assum'd a Body, and began
 With Eve ; by Her to undermine her Man :
 Their dreadfull Fall : Their drowsie Conscience :
 God's righteous Sentence, for their foul Offence,
 On them (and theirs) : Their Exile : Eden barr'd 10
 With flaming Sword, and Seraphin for guard.

Who shall lend me light and nimble wings,
 That (passing Swallows, and the swiftest
 things)
 Even in a moment, boldly-daring, I
 From Heav'n to Hell, from Hell to Heav'n may fly?
 O ! who shall shew the countenance and gestures
 Of Mercy and Justice ? which, fair sacred sisters,
 With equall poiz, doe ever balance ev'n
 Th' unchanging Projects of the King of Heav'n.
 Th' one stern of look, the other milde-aspecting : 20
 Th' one pleas'd with tears, the other bloud affecting :
 Th' one bears the sword of vengeance un-renting,
 Th' other brings Pardon for the true-repenting.
 Th' one, from Earth's-Eden, Adam did dismiss :
 Th' other hath rais'd him to a higher Bliss.
 Who shall direct my Pen to paint the Story
 Of wretched man's forbidden-Bit-lost glory?
 What spell shall charm th' attentive Reader's sense?
 What Fount shall fill my voice with eloquence?
 So that I, rapt, may ravish all this ILE 30
 With grave-sweet warbles of my sacred stile ;
 Though Adam's Doom, in every Sermon common,
 And founded on the error of a woman,

Weary the Vulgar, and be judg'd a jest
 Of the profane zeal-scoffing *Atheist*.

Ah ! Thou my God, even Thou (my soule refining
 In holy Faith's pure Furnace, cleerly shining)
 Shalt make my hap far to surmount my hope,
 Instruct my spirit, and give my tongue smooth scope :
 Thou (bounteous) in my bold attempts shalt grace-
 me, 40
 And in the rank of holiest Poets place-me ;
 And frankly grant, that (soaring near the sky)
 Among our Authors, Eagle-like I fly :
 Or, at the least (if heav'n such hap deny)
 I may point others, Honour's beauteous way.

WHILE Adam bathes in these felicities,
 Hell's Prince (sly parent of revolt and lies)
 Feels a pestiferous busie-swarming nest
 Of never-dying Dragons in his brest,
 Sucking his bloud, tyring upon his lungs, 50
 Pinching his entrails with ten thousand tongues,
 His cursed Soule still most extreamly racking,
 Too frank in giving torments, and in taking :
 But above all, Hate, Pride, and Envious spight,
 His hellish life do torture day and night,
 For th' Hate he bears to God, who hath him driv'n
 Justly for ever from the glittering Heav'n,
 To dwell in darknesse of a sulph'ry clowd
 (Though still his brethren's service be allow'd) :
 The Proud desire to have in his subjection 60
 Mankind inchain'd in gyves of Sin's infection :
 And th' Envious heart-break to see (yet) to shine
 In Adam's face God's image all divine,
 Which he had lost ; and that Man might achieve
 The glorious blisse, his Pride did him deprive ;
 Grown barbarous Tyrant of his treacherous will,
 Spurs-on his course, his rage redoubling still.

He hath recourse
 to God, the onely
 giver of all suffi-
 ciency and dex-
 terity in good and
 holy things.

The enemy of God
 envieth man, and
 plotteth his de-
 struction.

	Or rather (as the prudent Hebrew notes) 'Tis that old <i>Python</i> which through hundred throats Doth proudly hisse, and (past his wont) doth fire 70 A hell of Furies in his fell desire : His envious heart, self-swoln with sullen spight, Brooks neither greater, like, nor lesser wight : Dreads th' one as Lord ; as equall, hates another ; And (jealous) doubts the rising of the other.	
His subtilty in executing his designes.	To vent his poysen, this notorious Tempter (Meer spirit) assails not <i>Eve</i> , but doth attempt her In fainéd form : for else, the soule divine, Which rul'd (as Queen) that Little-World's designe, So purely kept her Vow of Chastity, 80 That he in vain should tempt her Constancy. Therefore he fleshly doth the flesh assay (Suborning that) her Mistresse to betray ; A subtle Pandar with more ticing sleights Then Sea hath Fish or Heav'n hath twinkling lights.	
Why he hid him in a body.	For had he been of an ethereall matter, Of fiery substance, or aéreall nature ; The needfull help of language had he wanted, Whereby Faith's ground-work was to be supplanted : Sith such pure bodies have nor teeth, nor tongues, 90 Lips, art'ries, nose, palate, nor panting lungs, Which rightly plac't are properly created True instruments of sounds articulated.	
Why he appeared not in his owne likenesse : nor transformed him into an Angel of light.	And furthermore, though from his birth h' had had Heart-charming cunning smoothly to perswade, He fear'd (malitious) if he, care-lesse, came Un-maskéd (like himselfe, in his own name) In deep distrust man entring suddenly, Would stop his ears, and his foule presence fly : As (opposite) taking the shining face 100 Of sacred Angels full of glorious grace, He then suspected, lest th' Omnipotent Should think man's fall scarce worthy punishment.	
Simile.	Much like (therefore) some thief that doth con- ceive From travellers both life and goods to reave, And in the twi-light (while the Moon doth play In <i>Thetis'</i> Palace) neer the King's high-way Himself doth ambush in a bushy Thorn ; Then in a Cave, then in a field of Corn, Creeps to and fro, and fisketh in and out, 110 And yet the safety of each place doth doubt ; Till, resolute at last (upon his knee Taking his levell) from a hollow Tree, He swiftly send his fire-wing'd messenger, At his false suit t' arrest the passenger : Our freedom's felon, fountain of our sorrow, Thinks now the beauty of an Horse to borrow ; Anon to creep into a Heifer's side ; Then in a Cock, or in a Dog to hide ; Then in a nimble Hart himselfe to shroud ; 120 Then in the starr'd plumes of a Peacock proud ; And lest he misse a mischief to effect, Oft changeth minde, and varies oft aspect.	
He hides him under divers figures.	At last, remembering that of all the broods In Mountains, Plains, Airs, waters, wilds and woods,	
Why hee chose the Serpent.		
	The knotty Serpent's spotty generation Are filled with infectious inflamation : And tho' they want Dogs' teeth, Boars' tusks, Bears' paws, The Vulture's bill, Buls' horns, and Gryphins' claws ; Yea, seem so weak, as if they had not might 130 To hurt us once, much less to kill us quite : Yet, many times they trecherously betray us, And with their breath, look, tongue, or train they slay us ; He crafty cloaks him in a Dragon skin All bright-bespect ; that, speaking so within That hollow Sagbut's supple-wreathing plies, The Mover might with Organ sympathize. For, yet the faith-lesse Serpent (as they say) With horror crawl'd not groveling on the clay, Nor to Man-kinde (as yet) was held for hatefull, 140 Sith that 's the hire of his offence ingratefull. But now to censure how this change befell Our wits come short, our words suffice not well To utter it : much lesse our feeble Art Can imitate this sly malitious part. Somtimes me seems (troubling <i>Eve's</i> spirit) the Fiend Made her this speaking fancy apprehend. For, as in liquid clouds (exhaled thickly) Water and Aire (as moyst) doe mingle quickly ; The evill Angels slide too easily, 150 As subtle Spirits int' our fantasie. Somtimes me seems She saw (wo-worth the hap) No very Serpent, but a Serpent's shape : Whether that Satan playd the Juggler there, Why tender eyes with charmed Tapers blear, Transforming so, by subtle vapoury gleams, Men's heads to Monsters, into Eels the beams : Or whether, Divels having bodies light, Quick, nimble, active, apt to change with sleight, In shapes or shews, the guilefull have propos'd ; 160 In brief, like th' Aire, whereof they are compos'd. For as th' Aire, with scatt' red clouds bespred, Is here and there black, yellow, white, and red, Resembling Armies, Monsters, Mountains, Dragons, Rocks, fiery Castles, Forrests, Ships and Wagons, And such to us through glasse transparent clear From form to form varying it doth appear : So, these Seducers can grow great or small, Or round, or square, or straight, or short, or tall, As fits the passions they are movéd by, 170 And such our soule receives them from our eye. Somtimes, that Satan (onely for this work) Fain'd him a Serpent's shape, wherein to lurk. For, Nature framing our soule's enemies, Of bodies light, and in experience wise, In malice crafty ; curious they assemble Small Elements, which (as of kin) resemble, Whereof a Masse is made, and thereunto They soon give growth and lively motion too. Not, that they be Creators : for, th' Almighty, 180 Who first of nothing made vaste <i>Amphitrite</i> ,	Sundry opais hereupon.

The World's dull Centre, Heav'n's ay-turning Frame,
 And whirling Aire, sole merits that high Name :
 Who (onely *Being*) Being gives to all,
 And of all things the seeds substantiall
 Within their first born-bodies hath inclos'd,
 To be in time by Nature's hand dispos'd :
 Not those, who (taught by curious Art or Nature)
 Have giv'n to things Heav'n-pointed form and stature,
 Hastned their growth, or wak'ned learnedly 190
 The forms that formlesse in the Lump did ly.
 4 But (to conclude) I think 'twas no conceipt,
 No feined Idoll, nor no juggling sleight,
 Nor body borrowed for this use's sake,
 But the self Serpent which the Lord did make
 In the beginning : for, his hatefull breed
 Bears yet the pain of this pernicious deed.
 5 Yet 'tis a doubt whether the Divell did
 Governe the Dragon (not there selfy hid)
 To raise his courage, and his tongue direct, 200
 Locally absent, present by effect :
 As when the sweet strings of a Lute we strike,
 Another Lute laid near it, sounds the like ;
 Nay, the same note, through secret sympathy
 (Untoucht) receiving Life and Harmony :
 Or, as a Star, which (though far distant) pours,
 Upon our heads, hap-lesse or happy showers.
 6 Or, whether for a time he did abide
 Within the doubling Serpent's damask hide,
 Holding a place-less place : as our soule dear, 210
 Through the dim Lanthorn of our flesh, shines
 clear ;
 And bound-lesse bounds it self in so straight space,
 As form in body, not as body in place.
 But this stands sure, how-ever else it went,
 Th' old Serpent serv'd as Satan's instrument
 To charme in *Eden*, with a strong illusion,
 Our silly Grandam to her self's confusion.
 For, as an old, rude, rotten, tune-lesse Kit,
If famous Dowland daign to finger it,
 Makes sweeter Musick then the choicest Lute 220
 In the grosse handling of a clownish Brute :
 So, whiles a learned Fiend with skilfull hand
 Doth the dull motions of his mouth command,
 This self-dumb Creature's glozing Rhetorike
 With bashfull shame great Orators would strike :
 So, Fiery Trunks within *Epyrus' Grove*,
 Mov'd by the spirit that was inspir'd by *Jove*,
 With fluent voyce (to every one that seeks)
 Fore-tell the Fates of light beleeving Greeks :
 So, all incenst, the pale *Engastromith* 230
 (Rul'd by the furious spirit he's haunted with)
 Speaks in his womb ; So, well a workman's skill
 Supplies the want of any organ ill :
 So doth the *Phantike* (lifting up his thought
 On Satan's wing) tell with a tongue distraught
 Strange Oracles ; and his sick spirit doth plead
 Even of those Arts that he did never read.
 O ruth-less murd'rer of immortal Soules !
 Alas ! to pull us from the happy Poles,

clusion of the
 er opinions.
 mparison.

And plunge us headlong in the yawning hell, 240
 Thy ceas-lesse frauds and fetches who can tell ?
 Thou play'st the Lion, when thou dost engage
 Bloud-thirsty *Nero's* barbarous heart with rage,
 While flesht in murders (butcher-like) he paints
 The Saint-poor world with the dear bloud of Saints.
 Thou play'st the Dog, when by the mouth profane
 Of some false Prophet thou dost belch thy bane,
 While from the Pulpit barkingly he rings
 Bold blasphemies against the King of kings.
 Thou play'st the Swine, when plung'd in pleasures
 vile, 250
 Some Epicure doth sober mindes defile ;
 Transforming lewdly, by his loose impiety,
 Strict *Lacedamon* to a soft society.
 Thou play'st the Nightingale, or else the Swan,
 When any famous Rhetorician,
 With captious wit and curious language, draws
 Seduced hearers ; and subverts the laws.
 Thou play'st the Fox, when thou dost fain a-right
 The face & phrase of some deep Hypocrite,
 True painted Toomb, dead-seeming coals, but quick ; 260
 A Scorpion fell, whose hidden tail doth prick.
 Yet this were little, if thy spite audacious
 Spar'd (at the least) the face of Angels gracious,
 And if thou didst not (Ape-like) imitate
 Th' Almighty's Works, the wariest Wits to mate.
 But (without numbring all thy subtle baits,
 And nimble juggling with a thousand sleights)
 Timely returning where I first digest,
 I 'le onely here thy first DECEIT digest.
 The Dragon then, Man's Fortress to surprise, 270
 Follows some Captain's martiall policies,
 Who, yer too neer an adverse place he pitch,
 The situation marks, and sounds the ditch,
 With his eyes levell the steep wall he metes,
 Surveyes the flanks, his Camp in order sets ;
 And then approaching, batters sore the side
 Which Art and Nature have least fortifi'd :
 So this old Souldier, having markéd rife
 The first-born payr's yet danger-dread-lesse life ;
 Mounting his Canons, subtly he assaults 280
 The part he findes in evident defaults :
 Namely, poor Woman, wavering, weak, unwise,
 Light, credulous, news-lover, giv'n to lies.
Eve, Second honour of this Universe !
 Sathan's Oration.
 Is 't true (I pray) that jealous God, perverse,
 Forbids (quoth he) both you and all your race
 All the fair Fruits these silver Brooks embrace ;
 So oft bequeath'd you, and by you possest,
 And day and night by your own labour drest ?
 With th' air of these sweet words, the wily Snake 290
 A poysoned air inspiréd (as it spake)
 In *Eve's* frail brest ; who thus replies : O I know,
 What e'er thou be (but, thy kinde care doth show
 A gentle friend) that all the fruits and flowrs
 In this earth-heav'n are in our hands and powrs,
 Except alone that goodly fruit divine,
 Which in the midst of this green ground doth shine ;

The sundry
 subtle and horri-
 ble endeavours of
 the Divell, put-
 ting on divers
 forms to over-
 throw man-kinde.

The Poet re-
 sumeth his Dis-
 course touching
 the temptation of
 Eve.

270 Comparison.

280

Sathan's Oration.

Eve's answer.

	But, all-good God (alas ! I wot not why) Forbad us touch that Tree, on pain to dye. She ceas't ; already brooding in her heart A curious wish, that will her weal subvert.	300	And by his headlong fall, so brings his friend To an untimely, sad, and sudden end ; Our Mother, falling, hales her Spouse anon Down to the gulf of pitchy <i>Acheron</i> .	
A fit comparison.	As a false Lover, that thick snares hath laid T' intrap the honour of a fair young Maid, When she (though little) listning ear affords To his sweet, courting, deep-affected words, Feels some asswaging of his freezing flame, And sooths himselfe with hope to gain his game ; And, rapt with joy, upon this point persists, That parley'ng Citie never long resists :		For, to the wisht Fruit's beautifull aspect, Sweet <i>Nectar</i> -taste, and wonderfull effect, Cunningly adding her quaint smiling glances, Her witty speech, and pretty countenances, She so prevails, that her blind Lord, at last, A morsell of the sharp-sweet fruit doth taste.	360
	Ev'n so the Serpent, that doth counterfeit All guilefull Call t' allure us to his net ; Perceiving <i>Eve</i> his flattering gloze digest, He prosecutes, and, jocund, doth not rest, Till he have try'd foot, hand, and head, and all, Upon the breach of his new-battered wall.	320	Now suddenly wide-open feel they might (Siel'd for their good) both soules' and bodies' sight ; But the sad Soule hath lost the Character, And sacred Image that did honour her :	The effe their dis obedience
The Divel's reply.	No, fair (quoth he) beleeve not, that the care God hath, Mankinde from spoyling death to spare, Makes him forbid you (on so strict condition) This purest, fairest, rarest Fruit's fruition :		The wretched Body, full of shame and sorrow To see it naked, is inforc't to borrow The Tree's broad leaves whereof they aprons frame, From Heav'n's fair eye to hide their filthy shame.	370
	A double fear, an envie, and a hate, His jealous heart for ever cruciate ; Sith the suspected vertue of This Tree Shall soon disperse the cloud of Idiocy, Which dims your eyes ; and further, make you seem (Excelling us) even <i>equall</i> Gods to him.	320	Alas fond death-lings ! O ! behold how cleer The <i>Knowledge</i> is that you have bought so deer : In heav'nly things ye are more blinde then Moals, In earthly, Owls. O ! thinke ye (silly soules) The sight that swiftly through th' Earth's solid centers (As globes of pure transparent crystall) enters, Cannot transpierce your leaves ? or do ye ween,	380
His audacious impudency.	Sith the suspected vertue of This Tree Shall soon disperse the cloud of Idiocy, Which dims your eyes ; and further, make you seem (Excelling us) even <i>equall</i> Gods to him. O World's rare glory ! reach thy happy hand, Reach, reach, I say : why dost thou stop or stand ? Begin thy Blisse, and do not fear the threat Of an uncertain God-head, onely great Through self-aw'd zeal : Put on the glistring Pall Of immortality : doe not fore-stall (As envious Stepdame) thy posterity The soverain honour of <i>Divinity</i> .	330	Covering your shame so to conceal your sin ? Or that, a part thus clouded, all doth lie Safe from the search of Heav'n's all-seeing eye ? Thus yet, man's troubled dull Intelligence Had of his fault but a confus'd sense : As in a dream, after much drink it chances, Disturbed Spirits are vext with raving fancies.	
The Apostasie of Eve.	This parley ended, our ambitious Grandam, Who onely yet did heart and eye abandon, Against the Lord, now farther doth proceed, And hand and mouth makes guilty of the deed.		Therefore, the Lord, within the Garden fair, Moving betimes I wot not I what ayre, But supernaturall ; whose breath divine Brings of his presence a most certain signe : Awakes their <i>Lethargie</i> and to the quick, Their self-doom'd soules doth sharply press and prick :	The entr presence awakes ! drowne ! swallow Sin : an to arraign
A comparison.	A novice Thief (that in a Closet spies A heap of Gold, that on the Table lies) Pale, fearfull shivering, twice or thrice extends, And twice or thrice retires his fingers' ends, And yet again returns ; the booty takes, And faintly-bold, up in his cloak it makes, Scarce findes the door, with faultring foot he flies, And still looks back for fear of <i>Hu-on-cries</i> :	340	Now more and more making their pride to fear The Frowning visage of their Judge severe : To seek new-refuge in more secret harbors Among the dark shade of those tufting arbors. <i>Adam</i> , quoth God, (with thundering Majesty) Where art thou (wretch !) what dost thou ? answer me Thy God and Father ; from whose hand the health Thou hold'st, thine honour, and all sorts of wealth.	
	Even so doth <i>Eve</i> shew by like fearfull fashions The doubtfull combat of contending Passions ; She would, she should not ; glad, sad ; coms and goes :		At this sad summons, wofull man resembles A bearded rush that in a river trembles : His rosie cheeks, are chang'd to earthen hew ; His dying body, drops in ycie dew ; His tear-drown'd eyes, a night of Clouds bedims ; About his ears a buzzing horror swins ; His fainted knees, with feebleness are humble ; His faultring feet doe slide away and stumble ; He hath not (now) his free, bold, stately port ; But down-cast looks, in fearfull slavish sort ; Now, nought of <i>Adam</i> , doth in <i>Adam</i> rest ; He feels his senses pain'd, his soule opprest ;	Describe the horri effects of Conscience mored to presence :
Another com- parison lively ex- pressing the Fall of Man, by the revocation of his rife.	And long she marts about a Match of Woes : But (out alas !) at last she toucheth it, And (having toucht) tastes the <i>Forbidden bit</i> . Then as a man that from a lofty Clift, Or steepy Mountain doth descend too swift, Stumbling at somewhat, quickly clips some lim Of some dear kinsman walking next to him,	350	400	410

	A confus'd hoast of violent passions jar ; His flesh and spirit are in continuall war : And now no more (through conscience of this error) He hears or sees th' Almighty, but with terror : And loth he answers (as with tongue distraught) Confessing (thus) his fear, but not his fault :		
m's answer.	O Lord ! thy voyce, thy dreadfull voyce hath made Me (fearfull) hide me in this covert shade. For, naked as I am (O most of might !) I dare not come before thine awfull sight.	420	
urgeth the e of his ction and	Naked (quoth God)? why (faith-lesse renegate, Apostate Pagan !) who hath told thee that ? Whence springs thy shame? what makes thee thus to run From shade to shade, my presence still to shun ? Hast thou not tasted of the learnéd Tree, Whereof (on pain of death) I warnéd thee ?		
Adam's reply, sing himselfe, covertly im- ag his Guilt od.	O righteous God (quoth ¹ <i>Adam</i>) I am free From this offence : the wife thou gavest me, For my companion and my comforter, She made me eat the deadly meat with her.	430	
mination of , who ex- th her self rise on her.	And thou (quoth God) O ! thou frail treacherous Bride, Why, with thy self, hast thou seduc'd thy Guide ? Lord (answers <i>Eve</i>) the Serpent did intice My simple frailty to this sinfull vice.		
example for es and istrates.	Mark here, how He, who fears not who reform His high Decrees, not subject unto form, Or stile of Court : who, all-wise, hath no need T' examine proof or witness of the deed : Who, for sustayning of unequal Scale, Dreads not the Doom of a <i>Mercuriall</i> ; Yer Sentence pass doth publikly convent, Confront, and hear with ear indifferent Th' Offenders sad : then with just indignation, Pronounce th' their dreadfull Condemnation.	440	
Sentence of supreme e against the y Prisoners : first of all st the ent.	Ah, curséd Serpent, which my fingers made To serve Mankind : th' hast made thy selfe a blade Wherewith vain Man and his inveigléd Wife (Self-parricides) have reft their proper life. For this thy fault (true Fountain of all ill) Thou shalt be hatefull 'mong all Creatures still. Groveling in dust, on dust thou ay shalt feed : I'le kindle war between the Woman's seed, And thy fell race ; hers on the head shall ding Thine : thine again hers in the heel shall sting.	450	
nat the san.	Rebell to Mee, unto thy Kindred curst, False to thy Husband, to thy Selfe the worst : Hope not, thy fruit so eas'ly to bring-forth As now thou slay'st it : henceforth every Birth Shall torture thee with thousand sorts of pain ; Each art'ric, sinew, muscle, joynt and vein, Shall feel his part : besides fowl vomitings, Prodigious longings, thoughtful languishings, With change of colours, swoons, and many others, Eternall fellows of all future Mothers :	460	
inst Man.	Under his yoaik, thy Husband thee shall have, Tyrant, by thee made the Arch-tyrant's slave. And thou disloyall, which hast bearknéd more T' a wanton fondling, then my sacred lore,	470	
	Henceforth the sweat shall bubble on thy brow ; Thy hands shall blister, and thy back shall bow : Ne'er shalt thou send into thy branchie veines A bit, but bought with price of thousand pains. For, the earth feeling (even in her) th' effect Of the doom thundréd 'gainst thy foul defect ; In stead of sweet fruits which she selfy yeelds Seed-less, and Art-less, over all thy fields, With thorns and burs shall bristle up her brest.	480	
	(In short) thou shalt not taste the sweets of rest, Till ruth-less Death, by his extreamest pain, Thy dust-born body turn to dust again. Here I conceive, that flesh and bloud will brangle, And murmuring Reason with th' Almighty wrangle, Who did our Parents with <i>Free-will</i> indue, Though he fore-saw, that that would bee the clew Shoud lead their steps into the wofull way Where life is death ten thousand times a-day : Now all that hee fore-sees, befalls : and further, He all events by his free-powr doth order.		Obiections to excuse the Sin of Man.
	Man taxeth God of too-unjust severity, For plaguing <i>Adam's</i> sin in his posterity : So that th' old yeers' renewéd generations Cannot asswage his venging indignations, Which have no other ground to prosecute, But the mis-eating of a certain fruit. O dusty wormling ! dar'st thou strive and stand W th Heav'n's high Monarch? wilt thou (wretch) demand Count of his deeds? Ah ! shall the potter make His clay, such fashion as him list to take? And shall not God (World's Founder, Nature's Father) Dispose of man (his own meer creature) rather? The supreme King, who (Judge of greatest Kings) By Number, Weight and Measure, acts all things, Vice-loathing Lord, pure Justice, Patron strong, Law's life, Right's rule ; will he do any wrong? Man, holdest thou of God thy frank <i>Free-will</i> , But free t' obey his sacred goodness still? Freely to follow him, and do his hest, Not <i>Philtre</i> -charm'd, nor by <i>Busiris</i> prest? God arms thee w th discourse : but thou (O wretch !) By the keen edge the wound-soule sword dost catch ; Killing thy selfe, and in thy loyns thy line. O banefull Spider (weaving wofull twine) All Heav'n's pure flours thou turnest into poysion : Thy sense reaves sense : thy reason robs thy reason. For, thou complainest of God's grace, whose Still Extracts from dross of thine audacious ill, Three unexpected goods ; praise for his Name ; Bliss for thy self ; for Satan endless shame :	490	
	Sith, but for sin, <i>Justice</i> and <i>Mercy</i> were But idle names : and but that thou didst erre, CHRIST had not come to conquer and to quell, Upon the Cross, Sin, Satan, Death, and Hell ; Making thee blesséd more since thine offence, Then in thy primer happy innocence. Then, might'st thou die ; now death thou dost not doubt : Now, in the Heav'n ; then, didst thou ride without :	500	Answers to the first obiection.
	Man, holdest thou of God thy frank <i>Free-will</i> , But free t' obey his sacred goodness still? Freely to follow him, and do his hest, Not <i>Philtre</i> -charm'd, nor by <i>Busiris</i> prest? God arms thee w th discourse : but thou (O wretch !) By the keen edge the wound-soule sword dost catch ; Killing thy selfe, and in thy loyns thy line. O banefull Spider (weaving wofull twine) All Heav'n's pure flours thou turnest into poysion : Thy sense reaves sense : thy reason robs thy reason. For, thou complainest of God's grace, whose Still Extracts from dross of thine audacious ill, Three unexpected goods ; praise for his Name ; Bliss for thy self ; for Satan endless shame :	510	
	Sith, but for sin, <i>Justice</i> and <i>Mercy</i> were But idle names : and but that thou didst erre, CHRIST had not come to conquer and to quell, Upon the Cross, Sin, Satan, Death, and Hell ; Making thee blesséd more since thine offence, Then in thy primer happy innocence. Then, might'st thou die ; now death thou dost not doubt : Now, in the Heav'n ; then, didst thou ride without :	520	
	Sith, but for sin, <i>Justice</i> and <i>Mercy</i> were But idle names : and but that thou didst erre, CHRIST had not come to conquer and to quell, Upon the Cross, Sin, Satan, Death, and Hell ; Making thee blesséd more since thine offence, Then in thy primer happy innocence. Then, might'st thou die ; now death thou dost not doubt : Now, in the Heav'n ; then, didst thou ride without :	530	

In Earth thou liv'dst then; now in Heav'n thou beest :	530	And waxt a Tree (though proin'd with thousand cares) An execrable deadly fruit it bears.	
Then, thou didst hear God's word, it now thou seest :		Thou seest, no Wheat <i>Helleborus</i> can bring :	590
Then pleasant fruits ; now, <i>Christ</i> is thy repast :		Nor Barley, from the madding <i>Morrell</i> spring :	3
Then might'st thou fall ; but now thou standest fast.		The bleating Lambs brave Lions do not breed :	Simile.
Now <i>Adam's</i> fault was not in deed so light, As seems to Reason's sin-bleard Owlie sight :		The leprous Parents raise a leprous seed :	
But 't was a chain where all the greatest sins Were one in other link'd fast, as Twins :		Even so our Grand-sire, living Innocent, Had stockt the whole World with a Saint-descent :	
Ingratitude, Pride, Treason, Gluttony, Too-curious-Skill-thirst, Envie, Felony,		But suffering sin in EDEN him invade, His Sons, the Sons of Sin and Wrath he made.	
Too-light, too-late Belief, were the sweet baits	540	For, God did seem t' indow, with glory and grace, Not the first Man so much, as all man's race ;	4
That made him wander from Heav'n's holy straighths.		And after reave again those gifts divine,	600
What wouldst thou (Father) say unto a Son Of perfect age, to whom for portion (Witting and willing, while thy self yet livest) All thy possessions in the Earth thou givest :		Not him so much, as in him all his line.	
And yet th' ungratefull, grace-less, insolent, In thine own Land, rebellion doth invent ? Map now an <i>Adam</i> in thy memory ; By God's own hand made with great majesty, Not poor, nor pinéd ; but at whose command	550	For, if an odious Traitour that conspires, Against a Prince, or to his State aspires, Feel not alone the law's extremity ; But his Sons' Sons (although sometimes they be Honest and vertuous) for their Father's blame, Are hap-less scarr'd with an eternall shame :	Simile.
The rich abundance of the World doth stand ; Not slave to sense but having freely might To bridle it, and range it still a-right :		May not th' Eternall with a righteous terror, In <i>Adam's</i> issue punish <i>Adam's</i> error ?	
No idiot fool, nor drunk with vaine opinion ; But God's Disciple and his deereat Minion :		May he not thrall them under Death's command,	610
Who rashly grows for little, nay for nought, His deadly foe that all his good had wrought :		And sear their brows with everlasting brand Of infamy, who in his stock (accurst) Have graft worse slips then <i>Adam</i> set at first ?	
So mayst thou gness, what whip, what rope, what rack, What fire, were fit to punish <i>Adam's</i> lack.		Man's seed then justly, by succession, Bears the hard penance of his high transgression :	Conclusion former dis- tions, and tion of Go Decree ag <i>Adam</i> and They are out of <i>Ed</i>
Then, sith Man's sin by little and little runs	560	And <i>Adam</i> here, from <i>Eden</i> banishéd, As first offender is first punishéd.	
End-lesse, through every Age from Sires to Sons ; And still the farther this foule sin-spring flows, It still more muddy and more filthy grows, Thou ought'st not marvail, if (even yet) his seed Feel the just wages of this wicked deed.		Hence (quoth the Lord) hence, hence (accurséd race)	
For, though the keen sting of concupiscence Cannot, yer birth, his fell effect commence ; The unborn Babe, hid in the Mother's womb, Is sorrow's servant, and Sin's servile groom,		Out of my Garden : quick, avoid the place, This beauteous Place, pride of this Universe,	620
As a frail Mote from the first Mass extract, Which <i>Adam</i> baen'd by his rebellious fact.	570	A house unworthy Masters so perverse.	
Sound off-spring comes not of a Kinde infected : Parts are not fair, if totall be defected :		Those that (in quarrell of the Strong of strongs, And just revenge of Queen, and Countrie's wrongs) Were witnesses to all the woifull plaints, The sighes, and tears, and pitifull complaints, Of braving Spaniards (chiefly brave in word) When by the valiant Heav'n-assisted sword Of Mars-like ESSEX, England's Marshall-Earle (Then Albion's Patron, and Eliza's Pearle) They were expulst from Cad'z, their deereat pleasure, 630 Losing their Town, their Honour, and their Treasure :	Simile
And a defilé'd stinking sink doth yeeld More durt then water to the neighbour field.		Wo worth (said they) wo worth our King's ambition ; Wo worth our Clergie, and their Inquisition : He seeks new Kingdoms, and doth lose his old ; They burne for Conscience, but their thirst is Gold : Wo, and alas, wo to the vain bravados Of Typhon-like invincible ARMADOS ; Which, like the vaunting Monster-man of Gath, Have stirr'd against us little David's wrath :	
While night's black muffler hoodeth up the skies, The silly blind-man misseth not his eyes ; But when the day summons to work again, His night, eternall then he doth complain, That he goes groping, and his hand (alas !)	580	Wo worth our sins : wo worth our selves, and all Accurséd causes of our sudden fall.	640
Is fain to guide his foot, and guard his face :		Those well may gness the bitter agonies, And luke-warm Rivers gushing down the eyes Of our first Parents, out of <i>Eden</i> driv'n (Of Repeal hope-less) by the hand of Heav'n ;	
So man, that liveth in the womb's obscurity, Knowes not, nor maketh known his lust's impurity ; Which, for 'tis sown in a too-plenteous ground, Takes root already in the Caves profound Of his infected Heart : with 's birth, it 'pears, And grows in strength, as he doth grow in years ;			

answers to the
second objection.

1

simile.

2

earthly
shut up for
from Man-
le.

For, the Almighty set before the doore
Of th' holy Park, a *Seraphin* that bore
A waving sword, whose body shinéd bright,
Like flaming Comet in the midst of night ;
A body meerly *Metaphysicall*,
Which (differing little from th' ONE unicall,

650

Th' *Act-simple-pure*, the onely-being BERING)
Approacheth matter ; ne'ertheles, not being
Of matter mixt : or rather is so made
So meerly spirit, that not the murdering blade,
His joynéd quantity can part in two :
For (pure) it cannot *Suffer* ought, but *Doe*.

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

- Line 1, '*modul'd*' = modelled.
 .. 50, '*tyring*' = feeding.
 .. 84, '*ticing*' = enticing.
 .. 110, '*frisketh*' = frisketh?
 .. 199, '*selfy*' = of himself—see Glossarial Index,
 s. v., for other examples.
 .. 218-9,—see Memorial-Introduction on this tribute
 to 'famous Dowland.' '*Kis*' = a kind of
 fiddle.
 .. 241, '*fetches*' = stratagems.

- Line 345, '*Hu-on-cries*' = hue-and-cry.
 .. 456, '*ding*' = dinge, 'bruise.'
 .. 484, '*brangle*' = quarrel.
 .. 495, '*venging*' = avenging.
 .. 571, '*baen'd*' = baned, banned.
 .. 586, '*pears*' = appears.
 .. 588, '*proin'd*' = pruned—as before.
 .. 628, '*Essex*'—see our Memorial Introduction.
 .. 651, '*unicall*' = unity, undivided.

G.



The Furies.

THE
THIRD PART OF
THE
FIRST DAY OF
THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The World's transform'd from what it was at first :
For Adam's sin, all creatures else accurst :
Their Harmony distun'd by His jar :
Yet all againe consent, to make him war ;
As, th' Elements, and above all, the Earth :
Three ghastly FURIES ; Sicknes, War, and Dearth,
A gen'ral Muster of the Bodie's Grievs :
The Soule's Diseases, under sundry Chiefs :
Both full of Horror, but the later most ;
Where vgly Vice in Vertue's Mask doth boast.*

10

hath changed
i disfigured the
e of the World.

THis is not the World. O ! whither am I brought?
This Earth I tread, this hollow-hanging Vault,
Which Dayes reducing, and renewing Nights,

Renews the grief of mine afflicted sprights ;
This Sea I sail, this troubled Aire I sip,
Are not *The First-weeke's* glorious Workmanship :
This wretched Round is not the goodly Globe
Th' Eternall trimm'd in so various Robe :
'Tis but a Dungeon and a dreadfull Cave,
Of that first World the Miserable Grave.

20

ocation.

All-quickning Spirit, great God, that (justly-strange,
Judge-turned-Father) wrought'st this wondrous-change ;
Change and new-mould me, let thy hand assist,
That in my Muse appear no earthly mist :
Make me thine organ, give my voyce dexterity
Sadly to sing this sad Change to Prosperity.

*And, Bounteous giver of each perfect gift,
So tune my voyce to his sweet-sacred Clift*

*That in each strain my rude unready tongue
Be lively Eccho of his learned Song.
And henceforth, let our holy Musick ravish
All well-born Soules, from fancies lewdly-lavish
(Of charming Sin the deep inchaunting Syrens,
The snares of vertue, valour-softning Hyrens)
That toucht with terror of thine indignation,
Presented in this wofull Alteration,
Wee all may seek, by prayer and true repentance,
To shun the rigour of thy wrathfull Sentence.*

30

** But, yer we farther passe, our slender Bark
Must here strike top-sails to a Princely Ark
Which keeps these straights : He hails us threatfully,
Star-board our helm : Come underneath his Lee.
Ho whence your Bark ? of Zeal-land : whither bound ?
For Vertue's Cape : What lading ? Hope. This Sound
You should not pass ; save that your voyage tends
To benefit our Neighbours and our Friends.
Thanks, Kingly Captain ; design us then (we pray)
Some skilfull Pylot through this FURIOUS Bay ;
Or, in this Channell, sith we are to learn,
Vouchsafe to togh us at your Royall Stern.*

40

* The trams
Arre hanably
vieldt homu
the King's A
jeaty, who on
years since
his Princely
civ: transal
thru FFR11
the FRANT
and some oth
pieces of De
BARTAS.

50

YER THAT our Sire (O too too proudly-base)
Turn'd tail to God, and to the Fiend his face,
This mighty World did seem an Instrument
True-strung, well-tun'd, and handled excellent ;
Whose symphony resounded sweetly-shrill
The Almighty's praise, who play'd upon it still
While Man serv'd God, the World serv'd him, the live
And live-lesse creatures seem'd all to strive

Happy estate
the World, b
sin : set forth
similitude.

	To nurse this league ; and, loving zealously These too dear Heads, embracéd mutually : In sweet accord, the base with high rejoyc't, The hot with cold, the solid with the moist ; And innocent <i>Astræa</i> did combine All with the mastick of a love divine.	60		
Sympathy appearing reen certain ures, is but little shadow e perfect n which was ng all crea- s before Man's	For, th' hidden love that now a-dayes doth hold The Steel and Load-stone, <i>Hydrargire</i> and Gold, Th' Amber and Straw ; that lodgeth in one shell <i>Pearle-fish</i> and <i>Sharpling</i> : and unites so well <i>Sargons</i> and <i>Goats</i> , the <i>Sperage</i> and the <i>Rush</i> , Th' <i>Elm</i> and the <i>Vine</i> , th' <i>Olive</i> and <i>Myrtle-bush</i> ; Is but a spark or shadow of that Love Which at the first in every thing did move, When as th' Earth's <i>Muses</i> with harmonious sound To Heav'n sweet <i>Musick</i> humbly did resound. But <i>Adam</i> , being chief of all the strings Of this large Lute, o'er-reachéd, quickly brings All out of tune : and now for melody Of warbling Charms, it yeelds so hideously, That it affrights fell <i>Enyon</i> , who turmoils To raise again th' old <i>Chaos</i> antick broils :	70		
he Discord Sin hath ght among hings.	Heav'n, that still smiling on his Paramour, Still in her lap did <i>Mel</i> and <i>Manna</i> pour, Now with his hail, his rain, his frost and heat, Doth parch, and pinch, and over-whelm, and beat, And hoars her head with Snowes, and (jealous) dashes Against her brows his fiery lightning flashes : On th' other side, the sullen, envious Earth From blackest Cels of her foule brest sends forth A thousand foggy fumes, which every-where With cloudy mists Heav'n's crystall front besmear.	80		
dry notable pathies.	Since that, the Wolf the trembling Sheep pursues, The crowing Cock the Lion stout eschews, The Pulletin hide them from the Puttock's flight, The Mastiffe's mute at the <i>Hyana's</i> sight : Yea (who would think it ?) these fell emitties, Rage in the sense-less trunks of plants and Trees : The <i>Vine</i> , the <i>Cole</i> ; the <i>Cole-wort</i> <i>Swines-bread</i> dreads, The <i>Fearn</i> abhors the hollow waving <i>Reeds</i> : The <i>Olive</i> and the <i>Oake</i> participate, Even to their earth, signes of their Ancient hate ; Which suffers not (O date-lesse discord !) th' one Live in that ground where th' other first hath grown. O strange instinct ! O deep immortall rage, Whose fiery fewd no <i>Lath-floud</i> can swage ! So, at the sound of Wolf-Drum's rattling thunder Th' affrighted Sheep-skin-Drum doth rent in sunder : So, that fell Monster's twisted entrails cuts (By secret powr) the poor Lamb's twinéd guts, Which (after death) in stead of bleating mute, Are taught to speak upon an Ivory Lute : And so the Princely Eagle's ravening plumes The feathers of all other Fowls consumes.	90		
	The first-mov'd heav'n (in't self it self stil stirring) Rapt with his course (quicker then windes swift whirr- ing) All th' other Sphears, and to <i>Alcides'</i> Spires From <i>Alexander's</i> Altars drives their Fires :	100		
	But mortall <i>Adam</i> , Monarch here beneath, Erring, draws all into the paths of death ; And on rough Seas, as a blinde Pilot, rash, Against the rock of Heav'n's just wrath doth dash The World's great vessell, sayling yerst at ease, With gentle gales, good guide on quiet Seas. For (yer his Fall) which way so e'er he rowl'd, His wondering eyes, God every where behold ; In Heav'n, in Earth, in Ocean and in Aire, He sees, and feels, and findes him every-where. The World was like a large and sumptuous Shop Where God his goodly treasures did unwrap : Or Chrystall glasse most lively representing, His sacred goodnesse, every where frequenting. But, since his sin, the wofull wretch findes none Herb, garden, grove, field, fountain, stream or stone, Beast, mountain, valley, sea-gate, shore or haven, But bears his Death's-doom openly engraven : In brief, the whole scope this round Centre hath, Is a true store-house of Heav'n's righteous wrath. Rebellious <i>Adam</i> , from his God revolting, Findes his yerst-subjects 'gainst himselfe insulting : The tumbling Sea, the Aire with tempests driv'n, Thorn-bristled Earth, the sad and lowring Heav'n (As from the oath of their allegiance free) Revenge on him th' Almighty's injury. The Stars conjur'd through envious influence, By secret hang-men punish his offence : The Sun with heat, the Moon with cold doth vex- him : Th' Air wth unlookt-for sudden changes checks-him, With fogs, and frosts, halts, snowes, and sulph'ry thunders, Blasting, and storms, and more prodigious wonders. Fire fall'n from Heav'n, or else by Art incited, Or by mischance in some rich building lighted, Or from some Mountain's burning bowels throw'n, Repleat with Sulphur, Pitch, and Pumy stone, With sparkling fury spreads, and in few hours The labour of a thousand years devours. The greedy Ocean, breaking wonted bounds, Usurpes his Heards, his wealthy Iles and Towns. The grievéd Earth, to ease her (as it seems) Of such profane accurséd weight, somtimes Swallowes whole Countries, and the ayrie tops Of prince-proud towrs, in her black womb she wraps. And in despite of him abhord and hatefull She many wayes proves barren and ingratefull ; Mocking our hopes, turning our seed-Wheat-kernel To burn-grain Thistle, and to vaporie Darnel, Cockle, wilde Oats, rough Burs, Corn-cumbring Tares, Short Recompence for all our costly cares. Yet this were little, if she more malicious, Fell Stepdame, brought us not Plants more pernicious : As, sable <i>Henbane</i> , <i>Morell</i> , making mad ; Cold poisoning <i>Poppy</i> , itching drowsie, sad : The stifning <i>Carpess</i> , th' eyes-foe <i>Hemlock</i> stinking, Limb-numming belching, and the sinew-shrinking	110	120	The estate of Man before Sin.
			130	His estate after Sin.
			140	All creatures from the highest to the lowest, enemies to Man.
				The Heavens with all therein.
			150	All the Elements. Fire. Aire.
				Sea.
				Earth.
			160	Earth brings forth weeds.
				Venemous plants.
			170	

Dead-laughing *Apium*, weeping *Aconite*
 (Which in our Vulgar deadly *Wolf's-bane* hight)
 The dropsie-breeding, sorrow-bringing *Psylly*
 (Here called *Flea-wort*) *Colchis'* banefull Lilly,
 (With us *Wilde-Saffron*) blistering byting fell :
 Hot *Napell*, making lips and tongue to swell :
 Bloud-boyling *Yew*, and costive *Misseltoe* : 180
 With yce-cold *Mandrake*, and a many moe
 Such fatall plants ; whose fruit, seed, sap, or root,
 T' untimely Grave doe bring our heed-lesse foot.
 Besides, she knowes, we (brutish) value more,
 Then Lives or Honours, her rich glittering Ore :
 That *Avarice* our bound-lesse thought still vexes,
 Therefore among her wreakfull baits she mixes
Quick-silver, *Lethargie* and *Orpiment*,
 Wherewith our entrails are oft gnawn and rent :
 So that sometimes for Body, and for Minde, 190
 Torture and torment, in one Mine we finde.
 What resteth more? The Masters skilfull most,
 With gentle gales driv'n to the wishéd Coast,
 Not with lesse labour guide there wingéd wayns
 On th' azure fore-head of the liquid plains :
 Nor craftie Jugglers, can more eas'ly make
 There self-liv'd Puppits (for their lucre's sake)
 To skip, and scud, and play, and prate, and
 prounce,
 And fight, and fall, and trip, and turn, and daunce :
 Then happy we did rule the scaly Legions 200
 That dumbly dwell in stormy water-Regions ;
 Then feathered fingers, and the stubborn doves
 That haunt the Desarts and the shady Groves :
 At every word they trimbléd then for aw,
 And every wink then serv'd them as a law ;
 And always bent all duty to observe-us,
 Without command, stood ready still to serve-us.
 But now (alas !) through our fond Parents' fall,
 They (of our slaves) are grown our tyrants all.
 Wend we by Sea? the drad *Leviathan* 210
 Turns upside-down the boyling Ocean,
 And on the suddain sadly doth intoomb
 Our floating Castle in deep *Thetis'* womb ;
 Yerst in the Welkin like an Eagle towring,
 And on the water like a Dolphin scowring.
 Walk we by land? how many loathsome swarms
 Of speckléd poysons, with pestiferous arms,
 In every corner in close Ambush lurk
 With secret bands our suddain banes to work ?
 Besides, the Lion and the Leopard, 220
 Boar, Bear, and Wolf, to death pursue us hard ;
 And, jealous vengers of the wrongs divine,
 In peeces pull their Sovrain's sinfull line.
 The huge thicke Forrests have nor bush nor brake
 But hides some Hang-man our loath'd life to take :
 In every hedge and ditch both day and night
 We fear our death, of every leafe affright.
 Rest we at home? the Mastie fierce in force,
 Th' untamed Bull, the hot courageous Horse,
 With teeth, wth horns, and hooffes besiege us round, 230
 As griev'd to see such tyrants tread the ground :

Poyson hidden
among the
Metals.

The excellency of
Man's Dominion
over the Crea-
tures before his
Fall.

The Creatures
now become
Tyrants and
Traitors to Him,
whose slaves and
servants they
were before Sin.

And ther's no Fly so small but now dares bring
 Her little wrath against her *quondam* King.

What hideous sights? what horror-boading shows?
 Alas, what yels? what howls? what thund'ring throws?
 O! Am I not neer roaring *Phlegeton*?
Alecto, sad *Meger'* and *Thesiphon*?
 What spels have charm'd ye from your dreadfull den
 Of darkest Hell? Monsters abhorr'd of men!
 O Night's black daughters, grim-fac't *Furies* sad, 240
 Stern *Pluto's* Postes what make ye here so mad?
 O! feels not man a world of wofull terrors,
 Besides your goaring wounds and ghastly horrors?
 So soon as God from *Eden Adam* drave,
 To live in this Earth (rather in this Grave,
 Where reign a thousand deaths) he sommon'd up
 With thund'ring call the damnéd Crew, that sup
 Of Sulph'ry *Styx*, and fiery *Phlegeton*,
 Bloody *Cocytus*, muddy *Acheron*.

Come snake-trest Sisters, come ye dismall Elves, 250
 Cease not to curse and cruciate your selves :
 Come, leave the horror of your houses pale,
 Come, parbreak here your foul, black, banefull gall :
 Let lack of work no more from hence-forth fear-you,
 Man by his sin a hundred Hells doth rear-you.

This echo made whole Hel to tremble troubled,
 The drowsie Night her deep dark horrors doubled,
 And suddainly *Avernus'* Gulf did swim
 With Rozen, Pitch, and Brimstone to the brim,
 And th' ugly *Gorgons*, and the *Sphinxes* fell, 260
Hydras, and *Harpies'* gan to yawn and yell.

As the heat, hidden in a vapoury Cloud,
 Striving for issue with strange murmurs loud,
 Like guns astuns, wth round, round-rumbling thunder,
 Filling the Air with noyse, the Earth wth wonder :
 So the three Sisters, the three hideous *Rages*,
 Raise thousand storms, leaving th' infernall stages.

Already all rowle-on their steely Cars
 On th' ever-shaking nine-fold steely bars
 Of *Stygian* Bridge, and in that fearfull Cave 270
 They jumble, tumble, rumble, rage and rave.
 Then dreadfull *Hydra*, and dire *Cerberus*
 Which on one body, beareth (monstrous)
 The heads of Dragon, Dog, Ounse, Bear, and Bull,
 Wolfe, Lion, Horse (of strength and stomach full)
 Lifting his lungs, he hisses, barks and brayes,
 He howls, he yels, he bellowes, roars, and neighs :
 Such a black Sant, such a confuséd sound
 From many-headed bodies doth rebound.

Having attain'd to our calm Hav'n of light, 280
 With swifter course then *Boreas'* nimble flight,
 All fly at Man, all at intestine strife,
 Who most may torture his detested life.

Here first comes DEARTH, the lively form of
 Death,
 Still yawning wide, with loathsom stinking breath,
 With hollow eys, with meager cheeks and chin,
 With sharp lean bones piercing her sable skin :
 Her empty bowels may be plainly spy'd
 Clean through the wrinkles of her withered hide :

An admi-
descrip-
Man's in-
punish-
ment
describ-
ed

The FU-
with this
ture and
represent
Horror of
and the c-
estate of
conscience

First, Th
descrip-
Famine's
train.

<p>She hath no belly, but the bellie's seat, Her knees and knuckles swelling hugely great : Insatiate Orque, that even at one repast, Almost all creatures in the World would waste ; Whose greedy gorge, dish after dish doth draw, Seeks meat in meat : For, still her monstrous maw Voyds in devouring, and sometimes she eats Her own dear Babes for lack of other meats : Nay more, sometimes (O strangest gluttony !) She eats her selfe, her selfe to satisfie ; Lessening her selfe, her self so to enlarge : And, cruell, thus she doth our Grand-sire charge, And brings besides from <i>Limbo</i> to assist-her, <i>Rage, Feblnesse, and Thirst</i>, her ruth-less sister.</p> <p>Next marcheth WAR, the mistris of enormity, Mother of mischiefe, monster of deformity : Laws, manners, arts, she breaks, she mars, she chaces : Bloud, tears, bows, towrs ; she spills, swils, burns, and razes :</p> <p>Her brazen feet shake all the Earth asunder, Her mouth 's a fire-brand, and her voice a thunder, Her looks are lightnings, every glance a flash : Her fingers guns, that all to powder pash. <i>Fears</i> and <i>Despaire, Flight</i> and <i>Disorder</i>, coast With hasty march, before her murderous hoast : As, <i>Burning, Waste, Rape, Wrong, Impletis,</i> <i>Rage, Ruine, Discord, Horror, Cruelty,</i> <i>Sack, Sacriledge, Impunitie, and Pride,</i> Are still stern consorts by her barbarous side : And <i>Povertie, Sorrows, and Desolation,</i> Follow her Armies' bloody transmigration.</p> <p>Heer 's th' other FURIE (or my judgement fails) Which furiously man's wofull life assails With thousand Canons, sooner felt then seen, Where weakest strongest ; fraught with deadly teen : Blinde, crooked, cripple, maymed, deaf, and mad, Cold-burning, blistered, melancholike, sad, Many-nam'd poyson, minister of Death, Which from us creeps, but to us gallopeth : Foule, trouble-rest, fantastick, greedy-gut, Bloud-sweating, heart's-theef, wretched, filthy Slut, The Childe of Surfeit, and Ayr's-temper vicious, Perillous know'n, but unknowne most pernicious.</p> <p>Th' inammeld meads, in Summer cannot showe More Grashoppers above, nor Frogs belowe, Then hellish murmurs heer about doe ring : Nor never did the pretty little King Of <i>Hony-people</i>, in a Sun-shine day Lead to the field, in orderly array, More busie buzzers, when he casteth (witty) The first foundations of his waxen Citie ; Then this fierce Monster musters in her train Fell Souldiers, charging poor mankind amain.</p> <p>Loe, first a rough and furious Regiment T' assault the Fort of <i>Adam's</i> head is sent, <i>Reason's</i> best Bulwark, and the holy Cell Wherein the soule's most saered powers dwell.</p> <p>A King that aym's his neighbour's Crown to win, Before the brute of open wars begin,</p>	<p>290</p> <p>300</p> <p>310</p> <p>320</p> <p>330</p> <p>340</p> <p>400</p>	<p>Corrupts his Councell with rich recompences ; <i>For, in good Councell stands the strength of Princes :</i> So this fell <i>Fury</i>, for fore-runners, sends <i>Manie</i> and <i>Phrensie</i> to suborne her friends : Whereof, th' one drying, th' other over-warming The feeble brain (the edge of judgement harming) Within the Soule fantastickly they fain A confus'd hoast of strange <i>Chimera's</i> vain : The <i>Karos'</i>, th' <i>Apoplexe</i>, and <i>Lethargie</i>, As forlorn hope, assault the enemy On the same side ; but yet with weapons others : For, they freez-up the brain and all his brothers ; Making a live-man like a live-less carcasse, Save that again he scapeth from the <i>Parcas</i>. And now the <i>Palsie</i>, and the <i>Cramp</i> dispose Their angry darts ; this binds, and that doth lose Man's feeble sinews, shutting up the way Whereby before the vitall spirits did play.</p> <p>Then as a man, that fronts in single Fight His suddain foe, his ground doth traverse light, Thrusts, wards, avoids, and best advantage spies, At last (to daze his Rival's sparkling eyes) He casts his Cloak, and then with coward knife, In crimson streams he makes him strain his life : So SICKNES, <i>Adam</i> to subdue the better (Whom thousand Gyves al-ready fastly fetter) Brings to the field the faith-less <i>Ophthalmie</i>, With scalding bloud to blinde her enemy, Darting a thousand thrusts ; then she is back't By th' <i>Amafrose</i> and cloudy <i>Cataract</i>, That (gathering-up gross humors inwardly In th' <i>Optike</i> sinnew) clean puts out the eye ; This other caseth in an envious caul The Crystall humour shining in the ball.</p> <p>This past : in-steps that insolent insulter, The cruell <i>Quincy</i>, leaping like a Vulture At <i>Adam's</i> throat ; his hollow weasand swelling Among the muscles, through thick blouds congeal- ing ; Leaving him onely this Essay, for signe Of 's might and malice to his future-line ; Like <i>Hercules</i>, that in his infant-browes Bore glorious marks of his undaunted prow's, When wth his hands (like steely tongues) he strangled His spightfull stepdam's Dragon spotty-spangled ; A proof, presaging the triumphant spoils That he atchiev'd by his <i>Twelve</i> famous <i>Toyls</i>.</p> <p>The second Regiment with deadly darts Assaulteth fiercely <i>Adam's</i> vitall parts : Al-ready th' <i>Asthma</i>, panting, breathing tough, With humors gross the lifting Lungs doth stuff : The pining <i>Phthisick</i> fills them all with pushes, Whence a slowe spowt of cor'sie matter gushes : A wasting flame the <i>Peripneumony</i> Within those sponges kindles cruelly ; The spawling <i>Empiem</i>, ruth-less as the rest, With foule impostumes fills his hollow chest : The <i>Pleurisie</i> stabs him with desperate foyl Beneath the ribs, where scalding bloud doth boyl :</p>	<p>350</p> <p>360</p> <p>370</p> <p>380</p> <p>A similitude of the effects and endeavours of sickness.</p> <p>The second Regiment assaulting the vitall Parts.</p>
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	Then th' <i>Incubus</i> (by some suppos'd a spright) With a thick phlegm doth stop his breath by night. Deer <i>Muse</i> , my guide ; clear truth that nought dis- sembles,		With prisoned winds the wringing <i>Colick</i> pains them, The <i>Iliack</i> passion with more rigour strains them ; Streightens their Conduits, and (detested) makes Man's mouth (alas !) even like a loathsome <i>Jakes</i> . Then, the <i>Dysentery</i> with fretting pains Extorteth pure blood from the flayéd veins. On th' other side, the <i>Stons</i> and <i>Strangury</i> , Tort'ring the Reins with deadly tyranny, With heat-concreted sand-heaps strangely stop	470
The Ague with her train, her kinds, and cruell effects.	Name me that Champion that with fury trembles, Who arm'd with blazing fire-brands, fiercely flings 410 At th' Armies' heart, not at our feeble wings : Having for Aids, <i>Cough</i> , <i>Head-ache</i> , <i>Horror</i> , <i>Heat</i> , <i>Pulse-beating</i> , <i>Burning</i> , <i>Cold-distilling-Sweat</i> , <i>Thirst</i> , <i>Yawning</i> , <i>Yolking</i> , <i>Casting</i> , <i>Shivering</i> , <i>Shak- ing</i> , Fantastick <i>Raving</i> , and continuall <i>Aking</i> , With many moe : O ! is not this the <i>Fury</i> We call the <i>Fever</i> ? whose inconstant fury Transforms her oftner then <i>Vertumnus</i> can, To <i>Tertian</i> , <i>Quartan</i> , and <i>Quotidian</i> : And <i>Second</i> too ; now posting, sometimes pawing, 420 Even as the matter, all these changes causing, Is robbidgéd with motions slowe or quick In feeble bodies of the <i>Ague-sick</i> .		Unto the spout can send supply of water. Unto those parts, whereby we leave behind-us Types of our selves in after-times to mind-us, There fiercely flies defective <i>Venery</i> , And the foule, feeble, fruit-lesse <i>Gonorrhé</i> (An impotence for Generation's-deed, 480 And lust-lesse Issue of th' uncocted seed) Remorse-lesse tyrants, that to spoyle aspire Babes unconceiv'd, in hatred of their Sire. The fell fourth Regiment, is outward Tumours, Begot of vicious indigested humours : As <i>Phlegmons</i> , <i>Oedems</i> , <i>Schyrrhes</i> , <i>Erisipiles</i> , <i>King's-evils</i> , <i>Cankers</i> , cruell <i>Gouits</i> , and <i>Byles</i> , <i>Wens</i> , <i>Ring-worms</i> , <i>Tettlers</i> : these from every part With thousand pangs brave the besiegéd heart : And their blinde fury, wanting force and courage 490 To hurt the Fort, the champain Country forrage. O tyrants ! sheath your feeble swords again ; For, Death al-ready thousand-times hath slain Your Enemy ; and yet your envious rigour Doth mar his feature and his limbs disfigure. And with a dull and raggéd instrument His joynts and skin are saw'd, and torn, and rent. Me thinks most rightly to a coward Crew Of <i>Wolves</i> and <i>Foxes</i> I resemble you, Who in a Forrest (finding on the sand 500 The Lyon dead, that did alive command The Land about, whose awfull Countenance Melted, far off, their yce-like arrogance) Mangle the members of their live-lesse Prince, With feeble signes of dastard insolence. But, with the Griefs that charge our outward places,	
Our Poet, having been himselfe for many years grievously afflicted with the Fever, com- plaineth bitterly of her rude violence.	Ah trecherous beast ! needs must I know thee best : For foure whole years thou wert my poor heart's guest, And to this day in body and in minde I bear the marks of thy dispight unkinde : For yet (besides my veins and bones bereft Of blood and marrow) through thy secret theft I feel the vertue of my spirit decayd, 430 Th' <i>Enthousiasmos</i> of my <i>Muse</i> allaid : My memory (which hath been meetly good) Is now (alas !) much like the fleeting floud ; Whereon no sooner have we drawn a line But it is canceld, leaving there no signe : For, the deere fruit of all my care and cost, My former study (almost all) is lost, And oft in secret have I blushéd at Mine ignorance : like <i>Corvine</i> , who forgat His proper name ; or like <i>George Trapezunce</i> 440 (Learnéd in youth, and in his age a Dunce). And thence it growes, that maugre my endeavour My numbers still by habite have the Fever ; One-while with heate of heavenly fire ensoul'd ; Shivering anon, through faint un-learned cold.		Comparsion	
The third Regi- ment warring on the naturall Powers.	Now, the third Regiment with stormy stours Sets-on the Squadron of our <i>Nat' rall Powers</i> Which happily maintain us (duly) both With needfull food, and with sufficient growth. One-while the <i>Boulime</i> , then the <i>Anorexie</i> , 450 Then the <i>Dog-hunger</i> , or the <i>Bradypepsie</i> , And childe-great <i>Pica</i> (of prodigious dyet) In straightest stomachs rage with monstrous ryot ; Then on the Liver doth the <i>Jaundise</i> fall, Stopping the passage of the cholericke Gall ; Which then for good blood, scatters all about Her fiery poyson, yellowing all without ; But the sad <i>Dropsie</i> freezeth it extreme, Till all the blood be turned into fleam. But see (alas !) by far more cruell foes 460 The slippery bowels thrill'd with thousand throes ;		The lowest Disease.	
			Disease is certain On and Nation	

For, of her Souldiers, some (as led by reason) 520
 Can make their choyce of *Country, Age, and Season*.
 So *Portugal* hath *Phthisiks* most of all,
Eber, King's-evils; Arnt, the Suddain-fall;
Savoy, the Mumps; West-India Pox; and Nile,
The Leprosie; Plague, the Sardinian-Ile,
 After the influence of the Heav'ns all ruling,
 Or *Countries'* manners. So, soft *Child-hood* puling,
 Is wrung with *Worms*, begot of crudity,
 Are apt to Laske through much humidity :
 Through their salt phlegms, their heads are hid with
 skulls ; 530
 Their Limbs with *Red-gums* and with bloody bals
 Of *Menstruall* humour, which (like *Must*) within
 Their bodies boyling button'th all their *Skin*.
 To *bloudy-Fluxes, Youth* is apt inclining,
Continuall-Fevers, Phrensis, Phthisik-pining.
 And feeble *Age* is seldom-times without
 Her tedious guests, the *Palsie* and the *Gout,*
Coughes and *Catarrhs*. And so the *Pestilence,*
The quartan-Agüe with her accidents,
 The *Flix, the Hip-gout,* and the *Watry-Tumour,* 540
 Are bred with us of an *Autumnall* humour :
 The *Itch, the Murrain, and Alcides-griefe*
 In *Ver's* hot-moysture doe molest us chiefe :
 The *Diarrhaea* and the *Burning-Fever,*
 In *Summer-season* doe their fell endeavour :
 And *Pleurisies, the rotten-Coughes, and Rheums,*
 Wear curled flakes of white celestiall plumes :
 Like sluggish Souldiers, keeping Garrison
 In th' ycie Bulwarks of the Year's gelt Son.
 Some, seeming most in multitudes delighting, 550
 Bane one by other, not the first acquiting :
 As *Measels, Mange,* and filthy *Leprosie,*
The Plague, the Pox, and Phthisik-maladie.
 And some (alas !) we leave as in succession,
 Unto our Children, for a sad possession :
 Such are *King's-evils, Dropsie, Gout, and Stone,*
Bloud-boyling Lepry, and Consumption,
 The swelling *Throat-ache, th' Epilepsie* sad,
 And cruell *Rupture,* paining too-too bad :
 For, their hid poysons after-comming harm 560
 Is fast combin'd unto the Parents' sperm.
 But O ! what arms, what shield shall we oppose,
 What stratagem against those treacherous foes,
 Those treacherous griefs, that our frail Art detects
 Not by their cause, but by their sole effects ?
 Such are the fruitfull *Matrix-suffocation,*
The Falling-sickness, and pale Swouning-passion ;
 The which, I wot not what strange windes long pause,
 I wot not where, I wot not how doth cause.
 Or who (alas !) can 'scape the cruell wile 570
 Of those fell Pangs that *Physick's* pains beguile ?
 Which being banisht from a body, yet
 (Under new names) returne again to it ;
 Or rather, taught the strange *Metempsychosis*
 Of the wise *Samian,* one it selfe transposes
 Into some worse *Grief;* either through the kindred
 Of th' humour vicious, or the member hindred :

Some ages of

Some Seasons of year.

Some diseases rigorous.

Some hereditarie.

Some not knowne their Cause, by their effects only.

Some by sundry means increasing raising worse.

Or through their ignorance or avarice
 That doe professe *Apollo's* exercise.
 So *Melancholy* turned into *Madnesse ;* 580
 Into the *Palsie* deep-affrighted *Sadnesse :*
 Th' *Il-habitude* into the *Dropsie* chill ;
 And *Megrim* growes to the *Comitial-III.*
 In briefe, poor *Adam* in this piteous case,
 Is like a Stag, that long pursu'd in chase,
 Flying for succour to some neighbour wood,
 Sinks on the suddain in the yeelding mud ;
 And sticking fast amid the rotten grounds,
 Is over-taken by the eager Hounds ;
 One bites his back, his neck another nips, 590
 One puls his brest, at 's throat another skips,
 One tugs his flank, his haunch another tears,
 Another lugs him by the bleeding ears ;
 And last of all, the *Wood-man* with his knife
 Cuts off his head, and so concludes his life.
 Or like a lusty Bull, whose hornéd Crest
 Awakes fell Hornets from their drowsie nest ;
 Who buzzing forth, assaile him on each side,
 And pitch their valiant Bands about his Hide ;
 With fisking train, with forkéd head, and foot, 600
 Himselfe, th' Ayre, th' Earth, he beateth (to no boot)
 Flying (through woods, hils, dales, and roaring rivers)
 His place of grief, but not his painfull grieviers :
 And in the end sticht full of stings he dies,
 Or on the ground as dead (at least) he lies.
 For, Man is loaden with ten thousand langours ;
 All other Creatures onely feele the angors
 Of few *Diseases :* as, the gleaning Quall
 Onely the *Falling-sickness* doth assall :
 The *Turn-about* and *Murrain* trouble Cattell, 610
Madnesse and *Quincie* bid the Masty battell.
 Yet each of them can naturall find
 What Simples cure the sickness of their kind ;
 Feeling no sooner their disease begin,
 But they as soon have ready medicine.
 The Ram for Physick takes strong-senting *Rue,*
 The Tortois slow, cold *Hemlock* doth renue :
 The Partridge, Black-bird, and rich painted Jay
 Have th' oylie liquor of the sacred *Bay.*
 The sickly Beare, the *Mandrake* cures again ; 620
 And *Mountain-Siler* helpeth Goats to yeane :
 But we know nothing, till by poaring still
 On Books, we get us a Sophistick skill ;
 A doubtfull Art, a Knowledge still unknowne ;
 Which enters but the hoary heads (alone)
 Of those, that (broken with unthankfull toy!)
 Seek others' Health, and lose their own the-while :
 Or rather those (such are the greatest part)
 That waxing rich at others' cost and smart,
 Grow famous *Doctors,* purchasing promotions, 630
 While the church-yards swel with their hurtful potions ;
 Who (hang-man like) fear-less, and shame-less too,
 Are prayd and payd for murders that they doe.
 I speak not of the good, the wise, and learned,
 Within whose hearts God's fear is well discerned ;

Comparison.

Another comparison.

600

An amplification of Man's miseries, compared with other Creatures seldom sick, and sooner healed : and that by naturall Remedies of their own : having also taught Men many practices of Physick.

610

620

630

	Who to our bodies can againe unite Our parting soules, ready to take their flight. For, these I honour as Heav'n's gifts excelling, Pillars of Health, Death and Disease repelling : Th' Almighty's Agents, Nature's Counsellors, And flowring Youth's wise faithfull Governours.	640	
	Yet if their Art can ease some kinde of dolours, They learn'd it first of Nature's silent Schollers ; For, from the <i>Sea-Horse</i> came <i>Phlebotomies</i> , From the wilde <i>Goat</i> the healing of the eyes ; From <i>Stork</i> and <i>Hearn</i> , our <i>Glysters</i> laxative, From <i>Bears</i> , and <i>Lions</i> , <i>Diets</i> we derive. 'Gainst th' onely Body, all these Champions stout Strive ; some, within : and other some, without.		
	Or, if that any th' all-fair Soule have striken, 'Tis not directly ; but, in that they weaken Her Officers, and spoyl the Instruments Wherewith she works such wondrous presidents.	650	
Of foure Diseases of the Soule, under them comprehend- ing all the rest.	But, lo ! foure <i>Captains</i> far more fierce and eager, That on all sides the Spirit it selfe beleaguer, Whose Constancy they shake, and soon by treason Draw the blinde Judgement from the rule of Reason : <i>Opinions</i> issue ; which (though selfe unseen) Make through the Body their fell motions seen.		
First, Sorrow describ'd, with her company.	<i>Sorrow's</i> first Leader of this furious Crowd, Muffled all-over in a sable cloud ; Old before Age, afflicted night and day, Her face with wrinkles warp'd every-way ; Creeping in corners, where she sits and vies Sighs from her heart, tears from her blubbered eyes ; Accompani'd with selfe-consuming <i>Care</i> , With weeping <i>Pity</i> , <i>Thought</i> , and mad <i>Despaire</i> That bears, about her, burning Coales and Cords, Asps, Poysons, Pistols, Halters, Knives, and Swords : Foule-squinting <i>Envie</i> , that selfe-eating Elfe, Through others' leanenesse fattening up her selfe, Joying in mischief, feeding but with langour And bitter tears her Toad-like-swelling anger : And <i>Jelousie</i> that never sleeps, for fear (Suspicious Flea still nibbling in her eare) That leaves repast and rest, neer pin'd and blinde With seeking what she would be loth to finde.	660	
Secondly, Joy with her Traine.	The second Captain is excessive Joy ; Who leaps and tickles, finding th' <i>Apian-way</i> Too-streight for her : whose senses all possesse All wish'd pleasures in all plenteousnesse. She hath in Conduct false vain-glorious <i>Vaunting</i> , Bold, soothing, shameless, loud, injurious, taunt- ing :		
Thirdly, Fear and her Followers.	The wing'd Gyant lofty-staring <i>Pride</i> , That in the clouds her braving Crest doth hide : And many other, like the empty bubbles That rise when rain the liquid Crystall troubles. The third, is bloud-less, heart-less, witless <i>Feare</i> , That like an Asp-tree trembles every-where : She leads black <i>Terror</i> , and base clownish <i>Shame</i> , And drowsie <i>Sloath</i> , that counterfeiteth lame, With Snail-like motion measuring the ground, Having her arms in willing fetters bound,	680	
	Foule, sluggish Drone, barren (but, sin to breed) Diseas'd, beggar, starv'd with wilfull need. And thou <i>Desire</i> , whom nor the Firmament, Nor Aire, nor Earth, nor Ocean can content : Whose-lookes are hooks, whose belly's bottomlesse, Whose hands are gripes to scrape with greedinesse, Thou art the Fourth ; and under thy Command, Thou bring'st to field a rough unruly Band : First, secret-burning, mighty swoln <i>Ambition</i> Pent in no limits, pleas'd with no Condition ; Whom <i>Epicurus</i> many Worlds suffice not, Whose furious thirst of proud aspiring dyes not Whose hands (transported with fantastick passion) Bear painted Scepters in imagination : Then <i>Avarice</i> all-arm'd in hooking Tenters And clad in Bird-lime ; without bridge she venters Through fell <i>Charybdis</i> , and false <i>Sertes</i> Neasse ; The more her wealth the more her wretchednesse ; Cruell, respect-lesse, friend-lesse, faith-lesse, Elf, That hurts her neighbour, but much more her self : Whose foule base fingers in each dunghill poar (Like <i>Tantalus</i>) starv'd in the midst of store : Not what she hath, but what she wants she counts : A wel-wing'd Bird that never lofty mounts. Then, boylng <i>Wrath</i> , stern, cruell, swift, and rash, That like a Boar her teeth doth grinde and gnash : Whose hair doth stare, like bristled Porcupine ; Who som-times rowles her ghashtly-glowing cyn, And som-time fixtly on the ground doth glaunce, Now bleak, then bloody in her Countenance ; Raving and rayling with a hideous sound, Clapping her hands, stamping against the ground ; Bearing <i>Bocconi</i> , fire and sword to slay, And murder all that for her pitty pray ; Baning her self, to bane her Enemy ; Disdaining Death, provided others dye : Like falling Towers o'rturned by the winde, That break themselves on that they under-grinde. And then that Tyrant, all-controuling <i>Love</i> : (Whom here to paint doth little we behove, After so many rare Appelleses As in this Age our Albion nourishes) And to be short, thou doest to battail bring As many Souldiers 'gainst the Creatures King, (Yet not his owne) as in this life, Mankinde True very <i>Goods</i> , or seeming- <i>Goods</i> doth finde. Now, if (but like the Lightning in the sky) These sudden <i>Passions</i> past but swiftly by, The fear were lesse : but, O ! too-oft they leave Keen stings behinde in Soules that they deceive. From this foule Fountain, all these poysons rise, <i>Rapes</i> , <i>Treasons</i> , <i>Murders</i> , <i>Incests</i> , <i>Sodomies</i> , <i>Blaspheming</i> , <i>Bibbing</i> , <i>Thewing</i> , <i>False-contracting</i> , <i>Church-chaffering</i> , <i>Cheating</i> , <i>Bribing</i> , and <i>Exact- ing</i> .	700	Fourthly, De a most violent Passion, soon pass'd with a like : as Ambi- tious, Avarice, Ang- er and foolish L
	Alas ! how these (far-worse then death) <i>Diseases</i> Exceed each <i>Sickness</i> that our body seizes ; Which makes us open war, and by his spight Gives to the Patient many a wholesome light ;	730	The horrible effects of the I- sions of the w- far more dang- ous than the e- ases of the b-

Now by the colour, or the Pulse's beating,
 Or by some Fit, some sharper dolor threat'ing ;
 Whereby, the Leach, neer-ghessing at our grief,
 Not seldome findes sure means for our relief.
 But for the *Ills* reign in our Intellect
 (Which, onely, them both can and ought detect)
 They rest unknown, or rather self-conceal'd ;
 And soule-sick *Patients* care not to be heal'd.
 Besides, we plainly call the *Fever, Fever* : 760
 The *Dropsie, dropsie* : over-gliding never,
 With guile-full flourish of a fainéd phrase,
 The cruell Langours that our bodies craze :
 Whereas, our fond self-soothing Soule, thus sick
 Rubs her owne sore ; with glozing Rhetorick
 Cloaking her vice : and makes the blinded Blain
 Not fear the touch of *Reason's* Cautere vain.
 And sure, if ever filthy *Vice* did jet
 In sacred *Virtue's* spot-lesse mantle neat ;
 'Tis in our *dayes*, more hatefull and unhallow'd, 770
 Then when the World the Waters wholly swallow'd.
 Ile spare to speak of foulest Sins, that spot
 Th' infamous beds of men of mighty lot ;
 Lest I the Saint's chaste tender ears offend,
 And seem them more to teach, then reprehend.
 Who bear upon their *French-sick* backs about,
 Farms, Castles, Fees, in golden shreads cut-out ;
 Whose lavish hand, at one *Primero-rest*,
 One Mask, one Turney, or one pampering feast,
 Spend treasures, scrap't by th' *Visury* and *Care* 780
 Of miser-Parents ; *Liberrall* counted are.
 Who, with a Maiden voyce and mincing pase,
 Quaint looks, curl'd locks, perfumes, and painted face ;

miserable
 uption of our
 es, worse then
 omer Agea.

riotous Pro-
 lity disguised
 the name of
 rality.

minate
 iosity and
 rious Pride,
 called Cleanli-

Base coward-heart, and wanton soft array,
 Their man-hood onely by their Beard bewray ;
 Are *Cleanly* call'd. Who like Lust-greedy Goates,
 Brothell from bed to bed ; whose *Syren*-notes
 Inchaunt chaste *Susans*, and, like hungry Kite,
 Fly at all game, they *Lovers* are behight.
 Who, by false bargains, and unlawfull measures, 790
 Robbing the World, have heapéd kingly treasures :
 Who cheat the simple ; lend for fifty fifty,
 Hundred for hundred, are esteeméd *Thrifty*.
 Who alwayes murder and revenge affect,
 Who feed on bloud, who never do respect
State, Sex, or Age : but in all humane lives
 In cold blood, bath their parricidiall knives ;
 Are stiled *Valiant*. Grant, good Lord, our Land
 May want such valour whose self-cruell hand
 Fights for our Foes, our proper life-bloud spills. 800
 Our Cities sacks, and our owne Kindred kils.
 Lord, let the *Lance*, the *Gun*, the *Sword*, and *Shield*,
 Be turn'd to tools to furrow up the field ;
 And let us see the Spiders busie task
 Wov'n in the belly of the pluméd Cask.
 But if (brave *Lands-men*) your war-thirst be such,
 If in your breasts sad *Enyon* boy! so much,
 What holds you here? alas! what hope of crowns?
 Our fields are flock-lesse, treasure-lesse our Towns.
 Goe then, nay run, renownéd *Martialists*, 810
 Re-found *French-Greece*, in now-*Natolian* lists ;
 Hy, hy to *Flanders* ; free with conquering stroak
 Your *Belgian* brethren from th' *Iberian's* yolk :
 To *Portugall* ; people *Galisian-Spain*,
 And grave your names on *Lysbon's* gates again.

Insatiate Lust and
 Beast-like Loose-
 nesse, surnamed
 Love.

Extreme Extor-
 tion counted
 Thrift.

Blasphemous
 Quarrels, bravest
 Courage.

Inhumane Mur-
 der, highest Man-
 hood.

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

- Line 19, 'trimmed' = adorned.
- .. 35, 'Hyrens'—see Glossarial Index, s.v.
- .. 40, (side-note) 'vailleth' = vailleth, i.e. un-
 covereth, payeth homage.
- .. 42, 'straights' = straits.
- .. 44, 'Zeal-land' = Middleburgh, where Sylvester
 resided, with an equivoque.
- .. 51, 'togh' = tug, draw-after.
- .. 53, 'Fiend'—unfortunately misprinted in the
 original, 'Friend.'
- .. 65, 'mastick' = cement or gum.
- .. 67, 'Hydrargire'—see Glossarial Index, s.v.
- .. 69, 'Sharpling'—*ibid.*
- .. 70, 'Sargons'—fish gilt-head : 'Sperage' =
 asparagus.
- .. 81, 'antick' = ancient, antique.
- .. 82, 'Paramour'—see Glossarial Index, s.v., for
 full note on this now deteriorated word.
- .. 94, 'Puttock's' = kite's.
- .. 98, 'Cole'—see Glossarial Index, as before, s.v.,
 for all the animals, plants, &c., and related
 Folk-lore of this division, 'The Furies.'
- .. 122, 'yerst' = erst.
- .. 134, 'sea-gate'—see Glossarial Index, s.v.
- .. 153, 'Pumy-stone' = pumice-stone.
- .. 165, 'burn-grain' = destructive : *ibid.*, 'vaporie'
 = wet? Line 208, 'fond' = foolish.
- .. 210, 'drad' = dread. Line 227, 'affright' = afraid.
- .. 228, 'Masty' = mastiff. See also l. 611.
- .. 250, 'snake-trust' = serpent-tressed.

- Line 253, 'parbreak' = eructate.
- .. 264, 'astuns' = astounds.
- .. 278, 'black Sant' = a confused noise as in the
 singing a black sanctus. Cf. Guilpin's
 Skialetheia (1598), p. 55, l. 14 (our Occa-
 sional Issues, 1878).
- .. 292, 'Orque' = orc—the mythical monster-bird.
- .. 311, 'pash' = strike violently.
- .. 323, 'teen' = hatred, spite.
- .. 336, 'Hony-people' = bees.
- .. 347, 'bruste' = report.
- .. 351, 'Manie' = mania—see Glossarial Index, s.v.,
 for all the many odd-named diseases of
 'The Furies.'
- .. 399, 'cor'sie' = corrosive.
- .. 421, 'rommidged'—see Glossarial Index, s.v.
- .. 439-40, 'Corvine' . . . 'Trapesunce'—*ibid.*
- .. 446, 'stours'—*ibid.*
- .. 462, 'wringling' = wringing, racking.
- .. 529, 'Laske' = lessen, end.
- .. 533, 'button'th'—see Glossarial Index, s.v.
- .. 549, 'gelt'—see Glossarial Index, s.v.
- .. 600, 'fisking' = frisking.
- .. 613, 'Simples cure'—see under ll. 98, 351.
- .. 710, 'Nesse'—see Glossarial Index, s.v.
- .. 726, 'Bocconi'—*ibid.* Line 746, 'Bibbing'—*ibid.*
- .. 747, 'Church-chaffering' = brawling and disputes.
- .. 754, 'Leach' = physician.
- .. 788, 'Susans' = Susannah (of the Apocrypha).
- .. 805, 'Cash' = helmet. G.



The Handie-Crafts.

THE
FOURTH PART
OF THE
FIRST DAY OF
THE II. WEEKE.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The praise of Peace, the miserable states
Of Eden's Exiles: their un-curious Cates:
Their simple habit, silly habitation:
They finde out Fire: their formost Propagation:
Their Children's trades, their offerings; envious Cain
His (better) Brother doth unkindly brain:
With inward horror hurried up and down,
He breaks a Horse, he builds a homely Town:
Iron's invented, and sweet Instruments:
Adam foretels of After-Worlds events.*

The Poet here welcomes peace, which (after long absence) seems about this time to have returned into France. The benefits shee brings with her.

HEav'n's sacred Imp, fair Goddess that renew'st
Th' old golden age, & brightly now re-blew'st
Our cloudy sky, making our fields to smile:
Hope of the vertuous, horror of the vile:
Virgin, unseen in *France* this many a year,
O blessed *Peace!* we bid thee welcome here.
Lo, at thy presence, how who late were prest
To spur their Steeds and couch their staves in rest
For fierce incounter; cast away their spears,
And rapt with joy, them enter-bathe with tears.
Lo, how our Merchant-vessels to and fro
Freely about our tradefull waters go:
How the grave *Senate*, with just-gentle rigour,
Resumes his Robe; the Laws their ancient vigour.
Lo, how *Oblivion's* Seas our strifes do drown:
How wals are built that war had thundred down.

Lo, how the Shops with busie Crafts-men swarm;
How Sheep and Cattell cover every Farm:
Behold the bon-fires waving to the skies:
Hark, hark the cheerfull and re-chanting cries
Of old and young; singing this joyfull Ditty,
Ið, rejoyce, rejoyce through Town and City,
Let all our Aire, re-eccho with the praises
Of th' everlasting glorious God, who raises
Our ruin'd State: who giveth us a good
We sought not for (or rather, we with-stood):
So that to hear and see these consequences
Of Wonders strange, we scarce beleeve our senses.
O! let the *King*, let *Mounseieur* and the *Sover'n*
That doth *Navarras Spaine* wrongd Scepter govern,
Be all, by all, their Countries' Fathers cleapt:
O! let the honour of their names be kept,
And on the brasse leaves ingrav'n eternally
In the bright Temple of fair *Memory*,
For having quencht, so soon, so many Fires,
Disarm'd our arms, appeas'd the Heav'nly ires;
Calm'd the pale horror of intestine hates,
And dammed-up the bifront Fathers' gates.
Much more, let us (dear, World-divided land)
Extoll the mercies of Heav'n's mighty hand,
That (while the World, War's bloody rage hath rent)
To us so long, so happy Peace hath lent
(Maugre the malice of th' Italian Priest,
And Indian Pluto (prop of Antichrist)

Thanks-give
God for peace

Gratefull rem
brance of the
weases there

imitation
roof, by the
nslator, in
our of our late
cious Sovere-
ne *Elisabeth*,
whose happy
n God hath
en this king-
ne so long
ce and rich
sperity.

Elegant com-
ison represent-
the lamentable
dition of Adam
Eve driven
of Paradise.

first manner
fe.

*Whose Hoast like Pharaoh's threatning Israel,
Our gaping Seas have swallowed quick to hell)
Making our Ile a holy safe retrait
For Saints exil'd in persecution's heat,*
Much more let us with true-heart-tuned breath, 60

Record the praises of ELIZABETH
(Of martiall Pallas and our milde Astræa,
Of grace and wisdome the divine Idea)
*Whose prudent Rule, with rich religious rest,
Well-neer nine Lustræ hath this kingdome blest.
O! pray we him that from home-plotted dangers,
And bloody threats of proud ambitious strangers,
So many years hath so securely kept her,
In just possession of this flowering Scepter ;
That (to his glory, and his deer Son's honour) 70
All happy length of life may wait upon her :
That we her Subjects, whom he blesseth by her,
Psalming his praise, may sound the same the higher.
But waiting (Lord) in some more learned layes,
To sing thy glory, and my Sovereign's praise ;
I sing the young World's Cradle, as a Proöm
Vnto so rare and so divine a Poem.*

WHO, FULL OF wealth and honour's blandish-
ment,
Among great Lords his younger years hath spent ;
And quaffing deeply of the Court-delights, 80
Us'd nought but Tilts, Turneis, and Masks, & Sights ;
If in his age, his Prince's angry doom
With deep disgrace drive him to live at home
In homely Cottage ; where continually
The bitter smoak exhales abundantly
From his before-un-sorrow-drainéd-brain
The brackish vapours of a silver rain :
Where Usher-lesse, both day and night, the *North,*
South, East and West windes, enter and goe forth :
Where round-about, the low-rooft broken wals 90
(In stead of Arras) hang with Spiders' cauls :
Where all at once he reacheth, as he stands,
With browes the roof, both wals with both his hands :
He weeps and sighs, and (shunning comforts ay)
Wisheth pale Death a thousand times a day,
And, yet at length falling to work, is glad
To bite a brown crust that the Mouse hath had,
And in a dish (for want of Plate or Glasse)
Sups Oaten drink in stead of *Hippocras*.
So (or much like) our rebell Elders driv'n 100
For ay from *Eden* (earthly Type of Heav'n)
Lye languishing neer *Tygris*' grassie side,
With numméd limbs, and spirits stupefied.

But powrfull NEED (Art's ancient Dame & Keeper,
The early watch-clock of the sloathfull sleeper)
Among the Mountains makes them seek their living,
And foaming rivers through the Champain driving :
For yet the Trees with thousand fruits yfraught
In formall Checkers were not fairly brought :
The Pear and Apple livéd Dwarf-like there, 110
With Oakes and Ashes shadowed every-where :
And yet (alas !) their meanest simple cheer
Our wretched Parents bought full hard and deer.

To get a Plum, sometimes poor *Adam* rushes
With thousand wounds among a thousand bushes.
If they desire a Medler for their food,
They must goe seek it through a fearfull wood ;
Or a brown Mulbery, then the raggéd Bramble
With thousand scratches doth their skin bescramble.

Wherefore (as yet) more led by th' appetite 120
Of th' hungry belly then the taste's delight ;
Living from hand to mouth, soon satisfi'd,
To earn their supper th' afternoon they ply'd,
Unstor'd of dinner till the morrow-day ;
Pleas'd with an Apple, or some lesser prey.
Then, taught by *Ver* (richer in flours then fruit)
And hoary Winter, of both destitute ;
Nuts, Filberds, Almonds, wisely up they hoord,
The best provisions that the Woods afford.

Touching their garments : for the shining wooll 130
Whence the robe-spinning precious Worms are full ;
For gold and silver wov'n in drapery,
For Cloth dipt double in the scarlet Dy ;
For Gems bright lustre, with excessive cost
On rich embroideries by rare Art embost ;
Sometimes they do the far-spread Gourd unleave,
Sometimes the Fig-tree of his branch bereave :
Somtimes the Plane, sometimes the Vine they shear,
Choosing their fairest tresses here and there :
And with their sundry locks, thorn'd each to other, 140
Their tender limbs they hide from *Cynthia's* brother.

Sometimes the *Jovie's* climbing stems they strip,
Which lovingly his lively prop doth clip :
And with green lace in artificiall order,
The wrinkled bark of th' Acorn-tree doth border,
And with his arms th' Oak's slender twigs entwining,

A many branches in one tissue joyning ;
Frames a loose Jacquet, whose light nimble quaking
Wagg'd by the winds, is like the wanton shaking
Of golden spangles, that in stately pride 150
Dance on the tresses of a Noble Bride.

But, while that *Adam* (waxen diligent)
Wearies his limbs for mutuall nourishment :
While craggy Mountains, Rocks, and thorny Plains,
And bristly Woods be witnessse of his pains :
Eve, walking forth about the Forrests, gathers
Speights', Parrots', Peacocks', Estrick' scatt' red feathers,
And then with wax the smaller plumes she sears,
And sows the greater with long white-Horse hairs,
(For they as yet did serve her in the stead 160
Of Hemp, and Towe, and Flax, and Silk and Threed)
And thereof makes a medly coat so rare
That it resembles *Nature's* Mantle faire ;
When in the Sun, in Pomp all glistering,
She seems with smiles to woo the gawdy Spring.

When (by stolen moments) this she had contriv'd,
Leaping for joy, her cheerfull looks reviv'd,
Sh' admires her cunning ; and incontinent
'Saves on her selfe her manly ornament ;
And then through path-lesse paths she runs apace, 170
To meet her Husband comming from the Chase.

	Sweet-heart, quoth she (and then she kisseth him) My Love, my Life, my Blisse, my Joy, my Gem, My soule's dear Soule, take in good part (I pre-thee) This pretty Present that I gladly-give thee. Thanks my dear All (quoth <i>Adams</i> then) for this, And with three kisses he requites her kisse. Then on he puts his painted garment new, And Peacock-like himselfe doth often view, Looks on his shadow, and in proud amaze Admires the hand that had the Art to cause So many severall parts to meet in one, To fashion thus the quaint Mandilion.	180	
<i>Eve's industry in making a garment for her husband.</i>	But, when the Winter's keener breath began To crystallize the <i>Baltike</i> Ocean, To glaze the Lakes, and bridle-up the Flouds, And perrwig with wool the balde-pate Woodes; Our Grand-sire, shrinking, 'gan to shake and shiver, His teeth to chatter, and his beard to quiver. Spying therefore a flock of Muttons cōming (Whose freez-clad bodies feele not Winter's num- ming) He takes the fairest, and he knocks it down : Then by good hap, finding upon the Down A sharpe great fish-bone (which long time before The roaring Floud had cast upon the shore) He cuts the throat, flayes it, and spreads the fell, Then dries it, pares it, and he scrapes it well ; Then cloathes his wife therewith ; & of such Hides Slops, Hats, and Doublets for himselfe provides.	190	
<i>Their winter suits.</i>	A vaulted Rock, a hollow Tree, a Cave, Were the first buildings that them shelter gave ; But, finding th' one to be too-moist a hold, Th' other too-narrow, th' other over-cold ; Like Carpenters, within a Wood they choose Sixteen fair Trees that never leaves doe loose, Whose equall front in <i>quadran</i> form prospected, As if of purpose Nature them erected ; Their shady boughs first bow they tenderly, Then enterbraid, and binde them curiously ; That one would think that had this Arbor seen, 'T had been true seeling painted-over green.	200	
<i>Their lodging and first building.</i>	After this triall, better yet to fence Their tender flesh from th' ayrie violence, Upon the top of their fit-forkéd stems, They lay a-crosse bare Oaken boughs for beams (Such as disperséd in the Woods they finde, Torn-off in tempests by the stormy winde) Then these again with leavie boughs they load, So covering close their sorry cold abode ; And then they ply from th' eaves unto the ground, With mud-mixt Reed to wall their mansion round, All save a hole to th' Eastward situate, Where straight they clap a hurdle for a gate ; (Instead of hinges hangéd on a With) Which with a sleight both shuts and openeth.	210	
<i>A building somewhat more exact.</i>	Yet fire they lackt : but lo, the winds, that whistle Amid the Groves, so oft the <i>Laurell</i> justle Against the <i>Mulbery</i> , that their angry claps Do kindle fire, that burnes the neighbour Cops.	220	
<i>The invention of fire.</i>			
	When <i>Adams</i> saw a ruddy vapour rise In glowing streame ; astund with feare he flies, It follows him, untill a naked Plain The greedy fury of the flame restraine : Then back he turns, and comming somewhat nighber The kindled shrubs, perceiving that the fire Dries his dank Cloathes, his colour doth refresh, And un-benums his sinnews and his flesh ; By th' unburnt end, a good big brand he takes, And hying home a fire he quickly makes, And still maintaines it, till the starry <i>Twinns'</i> Celestiall breath another fire begins.	230	
	But Winter being comn again, it griev'd him, 'T have lost so fondly what so much reliev'd him ; Trying a thousand wayes, sith now no more The justling Trees his damage would restore. While (else-where musing) one day he sate down Upon a steep Rock's craggy-forkéd crown, A foaming beast come toward him he spies, Within whose head stood burning coals for eyes ; Then suddenly with boysterous armes he throwes A knobby flint, that hummeth as he goes ; Hence flies the beast, th' ill-aimed flint-shaft ground- ing Against the rock, and on it oft rebounding, Shivers to cinders, whence there issuéd Small sparks of fire no sooner born then dead. This happy chance made <i>Adams</i> leap for glee ; And quickly calling his cold company, In his left hand a shining flint he locks, Which with another in his right he knocks So up and down, that from the coldest stone At every stroke small fiery sparkles shone. Then with the dry leaves of a withered Bay The which together handsomly they lay, They take the faling fire which like a Sun Shines cleer and smoak-lesse in the leaf begun.	240	
	<i>Eve</i> , kneeling down, with hand her head sustaining, And on the low ground with her elbow leaning, Blows with her mouth : & with her gentle blowing Stirs up the heat, that from the dry leaves glowing Kindles the Reed, and then that hollow kix First fires the small, and they the greater sticks.	250	<i>How the first man invents for the use of saffe and his tasky.</i>
	And now, Man-kind with fruitfull Race began A little corner of the World to Man ; First <i>Cain</i> is born, to tillage all addicted, Then <i>Abel</i> , most to keeping flocks affected. <i>Abel</i> , desirous still at hand to keep His Milk and Cheese, unwildes the gentle Sheep To make a flock ; that when it tame became For guard and guide should have a Dog and Ram. <i>Cain</i> , more ambitious, gives but little ease To 's boystrous limbs : and seeing that the Pease, And other Pulse, Beans, Lentils, Lupins, Rice, Burnt in the Copses as not held in price ; Some grains he gathers : and with busie toyl, A-part he sows them in a better soyl ; Which first he rids of stones, and thorns, and weeds, Then buries there his dying-living seeds.	260	<i>Beginning of Families. The several pations of A and Cass.</i>

By the next Harvest, finding that his pain
 On this small plot was not ingratly vain ;
 To break more ground, that bigger Crop may bring 290
 Without so often weary labouring,
 He tames a Heyfer, and on either side,
 On either horn a three-fold twist he ty'd
 Of Ofiar twigs, and for a Plough he got
 The horn or tooth of some Rhinocerot.

r Sacrifice. Now, th' one in Cattle, th' other rich in grain,
 On two steep Mountains build they Altars twain ;
 Where (humbly-sacred) th' one with zealous cr
 Cleaves bright *Olympus'* starry Canopy :
 With fained lips, the other loud-resounded 300
 Heart-wanting Hymns, on self-deserving founded :
 Each on his Altar offereth to the Lord
 The best that either flocks, or fields afford.

Rein-searching God, thought-sounding Judge, that
 tries
 The will and heart more then the work and guise,
 Accepts good *Abel's* gift : but hates the other
 Profane oblation of his furious brother ;
 Who feeling, deep th' effects of God's displeasure,
 Raves, frets, and fumes, & murmurs out of measure.

What boots it, *Cain*, O wretch ! what boots it thee 310
 T' have opened first the fruitfull womb (quoth he)
 Of the first mother ; and first born the rather
 T' have honour'd *Adam* first with name of Father ?
 Unfortunate, what boots thee to be wealthy,
 Wise, active, valiant, strongly-limb'd, and healthy,
 If this weak Girl-boy, in man's shape disguis'd,
 To Heav'n and Earth be dear, and thou despis'd ?
 What boots it thee, for others night and day
 In painfull toyl to wear thyselfe away :
 And (more for others then thine own reliefe) 320
 To have devis'd of all Arts the chiefe ;
 If this dull Infant, of thy labour nurst,
 Shall reap the glory of thy deeds (accurst) ?
 Nay, rather quickly rid thee of the fool,
 Down with his climbing hill, and timely cool
 This kindling flame : and that none over-crow thee,
 Re-seise the right that Birth and Vertue owe-thee.

Ay in his minde this counsail he resolves,
 And hundred times to act it he resolves,
 And yet as oft relents ; stopt worthily 330
 By the pain's horror, and sin's tyranny.

But, one day drawing with dissembled love
 His harm-lesse brother far into a Grove
 Upon the verdue of whose Virgin-boughs
 Bird had not percht, nor never Beast did brouz ;
 With both his hands he takes a stone so huge,
 That in our Age three men could hardly bouge,
 And just upon his tender brother's crown,
 With all his might he cruell casts it down.

The murdered face lies printed in the mud, 340
 And loud for vengeance cries the martyr'd bloud :
 The batt' red brains fly in the murd' rer's face.
 The Sun, to shun this tragick sight a pace,
 Turns back his Teem : the amaz'd fratricide
 Doth all the *Furies'* scourging whips abide :

regardeth
 and his
 fce, and
 teth *Cain*
 is : whereat
 envieth, and
 y kills his
 ar ; whose
 l God
 ight.

External terrors, and th' internall Worm
 A thousand kinds of living deaths doe form :
 All day he hides him, wanders all the night,
 Flies his own friends, of his own shade affright :
 Scarr'd with a leaf, and starting at a Sparrow, 350
 And all the World seems for his fear too-narrow.

But for his Children, born by three and three,
 Produce him Nephews that still multiply
 With new increase ; who yer their age be rife
 Becom great-Grand-sires in their Grand-sires' life ;
 Staying at length, he chose him out a dwelling,
 For woods, and floods, and ayr, and soyl excellng.

One fels down Firs, another of the same
 With crosséd Poles a little lodge doth frame :
 Another mounds it with dry wals about 360
 (And leaves a breach for passage in and out)
 With Turf and Furse : some others yet more gross
 Their homely Sties in stead of wals inclose :
 Some (like the Swallow) mud and hay do mix,
 And that about their silly Cotes they fix :
 Som make their roofs with fearn, or reeds, or rushes
 And some with hides, with oase, with boughs, and
 bushes.

He that still fearfull, seeketh still defence,
 Shortly this Hamlet to a Town augments.
 For, with keen Coulter having bounded (witty) 370
 The four-fac't Rampire of his simple City ;
 With stones soon gathered on the neighbour strand
 And clayie mortar ready there at hand,
 Well trod and tempered, he immures his Fort,
 A stately Tower erecting on the Port ;
 Which awes his owne, and threats his enemies ;
 Securing som-what his pale tyrannies.

O Tigre ! think'st thou (hellish fratricide)
 Because with stone-heaps thou art fortifi'd,
 Prince of some Peasants trainéd in thy tillage, 380
 And silly Kingling of a simple Village ;
 Think'st thou to scape the storm of végeance dread,
 That hangs already o'r thy hatefull head ?
 No : wert thou (wretch) incampéd at thy will
 On strongest top of any steepest Hill :
 Wert thou immur'd in triple brazen Wall,
 Having for ayd all Creatures in this All :
 If skin and heart, of steel and yron were,
 Thy pain thou couldst not, less avoid thy fear
 Which chills thy bones, and runs through all thy veins, 390
 Racking thy soule with twenty thousand pains.

Cain (as they say) by this deep fear disturbed ;
 The first of all th' untamed Courser curbed ;
 That while about on other's feet he run
 With dusty speed he might his Death's-man shun.
 Among a hundred brave, light, lusty Horses
 (With curious eye marking their comly forces)
 He chooseth one for his industrious proof,
 With round, high, hollow, smooth, brown, jetty hoof. 400
 With Pasterns short, upright (but yet in mean)
 Dry sinnewy shanks ; strong, flesh-less knees, & lean :
 With Hart-like legs, broad brest, & large behinde,
 With body large, smooth flanks, and double-chin'd :

By reason of the
 multiplying of
 Mankinde, the
 children of Adam
 begin to build
 houses for their
 commodity and
 retreat.

Cain thinking to
 find some quiet for
 the tempests of his
 conscience begins
 to fortife and
 build a Towne.

Supposeth to
 secure himselfe by
 the strength and
 swiftnesse of a
 horse which he
 begins to tame.

Description of a
 gallant horse.

	A crested neck bow'd like a halfe bent Bow, Whereon a long, thin, curl'd mane doth flow ; A firm full tail, touching the lowly ground, With dock between two fair fat buttocks drown'd ; A prick'd ear, that rests as little space, As his light foot ; a lean, bare bonny face ; Thin joule, and head but of a middle size ;	410	Cals for the Combat ; plunges, leaps and prances, Befoams the path, with sparkling eyes he glaunces ; Champs on his burnisht bit, and gloriously His nimble fetlocks lifteth belly-high ; All side-long jaunts, on eyther side he jústles, And's waving Crest courageously he bristles, Making the gazers glad on every side To give more room unto his portly Pride.	The comest pride & port a courageous horse, when chafed.
	Great foaming mouth, hot-fuming nostrill wide ; Of Chest-nut hair, his fore-head starrif'd ; Three milky feet, a feather on his brest ; Whom seven-years-old at the next grass he ghest.		<i>Cain</i> gently stroaks him, and now sure in seat, Ambitiously seeks still some fresher feat To be more famous ; one while trots the Ring, Another while he doth him backward bring, Then of all foure he makes him lightly bound ; And to each hand to manage rightly round ; To stoop, to stop, to caper, and to swim, To dance, to leap, to hold-up any lim :	470 The dexter a skilfull Ri
The manner how to back to break, and to make a good horse.	This goodly Jennet gently first he wins, And then to back him actively begins ; Steady and streight he sits, turning his sight Still to the fore-part of his Palfrey light. The chaféd Horse, such thrall ill-suffering,	420	And all, so done, with time-grace-ordered skill, As both had but one body and one will. Th' one for his Art no little glory gains : Th' other through practice by degrees attains Grace in his gallop, in his pase agility, Lightnesse of head, and in his stop facility ; Strength in his leap, and stedfast managings, Aptnes in all, and in his course new wings.	480
Simile.	Begins to snuff and snort, and leap, and fling ; And flying swift, his fearfull Rider makes Like some unskilfull Lad that undertakes To hold some ship's helm, while the head-long tyde Carries away the Vessell and her Guide ; Who neer devouréd in the jaws of Death, Pale, fearfull, shivering, faint and out of breath, A thousand times (with Heav'n-erected eyes) Repents him of so bold an interprise.		The Use of horses thus discoveréd, Each to his worke more cheerly setteléd, Each plies his trade, and travels for his age, Following the paths of painfull <i>Tubal</i> sage.	
	But, sitting fast, lesse hurt then fearéd ; <i>Cain</i>	430	While through a Forrest <i>Tubal</i> (with his <i>Yew</i> And ready quiver) did a Boar pursue ; A burning Mountain from his fiery vain An yron River rowls along the Plain :	490 The invent yron.
	Boldens himself and his brave Beast again : Brings him to pase, from pasing to the trot, From trot to gallop : after runs him hot In full career : and at his courage smiles ; And sitting still to run so many miles.		The witty Huntsman, musing, thither hies, And of the wonder deeply 'gan devise, And first perceiving, that this scalding mettle, Becomming cold, in any shape would settle, And grow so hard, that with his sharpened side The firmest substance it would soon divide ;	500
The ready speed of a swift horse presented to the Reader in a plea- sant & lively description.	His pase is fair and free ; his trot as light As Tigré's course ; as Swallow's nimble flight : And his brave gallop seems as swift to goe As <i>Biscan</i> Darts, or Shafts from <i>Russian</i> bowe : But, roaring Canon, from his smoaking throat,	440	He casts a hundred plots, and yer he parts He moulds the ground-work of a hundred Arts : Like as a hound, that (following loose, behinde His pensive Master) a quick Hare doth finde ; Leaves whom he loves, upon the sent doth ply, Figs to and fro, and fals in cheerfull cry ; And with up-lifted head, and nostrill wide Winding his game, snuffs-up the winde, his guide :	510
	Never so speedy spews the thundring shot (That in an Army mowes whole squadrons down, And batters Bulwarks of a sommon'd Town) As this light Horse scuds, if he do not feel His bridle slack, and in his side the heel : Shunning himself, his sinnewy strength he stretches ; Flying the earth, the flying ayre he catches, Born whirl-winde-like : hee makes the trampled ground		He casts a hundred plots, and yer he parts He moulds the ground-work of a hundred Arts : Like as a hound, that (following loose, behinde His pensive Master) a quick Hare doth finde ; Leaves whom he loves, upon the sent doth ply, Figs to and fro, and fals in cheerfull cry ; And with up-lifted head, and nostrill wide Winding his game, snuffs-up the winde, his guide :	500
	Shrink under him, and shake with doubling sound : And when the sight no more pursue him may,	450	Till in her hot Form he have found the prey That he so long hath sought for every way.	
Good horseman- ship.	The wise-wext Rider, not esteeming best To take too much now of his lusty Beast, Restraines his fury : then with learned wand The triple Corvet makes him understand : With skilfull voyce he gently cheers his pride, And on his neck his flattering palm doth slide : He stops him steady, still new breath to take, And in the same path brings him softly back.		For, now the way to thousand works reveal'd, Which long shall live maugre the rage of Eld : In two square creases of unequal sises To turn to yron streamlings he devises ; Cold, takes them thence : then off the dross he rakes,	Casting of instruments yron.
	But th' angry Steed, rising and reaning proudly, Striking the stones, stamping and neighing loudly,	460	And this a Hammer, that an Anvill makes : And, adding tongs to these two instruments, He stores his house with yron implements :	

As forks, rakes, hatchets, plough-shares, coultars, staples, 520
 Bolts, hinges, hooks, nails, whittils, spaoks, & grappils;
 And grown more cunning, hollow things he formeth,
 He hatcheth files, & winding vices wormeth;
 He shapeth sheers, and then a Saw indents,
 Then beats a Blade, and then a Lock invents.
 Happy device! we might as well want all
 The Elements, as this hard minerall.
 This, to the Plough-man for great uses serves:
 This, for the Builder, Wood and Marble carves:
 This arms our bodies against adverse force: 530
 This cloathes our backs: this rules th' unruly horse:
 This makes us dry-shod dance in *Neptune's* Hall:
 This brightens gold; this conquers self and all;
 Fift Element, of Instruments the haft;
 The Tool of Tools, & Hand of Handy-Craft.
 While (compast round with smoaking *Cyclops* rude,
 Half-naked *Bronis*, and *Sierops* swarthy-hewd,
 All well-near weary) sweating *Tubal* stands,
 Hastning the hot work in their sounding hands;
 No time lost *Jubal*: th' un-full Harmony 540
 Of uneven Hammers, beating diversly,
 Wakens the tunes that his sweet numbery soule
 Yer birth (some think) learn'd of the warbling *Pole*.
 Thereon he harps, and ponders in his minde,
 And glad and fain some Instrument would finde
 That in accord those discords might renew,
 And th' yron Anvil's rattling sound ensew
 And iterate the beating Hammer's noyse
 In milder notes, and with a sweeter voyce.
 It chanc't, that passing by a Pond, he found 550
 An open *Tortoise* lying on the ground,
 Within the which there nothing else remained
 Save three dry sinnews on the shell stiff-strained:
 This empty house *Jubal* doth gladly bear,
 Strikes on those strings, and lends attentive ear;
 And by this mould frames the melodious Lute,
 That makes wood hearken, & the winds be mute,
 The Hills to dance, the Heav'ns to re-trograde,
 Lions be tame, and tempests quickly vade.
 His Art, still waxing, sweetly marrieth 560
 His quavering fingers to his warbling breath:
 More little tongues to's charm-care Lute he brings,
 More Instruments he makes: no Eccho rings
 'Mid rocky concaves of the babbling vales,
 And bubbling Rivers rowl'd with gentle gales,
 But wiery *Cymbals*, *Rebecks* sinnews twin'd,
 Sweet *Virginals*, and *Cornets* curled winde.
 But *Adam* guides through paths but seldom gone,
 His other Sons to *Virtue's* sacred Throne:
 And chiefly *Seth* (set in good *Abel's* place) 570
 Staff of his age, and glory of his race:
 Him he instructeth in the wayes of *Veritie*,
 To worship God in spirit and sinceritie:
 To honor Parents with a reverent aw,
 To train his children in religious law:
 To love his friends, his Country to defend,
 And helpfull hands to all mankinde to lend:

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To know Heav'n's course, and how their constant swaies
 Divide the year in months, the months in dayes:
 What Star brings Winter, what is Summer's guide; 580
 What signe foul Weather, what doth fair betide;
 What Creature's kinde, and what is curst to us;
 What Plant is wholesome, and what venemous.

No sooner he his lessons can commence,
 But *Seth* hath hit the White of his intents;
 Draws rule from rule, and of his short collations
 In a short time a perfect Art he fashions.
 The more he knows, the more he craves; fuell
 Kils not a fire, but kindles it more cruell.

While on a day by a cleer Brook they travell,
 Whose gurgling streams frizado'd on the gravell,
 He thus bespake: If that I did not see
 The zeal (dear Father) that you bear to mee,
 How still you watch me with your carefull ein,
 How still your voyce with prudent discipline
 My Prentice ear doth oft reverberate;
 I should misdoubt to seem importunate;
 And should content me to have learnéd, how
 The Lord the Heav'ns about this *All* did bow;
 What things have hot, and what have cold effect; 600
 And how my life and manners to direct.

But your milde Love my studious heart advances
 To ask you further of the various chances
 Of future times: what off-spring spreading wide
 Shall fill this World: What shall the World betide;
 How long to last: What Magistrates, what Kings
 With *Justice*' Mace shall govern mortall things?

Son (quoth the Sire) our thought's eternal eye
 Things past and present may by means descry;
 But not the future, if by speciall grace 610
 It read it not in th' *One-Trine's* glorious face.

Thou then, that (only) things to come dost know,
 Not by Heav'n's course, nor ghesse of things below,
 Nor coupled points, nor flight of fatall Birds,
 Nor trembling tripes of sacrificéd Heardes;
 But by a clear and certaine prescience,
 As *Seer* and *Agent* of all accidents:
 With whom at once the three-fold times do fly,

And but a moment lasts Eternity;
 O God behold me, that I may behold 620
 Thy Crystall face: O *Sun*, reflect thy gold
 On my pale *Moon*; that now my veiled eyes,
 Earth-ward eclipt, may shine unto the skies:
 Ravish me, Lord, O (my soule's life) revive
 My spirit a-space, that I may see (alive)
 Heav'n yer I dy: and make me now (good Lord)
 The eccho of thy all-celestiall Word.

With sacred fury suddenly he glowes,
 Not like the Bedlam *Bacchanalian* froes,
 Who, dancing, foaming, rowling furious-wise 630
 Under their twinkling lids their torch-like eyes
 With ghastly voyce, with visage grizly grim,
 Tost by the Fiend that fiercely tortures them,
 Bleaking and blushing, panting, shrieking, swouning,
 With wrathlesse wounds their senselesse members
 wounding:

590 *Seth* questions his
 father concerning
 the state of the
 world from the
 Beginning to the
 End.

Adam's answer.

610

620

The power of
 God's spirit in his
 Prophets: and the
 difference be-
 tween such, and
 the distractéd
 frantike ministers
 of Satan.

But as th' Imperial airy people's Prince,
 With stately pinions soaring-hy from hence,
 Cleaves through the clouds, & bravely-bold doth think
 With his firm eye to make the Sun's eye wink :
 So *Adam*, mounting on the burning wings 640
 Of a *Seraphick* love, leaves earthly things,
 Feeds on sweet *Æther*, cleaves the starry Sphears,
 And on God's face his eyes he fixtly bears :
 His brows seem brandisht with a Sun-like fire,
 And his purg'd body seems a cubit higher.

Then thus began he : Th' ever-trembling field
 Of scaly folk, the Arches starry siel'd,
 Where th' All-Creator hath disposed well
 The Sun and Moon by turns for Sentinell ;
 The clear cloud-bounding Air (the Camp assign'd 650
 Where angry *Auster*, and the rough North-winde
 Meeting in battell, throwe down to the soil
 The woods that middling stand to part the broil) ;
 The Diapry Mansions, where man-kind doth trade,
 Were built in *Six Dayes* : & the Seav'nth was made
 The sacred *Sabbath*. So, Sea, Earth, and Air,
 And azure-gilded Heav'n's Pavilions fair,
 Shall stand *Six dayes* ; but longer diversly
 Then the dayes bounded by the World's bright eye.

The *First* begins with me : the *Second's* morn 660
 Is the first Ship-wright, who doth first adorn
 The Hills with Vines : that Shepheard is the *Third*,
 That after God through strange lands leads his Heard,
 And, past man's reason, crediting God's word,
 His onely Son slayes with a willing sword :
 The *Fourth's* another valiant Shephearding,
 That for a Canon takes his silly sling,
 And to a Scepter turns his Shepheard's staff,
 Great Prince, great Prophet, Poet, Psalmograph :
 The *Fift* begins from that sad Prince's night 670
 That sees his children murdered in his sight,
 And on the banks of fruitfull *Euphrates*,
 Poor *Juda* led in Captive heaviness :
 Hopéd *Messias* shineth in the *Sixt* ;
 Who, mockt, beat, banisht, buried, cruci-fixt,
 For our foule sins (still-selfly innocent)
 Hath fully born the hatefull punishment :
 The *Last* shall be the very *Resting-day*,
 Th' Air shall be mute, the Water's works shall stay ;
 The Earth her store, the Stars shall leave their
 measures, 680

The Sun his shine : and in eternall pleasures
 We plung'd, in Heav'n shall ay solemnize, all,
 Th' eternall *Sabbath's* end-lesse *Festivall*.

Alas : what may I of that race presume
 Next th' ireful Flame that shall this Frame consume,
 Whose gut their god, whose lust their law shall be,
 Who shall not hear of God, nor yet of me ?
 Sith those outrageous, that began their birth
 On th' holy ground of sweet *Eden's* earth,
 And (yet) the sound of Heav'n's drad Sentence hear, 690
 And as ey-witnesse of mine Exile were,
 Seem to despight God. Did it not suffice
 (O lustfull Soule !) first to *polygamise* ?

How many Ages
 it shall endure.
 1. *Adam*.
 2. *Noah*.
 3. *Abraham*.
 4. *David*.
 5. *Zedachias*.
 6. *Messias*.
 7. *The eternall
 Sabbath*.
 Considerations of
Adam upon that
 which should
 befall his posterity,
 unto the end of the first
 World destroyed
 by the Flood :
 according to the
 relation of *Moses*
 in *Genesis*, in
 the 4, 5, 6, and 7
 chapters.

Suffiz'd it not (O *Lamech*) to distain
 Thy Nuptiall bed ? but that thou must ingrain
 In thy *great-Grand-sire's Grand-sires* reeking gore
 Thy cruell blade ? respecting nought (before)
 The prohibition and the threatning vow
 Of him to whom infernall Powrs do bow :
 Neither his Paspports sealéd Character 700
 Set in the fore-head of the Murderer.

Courage, good *Enos* : re-advance the Standard
 Of holy *Faith*, by humane reason slander'd,
 And troden-down : Invoke th' immortall Powr ;
 Upon his Altar warm bloud-offrings pour :
 His sacred nose perfume with pleasing vapour,
 And teend again *Truth's* neer-extinguisht Taper.

Thy pupil *Henoch*, selfly dying wholly,
 (Earth's ornament) to God he liveth solely.
 Lo, how he labours to endure the light 710
 Which in th' *Arch-essence* shineth glorious-bright :
 How rapt from sense, and free from fleshly lets,
 Sometimes he climbs the sacred Cabinets
 Of the divine *Ideas* everlasting,
 Having for wings, *Faith*, fervent *Prayer* & *Fast-
 ing* :

How at somtimes, though clad in earthly clod,
 He (sacred) sees, feels, all enjoys in God :
 How at somtimes mounting from form to form,
 In form of God he happy doth transform.
 Lo, how th' All-fair, as burning all in love 720
 With his rare beauties, not content above
 T' have half, but all, and ever ; sets the stairs
 That lead from hence to Heav'n his chosen heirs :
 Lo, how he climbeth the Supernal stories.

Adieu, dear *Henoch* : in eternal glories
 Dwel there with God : thy body chang'd in quality
 Of Spirit or Angel, puts-on immortality :
 Thine eyes already (now no longer eyes :
 But new bright stars) do brandish in the skyes :
 Thou drinkest deep of the celestial wine : 730
 Thy *Sabbath's* end-lesse : without vail (in fine)
 Thou seest God face to face ; and neer unite
 To th' ONE-TRINE *God*, thou liv'st in th' Infinite.

But here the while (new Angel) thou dost leave
 Fell wicked folk, whose hands are apt to reave,
 Whose Scorpion tongues delight in sowing strife,
 Whose guts are gulfs, incestious all their life.
 O strange to be belev'd ! the blesséd Race,
 The sacred Flock, whom God by special grace
 Adopts for his, ev'n they (alas !) most shame-lesse 740
 Do follow sin, most beastly-brute and tame-lesse,
 With lustfull eyes choosing for wanton Spouses
 Men's wicked daughters ; mingling so the houses
 Of *Seth* and *Cain* : preferring foolishly
 Frail beautie's blaze to vertuous modesty.

From these profane, foul, curséd kisses sprung
 A cruell brood, feeding on bloud and wrong ;
 Fell Gyants strange, of haughty hand and minde,
 Plagues of the World, and scourges of Mankind.

Then, righteous God (tho ever prone to pardon) 750
 Seeing his mildnesse but their malice harden,

List pleade no longer, but resolves the Fall
Of man forth-with, and (for Man's sake) of all :
Of all (at least) the living creatures gliding
Along the Aire, or on the Earth abiding.

Heav'n's chrystall windows with one hand he opes,
Whence on the World a thousand Seas he drops :
With th' other hand he gripes and wringeth forth
The spungy Globe of th' execrable Earth,
So straightly prest, that it doth straight restore 760
All liquid floods that it had drunk before :
In every Rock new Rivers doe begin,
And to his ayd the snowes come tumbling in :
The Pines and Cedars have but boughs to show,
The shores do shrink, the swelling waters grow,
Alas ! so many Nephews lose I here
Amid these deeps, that, but for Mountains neer,
Upon the rising of whose ridges lofty,
They lusty climb on every side for safety,

I should be seed-lesse : but (alas !) the Water 770
Swallows those Hills, and all this wide Theater
Is all one Pond. O Children, whither fly-you ?
Alas ! Heav'n's wrath pursues you to destroy-you :
The stormy Waters strangely rage and roar,
Rivers and Seas have all one common shore ;
(To wit) a sable, water-loaden Sky,
Ready to rain new Oceans instantly.
O Son-lesse Father ! O too fruitfull hanches !
O wretched root ! O hurtfull, hatefull branches !
O gulfs unknown ! O dungeons deep and black ! 780
O World's decay ! O Universall wrack !
O Heav'ns ! O Seas ! O Earth (now Earth no more)
O Flesh ! O Bloud ! Here, sorrow stopt the door
Of his sad voyce ; and, almost dead for wo,
The prophetizing spirit forsook him so.

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

- Line 3, 'Cates' = food, viands.
 .. 4, 'silly' = simple. So in lines 365 and 667.
 .. 12, 'Imp'—see Glossarial Index for full illustration of this.
 .. 13, 're-blueest' = re-blue-est—noticeable coinage.
 .. 49, 'bi-front' = Janus-faced—or double.
 .. 54, 'Italian Priest' = Pope—so Shakespeares 'no Italian priest shall tithe or toll.' (King John III. i.)
 .. 81, 'Turneis' = tourneys, tournaments.
 .. 109, 'Checkers' = variegated cross lines.
 .. 141, 'Cynthia's brother' = the sun.
 .. 143, 'Clip' = clasp, embrace.
 .. 157, 'Speights' = the black wood-pecker.
 .. 158, 'sears' = scorches.
 .. 169, 'Says' = assays, tries on.
 .. 183, 'Mandilion' = a kind of long jacket—from Italian mandiglione.
 .. 186-7—this is the couplet by which Dryden wickedly travestied Sylvester. See our Memorial-Introduction on it.
 .. 190, 'Muttons' = sheep. This word has been transferred now to Australian sheep-runs and the Southern Republics of S. America.
 .. 196, 'fell' = skin.
 .. 199, 'Slops' = trousers (wide).
 .. 206, 'quadran' = arranged in squares.
 .. 224, 'With' = willow twig—see Glossarial Index for anecdote of Sir Walter Scott.
 .. 231, 'astund' = astounded.

- Line 243, 'fondly' = foolishly.
 .. 270, 'Kix' = kex.
 .. 277, 'unwildes' = tames.
 .. 334, 'verdue'—see Glossarial Index, s.v.
 .. 337, 'bouge' = budge.
 .. 353, 'Nephews'—see Glossarial Index for full note.
 .. 367, 'oase' = oase.
 .. 374, 'immures' = walls. So in line 386.
 .. 375, 'Port' = gate.
 .. 505, 'Figs'—see Glossarial Index for full note.
 .. 521, 'spooks' = spokes.
 .. 537, 'Bronts,' ib. 'Sterops'—see Glossarial Index, s.v. for parallel from Ben Jonson.
 .. 542, 'numbery' = musical, harmonious.
 .. 559, 'vade' = vanish.
 .. 560, 'wexing' = growing, increasing.
 .. 585, 'White' = target-centre.
 .. 591, 'frisado'd' = crisped, curled.
 .. 614, 'coupled points'—see Glossarial Index.
 .. 629, 'froes' = frows, drunken furies.
 .. 634, 'Bleaking' = growing pale or blanched. See Glossarial Index, s.v.
 .. 643, 'fextly' = fixedly, stedfastly.
 .. 654, 'Diapry' = flowery or figured.
 .. 667, 'Canon' = cannon.
 .. 669, 'Psalmograph'—noticeable coinage.
 .. 689, 'grounsill' = threshold.
 .. 707, 'teend' = kindled.
 .. 712, 'lets' = hindrances.
 .. 778, 'hanches' = haunches, i.e. thighs.—G.



The Ark.
THE FIRST PART
 OF THE
SECOND DAY OF
THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Noah prepares the Ark : and thither brings
 (With him) a Seed-pair of all living things :
 His exercise a-ship-board : Atheist Cham
 His holy Father's humble Zeal doth blame ;
 And diversly impugns God's Providence :
 Noah refels his faith-lesse arguments :
 The Flood surceast : The Ark landed : Blood forbid :
 The Rain-bow bent ; what is prefigur'd :
 Wine drowneth Wit : Cham scoffs the Nakednesse 10
 Of's sleeping Sire : the Map of Drunkennesse.

A Preamble,
 wherein by a
 modest complaint
 the Poet stirs up
 the Reader's at-
 tention, and makes
 himselfe way to
 the invocation of
 the Name of God.

IF now no more my sacred rimes distill
 With Art-lesse ease from my dis-custom'd quill :
 If now the *Laurell*, that but lately shaded
 My beating Temples, be dis-leav'd and vaded :
 And if now banisht from the learned Fount,
 And cast down head-long from the lofty Mount
 Where sweet *Urania* sitteth to endite,
 Mine humbled *Muse* flag in a lowly flight ;
 Blame these sad Times' ingratefull cruelty, 20
 My household cares, my health's infirmity,
 My drooping sorrows for (late) grievous losses,
 My busie suits, and other bitter crosses.
 Lo, they're the clogs that weigh down heavily
 My best endeavours, whilom soaring high :
 My harvest's hail : the pricking thorns and weeds
 That in my soule choak those diviner seeds.
 O gracious God ! remove my great incumbers,
 Kindle again my faith's ne'er-dying embers :
 Asswage thine anger (for thine own Son's merit) 30
 And from me (Lord) take not thy Holy Spirit :

Comb, gild, and polish, more then ever yet,
 This latter issue of my labouring wit :
 And let not me be like the winde that proudly
 Begins at first to roar and murmur loudly
 Against the next hills, over-turns the woods,
 With furious tempests tumbles-up the floods,
 And (fiercely-fell) with stormy puffs constrains
 The sparkling flints to roul about the Plains ;
 But flying, faints ; and every league it goes, 40
 One nimble feather of his wing doth lose :
 But rather like a River poorly-breeding
 In barren Rocks, thence drop by drop proceeding :
 Which, toward the sea, the more he flees his source,
 Whth growing streams strengthens his gliding course :
 Rowls, roars, & foams, raging with rest-less motion,
 And proudly scorns the greatnesse of the Ocean.

THE DOOMS of *Adam* lackt not long effect :
 For th' angry Heav'ns (that can without respect
 Of persons, plague the stubborn Reprobate)
 In Waters buried th' *Universall state* :
 And never more the nimble painted Legions
 With hardy wings had cleft the ayrie Regions :
 We all had perisht, and the Earth in vain
 Had brought such store of fruits, and grasse, & grain,
 If *Lamech's* Son (by new-found Art directed)
 That huge vaste Vessell had not first erected ;
 Which (sacred refuge) kept the parent-pairs
 Of all things moving in the Earth and Airs.

Now, while the World's-re-colonizing Boat
 Doth on the waters over Mountains float,
Noe passeth not, with tales and idle play,
 The tedious length of dayes and nights away :

40

The commi
 the Flood :
 building of
 50 Ark.

60 *Noe's* eye
 aboard the

But as the Summer sweet-distilling drops
Upon the meadows' thirsty yawning chops,
Re-greens the Greens, & doth the Flowers re-flour,
All scorcht and burnt with *Auster's* parching powr :
So, the care-charming honey that distills
From his wise lips, his house with comfort fills,
Flatters despair, dryes tears, calms inward smart, 70
And re-advanceth sorrow-daunted hearts.

Cheer ye, my Children : God doth now retire
These murdering Seas, which the revenging ire
Of his strict *Justice's* holy indignation
Hath brought upon this wicked generation ;
Arming a season, to destroy Mankind,
The angry Heav'ns, the Water and the Winds :
As, soon again his gracious *Mercy* will
Clear cloudy Heav'ns, calm Winds and Waters still.

His wrath and mercy follow turn by turn ; 80
That (like the lightning) doth not lightly burn
Long in a place, and this from age to age
Hides with her wings the faithfull heritage.
Our gracious God makes scant weight of displeasure,
And spreads his mercy without weight or measure :
Sometimes he strikes us (to especial ends)

Upon our selves, our children, or our friends,
In soule or body, goods, or else good names,
But soon he casts his rods in burning flames :
Not with the fist, but finger he doth beat-us ; 90
Nor doth he thrill so oft as he doth threat-us ;
And (prudent Steward) gives his faithfull Bees
Wine of his wrath, to rebell Drones the Lees.
And thus the deeds of Heav'n's just-gentle King,
The Second World's good Patriarch did sing.

But, brutish *Cham*, that in his brest accurst
The secret roots of sinfull *Atheisme* nurs ;
Wishing already to dis-throne th' *Eternall*,
And selfe-usurp the Majesty supernall :
And to himself, by name of *Jupiter*, 100
On *Africk* sends a sumptuous *Temple* rear :
With bended brows, with stout and stern aspect,
In scornful tearms his Father thus be-checkt :

O ! how it grieves me, that these servile terrors
(The scourge of Cowards, and base vulgars errors)
Have ta'en such deep root in your feeble brest !
Why, Father, alwayes selfy thus deprest ?
Will you thus alwayes make your self a drudge,
Fearing the fury of a faincd Judge ?
And will you alwayes forge your self a Censor 110
That weighs your words, and doth your silence cen-
sure ?

A sly controuler, that doth count your hairs,
That in his hand your heart's keys ever bears,
Records your sighs, and all your thoughts deseries,
And all your sins present and past espies ?
A barbarous Butcher, that with bloody knife
Threats night and day your grievous-guilty life ?

O ! see you not the superstitious heat
Of this blinde zeale doth in your minde beget
A thousand errors ? light credulity 120
Doth drive you still to each extremity,

Faining a God (with thousand storms opprest)
Fainter then Women, fiercer then a Beast.

Who (tender-hearted) weeps at others' weeping,
Wails others' woes, and at the onely peeping
Of others' bloud, in sudden swoun deceases,
In manly brest a woman's heart possesses :
And who (remorse-lesse) lets at any season,
The stormy tide of rage transport his reason,
And thunders threats of horror and mis-hap, 130
Hides a Bear's heart under a humane shape.

Yet, of your God, you one-while thus pretend ;
He melts in tears, if that your finger's end
But ake a-while : anon, he frets, hee frowns,
He burns, he brains, he kills, he dams, he drowns.

The wildest Boar doth but one Wood destroy,
A cruell Tyrant but one Land annoy ;
And yet this God's outrageous tyranny
Spoys all the World, his onely Empery.

O goodly *Justice!* one or two of us 140
Have sinn'd, perhaps, and mov'd his anger thus ;
All bear the pain, yea even the Innocent
Poor Birds and Beasts incurre the punishment.

No, Father no : ('t is folly to infer it)
God is no varying, light, inconstant spirit,
Full of revenge, and wrath, and moody hate :
Nor savage fell, nor sudden passionate,
Nor such as will for some small fault undoo
This goodly World, and his owne nature too.

All wandring clouds, all humid exhalations, 150
All Seas (which Heav'n through many genera-
tions

Hath hoorded up) with self's-weight enter-crusht,
Now all at once upon the earth have rusht :
And th' end-lesse, thin ayre (which by secret quills
Had lost it selfe within the winds-but hills'
Dark hollow Caves, and in that gloomy hold
To ycie Crystall turnéd by the cold)
Now swiftly surging towards Heav'n again,
Hath not alone drown'd all the lowly Plain,
But in few dayes with raging *Floods* o'r-flown 160
The top-lesse Cedars of Mount *Lebanon*.

Then, with just grief the godly Father gall'd,
A deep, sad sigh from his heart's Centre hal'd,
And thus reply'd : O false, rebellious *Cham* ;
Mine age's sorrow, and my house's shame ;
Through self-concept contemning th' Holy Ghost,
Thy sense is baend, thine understanding lost :
And O I fear (Lord, falsife my fear)
The heave hand of the high Thunderer
Shall light on thee ; and thou (I doubt) shalt be 170
His furie's object, and shalt testifie
By thine infamous life's accurséd state,
What now thy shame-lesse lips sophisticate.

I (God be prais'd) know that the perfect CIRCLE
Whose Center's every-where, of all his circle
Exceeds the circuit ; I conceive aright
Th' Almighty-most to be most infinite :
That th' onely ESSENCE feels not in his minde
The furious tempests of fell passion's winde :

Answers of Noah
to all the blasphemies
of *Cham*, and
his fellow-
Atheists.

Answer 1.
God is infinite,
immutable, al-
mighty and in-
comprehensible :

we, full of im-
py, is brought
staving his
ber, and
rily impugn-
the wisdoms
irreprehensi-
providence of
Almighty and
mercifull : and
humble and
pious zeal of
it.

	That moveless, all he moves : that with one thought 180 He can build Heav'n, and, builded, bring to nought : That his high Throne's inclos'd in glorious Fire Past our approach : that our faint soule doth tire, Our spirit growes spright-lesse, when it seeks by sense To sound his infinite Omni-potence. I surely know the Cherubins doe hover With flaming wings his starry face to cover. None sees the <i>Great</i> , th' <i>Almighty</i> , <i>Holy-ONE</i> , But passing by, and by the back alone. To us, his Essence is in-explicable, 190 Wondrous his Wayes, his Name un-utterable ; So that concerning his high Majesty Our feeble tongues speak but improperly. For, if we call him strong, the praise is small : If blessed spirit, so are his Angels all : If Great of greats, hee's void of quantity : If good, faire, holy, he wants quality ; Sith in his <i>Essence</i> fully excellent, All is pure substance, free from accident. Therefore our voyce, too-faint in such a subject 200 T' ensue our soule, and our weak soule her object, Doth alwayes stammer ; so that ever when 'T would make God's name redoubted among men (In humane phraze) it cals him pitifull, Repentant, jealous, fierce, and angerfull. Yet is not God by this repentance, thus, Of ignorance and error taxt, like us : His jealous hatred doth not make him curious, His pittie wretched, nor his anger furious ; Th' immortall Spirit is ever calmly-clear : 210 And all the best that feeble man doth hear, With vehemence of some hot passion driv'n ; That, with ripe judgement, doth the King of heav'n. Shall a Physician comfortably-bold, Fear-lesse, and tear-lesse, constantly behold His sickly friend vext with exceeding pain, And feel his pulse and give him health again ? And shall not th' <i>Ever-selfe-resembling</i> God Look down from Heav'n upon a wretched clod, Without he weep, and melt for grief and anguish ; 220 Nor cure his creature, but himselfe must languish ? And shall a Judge, self-anger-lesse, prefer To shamefull death the strange adulterer ; As onely looking fixtly all the time Not on the sinner, but the sinfull crime ? And shall not then th' <i>Eternall Justicer</i> Condemne the Atheist and the Murderer, Without self's-fury ? O ! shall <i>Justice</i> then Be blam'd in God, and magnifi'd in men ? Or shall his sacred Will, and soveraign Might 230 Be chayn'd so fast to man's frail appetite, That filthy sin he cannot freely hate, But wrathfull Rage him selfly cruciate ? God's sacred vengeance, serves not for defence Of his own <i>Essence</i> from our violence (For in the Heav'n's, above all reach of ours He dwels immur'd in diamantine Towers) ;	But, to direct our lives, and laws maintain, Guard Innocence, and Injury restrain. Th' Almighty past not mean, when he subverted 240 Neer all the world from holy paths departed. For <i>Adam's</i> Trunk (of both-our Worlds the Tree) In two faire branches forking fruitfully, Of <i>Cain</i> and <i>Seth</i> ; the first brought forth a sute Of bitter, wilde, and most detested fruit : Th' other, first rich in goodnesse, afterward With those base Scions beeing graft, was marr'd : And so producéd execrable clusters Worthy so wicked and incestuous lusters : And then (alas !) what was there to be found 250 Pure, just, or good, in all this Earthly Round ? <i>Cain's</i> Line possest sin, as an heritage ; <i>Seth's</i> as a dowry got by marriage : So that (alas !) among all humane-kinde Those Mongrell kisses marr'd the purest minde. And we (even we, that have escapéd here This cruell wrack) within our conscience bear A thousand Records of a thousand things Convincing us before the King of kings ; Whereof not one (for all our self-affection) 260 We can defend with any just objection. God playd no Tyrant, choaking with the floods The earthly bands and all the ayrie broods : For, sith they liv'd but for man's service sole, Man, ras'd for sin out of the <i>Living Route</i> , Those wondrous tools, and organs excellent, Their Work-man left, remain'd impertinent. Man's onely head of all that draweth breath. Who lacks a member, yet persevereth To live (we see) : but, members cut away 270 From their owne head, do by and by decay. Nor was God cruell, when he drown'd the Earth : For, sithence man had from his very birth Rebell'd against him ; was 't not equity, That, for his fault, his house should utterly Be rent and ras'd ? that salt should there be sow'n, That in the ruines (for instruction) We for a time might read and understand The righteous vengeance of Heav'n's wrathfull hand, That wrought this <i>Deluge</i> : and no boorded waves 280 Of ayrie clouds or under-Earthly caves ? If all blew Curtains mixt of ayre and water, Round over-spreading this wide All-Theater, To some one Climate all at once should flie, One Countrey they might drown undoubtedly : But our great Galley having gone so far, So many months, in sight of either <i>Star</i> , From Pole to Pole through sundry Climats whurl'd, Shows that this <i>Flood</i> hath drownéd all the world. Now <i>non-plust</i> , if to re-inforce thy Camp, 290 Thou fly for succour to thine Ayrie Damp : Show, in the concave of what Mountains steep We may imagine Dens sufficient deep For so much Air as gushing out in Fountains, Should hide the proud tops of the highest Moun- tains ;	to maintain v and confound vice. <i>Answer 5.</i> The business of the World deserv'd an punishment. <i>Answer 6.</i> When all are generally de- praved, all is to be destroy'd. <i>Answer 7.</i> The last im- perfect pun- ishment, is than when it is most liv- chastity. <i>Answer 8.</i> God destroy the wicked doth so ven- the Took, if break, and t them with d Mans. <i>Answer 9.</i> A Taylor deserv'd to his house to the gun <i>Answer 10.</i> The Flood no naturall dent, but a just judg- of God. <i>Answer 11.</i> The water of the Flood is not from a naturall not only, but conded from than nature Causes who cannot prod such effect.
So that men cannot speak of Him but im- properly.			
Why we cannot speake of God but after the manner of men.			
<i>Answer 2.</i> The Repentance and the change which the Scrip- ture attributeth to God, is far from Error and Defect.			
Two comparisons explaining the same.			
<i>Answer 3.</i> Justice being a vertue in Man, cannot be a vice in God.			
<i>Answer 4.</i> God doth not punish Offenders for defence of his owne Estate : but			

Sith a whole tun of ayre scarce yeelds (in triall)
Water enough to fill one little Viall.
And what should then betide those empty spaces?
What should succeed in the forsaken places
Of th' ayre's thin parts (in swift springs shrinking
thence) 300

Sith there 's no void in th' Al-circiference?
Whence (wilt thou say) then comes this raging Flood,
That over-flows the windy *Ryphean* Wood,
Mount Libanus, and enviously aspires
To quench the light of the celestiall fires?
Whence (shall I say) then, whence-from comes it,

Cham,
That Wolves, and Panthers waxing meek & tame,
Leaving the horror of their shady home,
Adjourn'd by Heav'n did in my presence come,
Who holding subject under my command 310
So many creatures humbled at my hand,

Am now restor'd to th' honour and estate
Whence *Adam* fell through sin and Satan's hate?
Whence doth it come, or by what reason 's 't,
That unmann'd Haggards to mine empty fist
Come without call? Whence comes it, that so little
Fresh water, fodder, meal and other victuall,
Should serve so long so many a greedy-gut
As in the dark-holds of this *Ark* is shut?

That here the Partridge doth not dread the Hank? 320
Nor fearful Hare the spotted Tiger baulk?
That all these storms our Vessell have not broak?
That all this while we doe not joyntly choak
With noysom breath, and excrementall stink
Of such a common and continuall sink?
And that our selves, 'mid all these deaths, are sav'd
From these All-Seas, where all the rest are Grav'd?

In all the compass of our floating Inns,
Are not so many planks, and boords and pins,
As wonders strange, and miracles, that ground 330
Man's wrangling Reason and his Wits confound?
And God, no lesse his mighty power displayd
When he restor'd, then when the World he made.
O sacred Patron! pacifie thine ire,
Bring home our Hulk: these angry floods retire;
A-live and dead, let us perceive and prove
Thy wrath on others, on our selves thy love.

Thus *Noah* sweetens his Captivity,
Beguiles the time, and charms his misery,
Hoping in God alone: who, in the Mountains 340
Now stopping close the veins of all the Fountains,
Shutting Heav'n's sluices, causing th' ayr (controul'd)
Close-up his Channels, and his Seas with-hold,
Cals forth the windes. O Heav'n's fresh fans, quoth
he,

Earth's sweeping brooms, O Forrests' enmity,
O you my Heralds and my Harbengers,
My nimble Postes and speedy Messengers,
Mine arms, my sinnews, and mine Eagles swift
That through the ayre my rowling Chariot lift,
When from my mouth in my just-kindled ire 350
Fly Sulph'ry fumes, and hot consuming fire;

When with my Lightning Scepter's dreadful wonder
I muster horror, darknesse, clouds and thunder:
Wake, rise, and run, and drink these waters dry,
That hills and dales have hidden from the sky.

Th' *Aolian* Crowd obeys his mighty call,
The surly surges of the Waters fall,
The Sea retreateth: and the sacred *Keel*
Lands on a Hill, at whose proud feet doth kneel 360
A thousand Hills, his lofty horn adoring
That cleaves the clouds, the starry welkin goaring.
Then hope-cheer'd *Noah*, first of all (for scout)
Sends forth the Crow, who flutters neer-about;
And finding yet no landing place at all,
Returns a-board to his great admirall.

Some few dayes after from the window flies
The harm-lesse Dove for new discoveries:
But seeing yet no shore, she (almost tyr'd)
A-board the Carrack back again retir'd.
But yer the Sun had seav'n Heav'n-Circuits rode; 370
To view the World a-fresh she flies abroad;
And brings aboard (at evening in her bill)
An Olive branch with water pearléd still.

O happy presage! O deer pledge of love!
O wel-com news! behold the peacefull Dove
Brings in her beak the Peace-branch, boading weal
And truce with God; who by his sacred seal
Kindly confirms his holy Covenant,
That first in fight the Tiger rage shall want,
Lions be cowards, Hares courageous, 380
Yer he be false in word or deed to us.

O sacred Olive! firstling of the fruits,
Health-boading branch, be it thy tender roots
Have livéd still, while this strange *Deluge* lasted,
I doe rejoyce it hath not all things wasted:
Or be it, since the Ebb, thou newly spring,
Prays'd be the bounty of th' immortal King
That quickens thus these dead, the World induing
With beauty fresh so suddenly renewing.

Thus *Noah* spake: And though the World 'gan lift 390
Most of his Iles above the water's drift:
Though waxen old in his long weary night,
He see a friendly Sun to brandish bright:
Though choak't with ill ayre in his stinking stall,
Hee 'l not a-shore till God be pleas'd with-all;
And till (devout) from Heav'n he understand
Some Oracle to licence him to land.

But warn'd by Heav'n, he commeth from his Cave,
(Or rather from a foule infectious Grave)
With *Sem*, *Cham*, *Japheth*, and their twice-two
Brides, 400
And thousand pairs of living things besides,
Unclean and clean: for th' holy *Patriarch*
Had of all kinds incloséd in the *Ark*.

But, here I hear th' ungodly (that for fear
Late whispered softly in each others' ear,
With silent murmurs muttering secretly)
Now trumpet thus their filthy blasphemie;
Who will beleave (but shallow brainéd Sheep)
That such a Ship scarce thirty Cubits deep,

The *Ark* resteth
on the Moun-
tain *Ararat* in
Armenia.

What *Noah* did
before he went
forth.

He expecteth
God's commande-
ment to goe forth:
Whereby, at the
first he was shut
up in the *Ark*.

New objection
of Atheists, con-
cerning the
capacite of the
Ark.

ff 12.
consider-
the power
! in sub-
! the
! the
! the
! in sustain-
! feeding
! so long in
! (which
! a sepul-
! crumeth
! objections
! arise.

ff 13.
! full of
! us, which
! and the
! and stop
! these
! lines
! lines.

useth the
to cause.

	Thrice fifty long, and but once fifty large,	410	For evermore upon, the murderer's head My roaring storms of fury shall be shed.	
	So many months could bear so great a charge?		From hence-forth, fear no second <i>Flood</i> that shall	470
	Sith the proud Horse, the rough-skin'd Elephant,		Cover the whole face of this earthly Ball :	
	The lusty Bull, the Camell water-want,		I assure ye no ; no, no, I swear to you	
	And the Rhinocerot, would, with their fodder,		(And who hath ever found mine Oath untrue ?)	
Answer.	Fill-up a Hulk far deeper, longer, broader ?		Again, I swear by my thrice-sacred <i>Nesse</i> :	
	O profane mockers ! if I but exclude		And to confirme it in the Clouds I frame	
	Out of this Vessell a vast multitude		This coloured Bow. When then some tempest black	
	Of since-born mongrels, that derive their birth		Shall threat againe the fearfull World to wrack,	
	From monstrous medly of <i>Venerian</i> mirth :	480	When water loaden-Heav'ns your Hills shall touch,	
	Fantastick Mules, and spotted Leopards,		When th' air w th midnight shal your noon be-pitch,	
	Of incest-heat ingendred afterwards :		Your cheerfull looks up to this Rain-bow cast :	480
	So many sorts of Dogs, of Cocks, and Doves,		For, though the same on moystfull Clouds be plac'd,	
	Since, dayly sprung from strange & mingled loves,		Though hemm'd w th shows, & though it seem to	
	Wherein from time to time in various sort,		sup	
	Dedalian Nature seems her to disport :		(To drown the world) all th' oceans' waters up,	
	If plainer, yet I prove you space by space,		Yet shall it (when you seem in danger sink)	
	And foot by foot, that all this ample place,		Make you, of me ; me, of my promise, think.	
	By subtill judgement made and <i>Symmetrie</i> ,		<i>Noah</i> looks-up, and in the Aire he views	
	Might lodge so many creatures handsomely,		A semi-Circle of an hundred hews :	
	Sith every brace was <i>Geometricall</i> :	490	Which, bright ascending toward th' ethereall	
	Nought resteth (<i>Momes</i>) for your reply at all ;		Hath a line drawn between two <i>Orisons</i> .	
	If, who dispute with God, may be content		For just <i>Diameter</i> : an even-bent bow	490
	To take for current, Reason's argument.		Contriv'd of three ; whereof the one doth show	
	But here t' admire th' Almighty's pow'rfull hand		To be all painted of a golden hew,	
	I rather love, and silence to command		The second green, the third an orient blew ;	
An un-answerable answer to all pro- fane objections.	To Man's discourse : what he hath said, is done :		Yet so, that in this pure blew-golden-green	
	For, evermore his word and deed are one.		Still (<i>Opal</i> -like) some changeable is seem.	
	By his sole arm, the <i>Gallion's</i> Masters saw		A bow bright-shining in th' Arch-Archer's hand,	
	Themselves safe rescu'd from death's yawning jaw ;		Whose subtill string seems level with the Land,	
	And offers up to him in zealous wise,	440	Half-parting Heav'n ; and over us it bends,	
	The Peace-full sent of sweet burnt-sacrifice ;		Within two Seas wetting his hornéd ends ;	
	And sends withall above the starry Pole		A temporall beauty of the lampfull skies	500
	These wingéd sighes from a religious soule ;		Where pow'rfull Nature shews her freshest Dies.	
	World-shaking Father, Winds' King, calming- Seas ;	calming-	And if you onely blew and red perceive,	v
	With milde aspect behold us ; Lord appease		The same as signes of Sea, and Fire conceive,	
	Thine Anger's tempest, and to safety bring		Of both the flowing and the flaming <i>Down</i> ,	
	The planks escapt from this sad Perishing :		The <i>Judgement</i> past, and <i>Judgement</i> yet to come.	
	And bound for ever in their ancient Caves		Then having call'd on God, our second Father	
	These stormy Seas' deep World-devouring waves.		Suffers not sloth his arms together gather,	
	Increase (quoth God) and quickly multiply,	450	But fals to work, and wisely now renew'th	
	And fill the World with fruitfull Progeny ;		The Trade he learn'd to practise in his youth.	
	Resume your Scepter, and with new bechasts		For, the proud issue of that Tyrant rude	510
	Bridle again the late-revolted Beasts,		That first his hand in brother's bloud imbrud,	
	Re-exercise your wonted rule again,		As scorning Ploughs, and hating harmlesse tillage,	
	It is your office over them to reign :		And (wantons) prising lesse the homely village,	
	Deer Children, use them all : take, kill, and eate :		With fields and woods, then th' idle Cities' shades ;	
	But yet abstain, and do not take for meat		Imbraced Laws, Scepters, and Arts, and Trades.	
	Their ruddy soule : and leave (O sacred seed !)		But <i>Seth's</i> Sons, knowing Nature soberly	
	To rav'ning Fowls, of strangled flesh to feed.		Content with little, fell to Husbandry,	
	I, I am holy : be you holy then,	460	Thereto reducing, with industrious care,	
	I deeply hate all cruell bloody men :		The Flocks and Doves cover'd with wool & hair ;	
	Therefore defile not in your brother's bloud		As praise-full gain, and profit void of strife,	520
	Your guilty hands ; refraine from cruell mood :		Art nurse of Arts, and very life of life.	
	Fly homicide : doe not in any case,		So the bright honour of the Heav'nly Tapers	
	In man, mine Image brutishly deface :		Had scarcely boxed all th' Earth's dropsie vapours,	
	The cruell man a cruell death shall taste ;		When he that sav'd the store-seed-World from wrack,	
	And bloud with bloud be vengéd first or last		Began to delve his fruitfull Mother's back,	

Commandements,
prohibitions, &
Promises of God
to *Noah* and his
posterity.

	And there soon-after planteth heedfully The brittle branches of the <i>Nectar</i> -tree. To the warm Sun's eye lying open still, He sets in furrows or in shallow trenches The crooked <i>Vine</i> 's choysc scyons, shoots, and branches : In <i>March</i> he delves them, re-re-delves, and dresses : Cuts, props, and prains ; & God his work so blesses, That in the third <i>September</i> for his meed The pteuteous <i>Vintage</i> doth his hopes exceed.		
lants a <i>Vine</i> .	For, 'mong the pebbles of a pretty hill To the warm Sun's eye lying open still, He sets in furrows or in shallow trenches The crooked <i>Vine</i> 's choysc scyons, shoots, and branches : In <i>March</i> he delves them, re-re-delves, and dresses : Cuts, props, and prains ; & God his work so blesses, That in the third <i>September</i> for his meed The pteuteous <i>Vintage</i> doth his hopes exceed.	530	
overtaken Wine.	Then <i>Noah</i> , willing to beguile the rage Of bitter griefs that vex his feeble age, To see with mud so many roofs o'er-grown, And him left almost in the <i>World</i> alone ; One-day a little from his strictnesse shrunk, And making merry, drinking, over-drunk : And, silly, thinking in that hony-gall To drown his woes, he drowns his wits and all.	540	
ription of a en-man.	His head growes giddy, and his foot indents, A mighty fume his troubled brain torments, His idle prattle from the purpose quite, Is abrupt, stuttering, all-confus'd, and light : His wine-stuff stomach wrung with wind he feels : His trembling Tent all topsie turvie wheels : At last, not able on his legs to stand, More like a foule Swine then a sober Man, Opprest with sleep, he wallowes on the ground His shame-lesse snorting trunk, so deeply drown'd In self-oblivion, that he did not hide Those parts that <i>Cesar</i> covered when he died.	550	
omparisons forth the s and pro- of <i>Slan-</i> s, and cters, imitat- ions.	Ev'n as the Rav'n's with windy wings o'er-fly The weeping Woods of <i>Happy Araby</i> , Despise sweet Gardens and delicious Bowrs Perfuming Heav'n with odoriferous flowres, And greedy, light upon the loathsome quarters Of some late <i>Lopes</i> , or such <i>Romish</i> Martyrs : Or as a young, unskillfull Painter raw, Doth carelesly the fairest features draw In any face, and yet too neerly marks, Th' unpleasing blemish of deform'd marks ; As lips too great, or hollownesse of eyes, Or sinking nose, or such indecencies : Even so th' ungodly Sons of <i>Leasing's</i> Father, With black Oblivion's sponge ingrately smother Faire <i>Vertue's</i> draughts, and cast despightfully On the least sins the venom of the eye, Frump others' faults, and trumpet in all ages The lightest trips of greatest Personages : Like scoffing <i>Cham</i> that impudently view'd His Father's shame, and most profanely-lew'd With scornfull laughter (grace-lesse) thus began To infamize the poor old drunken man.	560	
	Come (brethren) come, come quickly and behold This pure controuler that so oft controuled Us without cause : see how his bed he soyls : See, how the wine (his master) now recoyls By's mouth, and eyes, and nose : and brutally so To all that come his naked shame doth show. Ah shame-less beast (both brethren him reprov'd, Both chiding thus, both with just anger mov'd) Unnaturall villain, monster pestilent, Unworthy to behold the firmament ; Where (absent we) thou ought'st have hid before With thine owne Cloak, but with thy silence more, Thy Father's shame, whom age, strong wine, and grief, Have made to fall, but once in all his life ; Thou barkest first, and sporting at the matter Proclaim'st his fault on <i>Infamie's</i> Theater. And saying this (turning their sight a-side) Their hoary Father's nakednesse they hide. When wine had wrought, this good old-man awook, <i>Agnis'd</i> his crime, ashaméd, wonder-strook At strength of wine, & toucht with true repentance, With Prophet-mouth 'gan thus his Son's fore-sentence : Curst be thou <i>Cham</i> , and curst be (for thy scorn) 600 Thy darling <i>Canaan</i> : let the pearly Morn, The radiant <i>Noon</i> , and rheumy <i>Evening</i> see Thy neck still yoakéd with Captivity. God be with <i>Sem</i> : and let his gracious speed Spread-wide my <i>Japheth's</i> fruitfull-swarming seed. Error, no error, but a wilfull badnesse : O foule defect ! O short, O dangerous madnesse ! That in thy rage, dost harm-lesse <i>Clytus</i> smother By his dear friend ; <i>Pentheus</i> by his mother. Phrenzic, that makes the vaunter insolent ; The talk-full, blab ; cruell, the violent : The fornicator, wex adulterous ; Th' adulterer, become incestuous : With thy plague's leaven swelling all our crimes ; Blinde, shame-less, sense-less, quenching oftentimes The soule within it selfe : and oft defames The holiest men with execrable blames. And as the <i>Must</i> , beginning to re-boyl, Makes his new vessel's wooden bands re-coyl, Lifts-up his lees, and spews with humane vent From his Tub's ground his scummy excrement : So ruin'st thou thine boast, and foolishly From his heart's bottom driv'st all secreeie. But, had'st thou never done (O filthy poyson !) More mischief here, but thus bereft of reason This <i>Vertue's</i> Module (rather <i>Vertue's</i> best) We ought thee more then Death it self detest.	570	His speech to his Brethren, seeing his Father's nakednesse. Their discreet behaviour. <i>Noah</i> awak'd, cursteth <i>Cham</i> & his posterity : and blesseth <i>Sem</i> and <i>Japheth</i> and their issue. An execration of Drunkennesse, described with its shamefull, dan- gerous, and detestable effects.

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 4, '*Cham*' = Ham: l. 7, '*refute*' = confutes: l. 15, '*paded*'
—see Glossarial Index for illustrations of *vaded* and *fadid*: l. 25,
'*whilom*' = formerly: l. 91, '*thrill*' = pierce: l. 109, '*vaigars*'
= the multitude—a curious plural: l. 109, '*fained*' = fancied,
imaginary: l. 139, '*Empire*' = empire: l. 155, '*windo-but*'—see
Glossarial Index for full note: l. 167, '*banded*' = banded: l. 237,
'*inward*' = walled: *th. 'diamantine'* = adamantine: l. 259,
'*Convincing*' = convicting: l. 273, '*silence*' = since, elongated:

l. 307, '*waxing*' = waxing, growing. See line 390: l. 315,
'*Haggards*' = hawks unstrained: l. 369, '*Carrack*' = great
ship—from the Spanish: l. 431, '*Momes*' = blockheads, fools:
l. 523, '*boxed*' = packed away: l. 527, '*Nectar-free*' = vine.
See ll. 528-531: l. 533, '*prunes*' = prunes: l. 555, '*Cesar*
covered'—see Glossarial Index for full note: l. 568, '*Leasing's*'
= lies: l. 572, '*Frump*' = insult: l. 597, '*Agnis'd*' = con-
fessed: l. 599, '*fore-sentence*' = prophetically sentenced.—G.



Babylon.
 THE
 SECOND PART
 OF THE
 SECOND DAY OF
 THE II. WEEKE.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Th' Antithesis of Blest and curs'd States,
 Subject to Good and Evill Magistrates :
 Nimrod usurps : His grow's-full Policy,
 To gain himselfe the Goal of Sovereignty :
 BABEL begun : To stop such out-rages,
 There God confounds the builders' Languages :
 Tongues excellent : the Hebrew, First and Best :
 Then Greek and Latin : and (above the rest)
 Th' Arabian, Toscan, Spanish, French, and Dutch, 10
 And Ours, are honour'd by our Author much.*

A preface, representing the felicity and happy estate of Common-weals governed by good and prudent Princes : and the misery of those that live in subjection unto Tyrants : which the Poet very fitly proposeth as his introduction to the life and manners of Nimrod.

O Happy people, where Good Princes raigne,
 Who tender publike more then private gain !
 Who (vertu's patrons, and the plagues of vice)
 Hate Parasites, and hearken to the wise :
 Who (self-commanders) rather sin suppress
 By self-examples, then by rigorousnesse :
 Whose inward-humble, outward Majesty
 With Subjects' love is guarded loyalty :
 Who Idol-not their pearly Scepters' glory, 20
 But know themselves set on a lofty story
 For all the World to see and censure too :
 So not their lust, but what is just they do.
 But, 'tis a hell, in hatefull vassallage,
 Under a Tyrant to consume one's age :
 A self-shav'n *Dennis*, or a *Nero* fell,
 Whose curs'd Courts with bloud and incest swell :
 An Owle that flies the light of Parliaments
 And State-assemblies ; jealous of the intents
 Of private tongues ; who (for a pastime) sets 30
 His Peers at oddes ; and on their fury whets :

Who neither faith, honour, nor right respects :
 Who every day new Officers erects :
 Who brooks no learn'd, wise, nor valiant subjects,
 But daily crops such vice-upbraiding objects,
 Who (worse then Beasts, or savage monsters been)
 Spares neither mother, brother, kiff, nor kin :
 Who, though round-fenc't with guard of arm'd Knights
 A-many moe he fears, then he affrights :
 Who taxes strange extorts ; and (Caniball) 40
 Gnawes to the bones his wretched Subjects all.
 Print (O Heav'n's King !) in our King's heart a
 zeal,
 First, of thy lawes ; then of their publick weal :
 And if our Countrie's now-Po-poysoned phrase,
 Or now-contagion of corrupted dayes
 Leave any tract of *Nimrodising* there ;
 O ! cancell it, that they may every where,
 In stead of *Babel*, build *Jerusalem* ;
 That loud my *Muse* may echo under them.
 YER *Nimrod* had attain'd to twice six years, 50
 He tyranniz'd among his stripping-peers,
 Out-strip't his equals, and in happy houre,
 Layd the foundations of his after-pow'r ;
 And, bearing reeds for Scepters, first he raigns
 In Prentice-Princedom over Sheep-heard Swains.
 Then, knowing well, that whoso aym's (illustrer)
 At fancied bliss of Empire's awfull lustre ;
 In valiant acts must passe the Vulgar sort,
 Or Mask (at least) in lovely Vertue's Port :
 He spends not night on beds of down or feathers, 60
 Nor day in tents, but hardens to all weathers,
 His youthfull limbs : and takes ambitiously
 A Rock for Pillow, Heav'n for Canapey :

erance in
ill and
ous exer-
of *Nimrod*
is gracious
he people.

In stead of softlings jests, and jollities,
He joyes in Jousts, and manly exercise :
His dainty cates, a fat Kid's trembling flesh,
Scarce fully slain, luke-warm and bleeding fresh.
Then with one breath, he striveth to attain,
A Mountain's top, that over-peers the Plain ;
Against the stream to cleave the rowling ridges 70
*Of Nymph-strong floods, that have born down their
bridges,*

Running unrein'd wth swift-rebounding sallies,
A-crosse the rocks within the narrow vallies ;
To overtake the dart himselfe did throwe,
And in plain course to catch the Hinde or Roe.
But when five lustres of his age expir'd,
Feeling his stomach and his strength aspir'd
To worthier wars, perceiv'd he any-where,
Boar, Leopard, Lyon, Tiger, Ounse, or Beare,
Him dread-lesse combats ; and in combat foyle, 80
And rears high Trophies of his bloody spoyle.
The people, seeing by his war-like deed
From thieves and robbers-every passage freed ;
From hideous yels, the Desarts round about ;
From fear, their flocks ; this monster-master stout,
This *Hercules*, this hammer-ill, they tender,
And call him (all) their Father and Defender.

andons his
etty Chase,
unteth
for a more
us Prey.

Then *Nimrod* (snatching Fortune by the tresses)
Strikes the hot steel ; sues, soothes, importunes, presses
Now these, then those, and (hastning his good Hap) 90
Leaves hunting Beasts, and hunteth Men to trap.
For, like as he, in former quests did use
Cals, pit-fals, toyls, sprenges, and baits and gliew :
And (in the end) against the wilder game,
Clubs, darts, & shafts, & swords, their rage to tame :
So, some he wins with promise-full intreats,
With presents some, & some with rougher threats :
And boldly (breaking bounds of equity)
Usurps the Child-World's maiden Monarchy ;
Whereas before each kindred had for guide 100
Their proper Chief, yer that the youthfull pride
Of upstart State, ambitious, boyling fickle,
Did thrust (as now) in others' eorn his sickle.

anical rule
erred & his
enterprisa.

In-throniz'd thus, this Tyrant 'gan devise
To perpetrate a thousand cruelties,
Pel-mel subverting for his appetite
God's, Man's, and Nature's triple sacred Right.
He braves th' Almighty, lifting to his nose
His flowring Scepter : and for fear he lose
The people's aw ; who (idle) in the end 110
Might slip their yoke ; he subtle makes them spend,
Drawes dry their wealth, and busies them to build
A lofty Towr, or rather *Atlas* wilde.
W' have liv'd (quoth he) too-long like pilgrim Grooms :
Leave we these rowling tents, & wandring rooms :
Let's raise a Palace, whose proud front and feet
With Heav'n and Hell may in an instant meet ;
A sure *Asylum* and a safe retrait,
If th' irefull storm of yet-more Floods should threat :
Let's found a City, and, united there, 120
Under a King let's lead our lives ; for fear

Lest sever'd thus, in Princes and in Tents,
We be disperst o'r all the Regiments,
That in his course the daye's bright Champion eyes,
Might-lesse our selves to succour, or advise.
But, if the fire of some intestine war,
Or other mischief should divide us far,
Brethren (at least) let's leave memorials
Of our great names on these cloud-neighbouring
wals.

Now, as a spark, that Shepheards (unespi'd) 130
Have faln by chance upon a forrest side,
Among dry leaves ; a-while in secret shrowds,
Lifting a-loft small, smoaky-waving clouds,
Till fanned by the fawning windes it blushes,
With angry rage ; and rising through the bushes,
Climbs fragrant Hawthorns, thence the Oak, & then
The Pine and Firre, that bridge the Ocean :
It still gets ground, and (running) doth augment
And never leaves till all neer Woods be Brent :
So, this sweet speech (first broacht by certain Min-
ions) 140

A comparison,
shewing lively the
efficacy of the
attempts of
Tyrants, the
Rods of God's
righteous venge-
ance upon un-
godly people.

Is soon applauded 'mong the light opinions ;
And by degrees from hand to hand renu'd,
To all the base confuséd multitude ;
Who, longing now to see this Castle rear'd,
Them night and day, in diff ring crafts bestirr'd.
Some fall to felling with a thousand stroaks
Adventurous Alders, Ashes, long-liv'd Oaks ;
Degrading Forrests, that the Sun might view
Fields that, before, his bright rayes never knew.

Ha' ye seen a Town expos'd to spoyl & slaughter 150
(At Victors' pleasure) where laments and laughter
Mirtly resound ; some carry, some convey,
Some lug, some load ; 'gainst Souldiers seeking Prey
No place is sure, and yer a day be done,
Out at her gate the ransack't Town doth run :
So (in a trice) these Carpenters dis-robe
Th' *Assyrian* hills of all their leafie robe,
Strip the steep Mountains of their ghostly shades,
And powle the broad Plains, of their branchy glades :
Carts, Sleds, and Mules, thick justling meet abroad, 160
And bending axles groan beneath their Load.

Lively Descrip-
tion of the people
occupied in some
great business.

Here, for hard Cement, heap they night and day
The gummy slime of chalkie waters gray :
There, busie Kil-men ply their occupations
For brick and tyle : there for their firm foundations,
They dig to Hell ; and damnéd Ghosts again
(Past hope) behold the Sun's bright glorious wain :
Their hammers' noyse, through Heav'n's rebounding
brim,
Affrights the Fish that in fair *Tygris* swim.
Their ruddy wals in height, and compass grow ; 170
They cast long shadows, and far-off do show ;
All swarms with work-men, that (poor sots) surmise :
Even the first day to touch the very skies.

Which, God perceiving, bending wrathfull frowns,
And with a noyse that roaring thunder drowns ;
'Mid cloudy fields, hills by the roots he rakes,
And th' unmov'd hinges of the Heav'ns he shakes.

God displeas'd
with the audacious
enterprise of *Nim-
rod* and his, re-
solveth to break
their Designs by
confounding their
Language.

	See, see (quoth he) these dust-spawn, feeble dwarfs, See their huge Castles, Walls, and Counter-scarfs : O strength-full peece, impregnable ! and sure	180	Abandon quickly all their work begun, And here and there for swifter safety run : These Masons so, seeing the storm arriv'd Of God's just Wrath, all weak and heart-depriv'd, Forsake their purpose, and, like frantick fools,	240
	All my just anger's batt'ries to endure ! I swore to them, the fruitfull Earth, no more Hence-forth should fear the raging Ocean's roar ; Yet build they Towns : I will'd that scattered wide They should go mann the World ; and lo they bide Self-prisoned here : I meant to be their Master, My self alone, their Law, their Prince, and Pastor ; And they, for Lord a Tyrant fell have ta'en-them ; Who (to their cost) will roughly curb & rein-them ; Who scorns mine arm, & w th these braving Towns	190	Scatter their stuffe, and tumble down their tools. O proud revolt ! O traiterous felony ! See in what sort the Lord hath punisht thee By this Confusion : Ah ! that language sweet, Sure bond of Cities, friendship's mastick meet, Strong curb of anger yerst united, now In thousand dry Brooks strays, I wot not how : That rare-rich gold, that charm-grief fancy-mover, That calm-rage heart's-thief, quel-pride conjure-lover : That purest coyn, then current in each coast,	250
	Attempts to scale this Crystall Throne of Ours. Come, come, let's dash their drift ; & sith combin'd As well in voyce, as bloud, and law, and minde, In ill they harden, and with language bold, Incourage-on themselves their worke to hold, Let's cast a let 'gainst their quick diligence ; Let's strike them straight with spirit of difference ; Let's all confound their speech : let's make the Brother, The Sire, and Son, not understand each other.		Then, <i>Finland</i> -folk might visit <i>Africa</i> , The Spaniard <i>Inde</i> , and ours <i>America</i> , Without a truch-man : now, the banks that bound Our Towns about, our tongues doe also mound : For who from home but halfe a furlong goes, As dumb (alas !) his Reason's tool doth lose :	
Execution of God's decree.	This said, as soon confusedly did bound Through all the worke I wot not what strange sound, A jangling noyse ; not much unlike the rumors Of <i>Bacchus</i> Swains amid their drunken humors ; Some speak between the teeth, some in the nose, Some in the throat their words doe all dispose, Some howl, some halloo, some do stut and strain ; Each hath his gibb'rish, and all strive in vain To finde again their know'n beloved tongue, That with their milk they suckt in cradle young.	200	Or if we talk but with our neer confines, We borrow mouthes, or else we worke by signes. Un-toyld, un-tutord, sucking tender food, We learn'd a language all men understood ; And (seav'n-years old) in glasse-dust did commence To draw the round Earth's fair circumference ; To cipher well, and climbing Art by Art, We reacht betimes that Castle's highest part, Where th' <i>Encyclopedie</i> her darling crowns, In signe of conquest, with etern renowns.	260
A fit comparison.	Arise betimes, while th' <i>Opal</i> -colour'd Morn, In golden pomp doth <i>May-daye's</i> door adorn : And patient heare th' all-differing voyces sweet Of painted Singers that in groves do greet Their <i>Love-Bon-jours</i> , each in his phrase & fashion From trembling Pearch uttering his earnest passion ; And so thou mayst conceit what mingle-mangle Among this people every where did jangle. Bring me (quoth one) a trowell, quickly, quick ; One brings him up a hammer : hew this brick (Another bids) and then they cleave a Tree :	210	Now (ever-boys) we wex old while we seek The Hebrew tongue, the Latin, and the Greek ; We can but babble, and for knowledge whole Of Nature's secrets, and of th' <i>Essence</i> sole— Which Essence gives to all,—we tire our minde To vary Verbs, and finest words to finde : Our letters and our syllables to weigh : At Tutors' lips we hang with heads all gray, Who teach us yet to read, and give us (raw) An <i>A. B. C.</i> for great <i>Justinian's</i> law, <i>Hippocrates</i> , or that <i>Diviner</i> lore	270
	Make fast this rope, and then they let it flee : One cals for planks, another mortar lacks ; They bear the first, a stone ; the last, an ax : One would have spikes, and him a spade they give : Another asks a saw, and gets a sieve : Thus crosly-crost, they prate and point in vaine ; What one hath made, another mars again : Nigh breathlesse all, with their confused yawling, In boot-lesse labour now begins appawling.	220	Where God appears to whom him right adore. What shall I more say? Then, all spake the speech Of God himself : th' old sacred <i>Idiom</i> rich, Rich perfect language, where's no point, nor signe, But hides some rare deep mystery divine ; But since that pride, each people hath a-part A bastard gibberish, harsh, and over-thwart ; Which dayly chang'd, and loosing light, wel-neer Nothing retains of that first language cleer.	280
Another elegant comparison shew- ing that there is no counsell, no en- deavour, no dili- gence, no might nor multitude that can resist God.	In brief, as those, that in some channell deep, Begin to build a Bridge with Arches steep, Perceiving once (in thousand streams extending) The course-chang'd River from the hills descending, With watry Mountains bearing down their Bay, As if it scorn'd such bondage to obey ;	230	The <i>Parygians</i> once, and that renowned Nation Fed with fair <i>Nilus'</i> fruitfull inundation, Longing to know their Language's priority, Fondly impos'd the censuring authority	290
			The Hel Tongue i Meas me for the of Lang	A conclu whereby eth that are natur to learn

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To silly Judges, voyd of judging sense
(Dumb stammerers to treat of Eloquence)
To wit, two Infants nurst by Mothers dumb,
In silent Cels, where never noyse should come
Of charming humane voyce, to eccho there,
Till triple-twelve months full expired were.
Then brought before the *Memphians*, and the men 300
That dwell at *Zant*, the faint-breath'd children,
Cry often *Bek; Bek, Bek* is all the words
That their tongue forms, or their dumb mouth affords.
Then *Phrygians*, knowing, that in *Phrygian*
Bek meaneth bread, much to rejoyce began,
Glad that kinde Nature had now grac't them so,
To grant this Sentence on their side to go.
Fools which perceiv'd not, that the bleating flocks
Wch powl'd the neighbour Mountains' motly locks
Had taught this term, and that no tearms of *Rome*, 310
Greece, Egypt, England, France, Troy, Jewry, come,
Come born with us : but every Countrie's tongue
Is learnt by much use, and frequenting long.
Onely we have peculiar to our race,
Aptnesse to speak ; as that same other grace
Which, richly-divers, makes us differ more
From dull, dumb wretches that in desarts roar.
Now, that buls bellow (if that any say)
That Lyons roar, and sloathfull Asses bray,
Now low, now loud ; and by such languages 320
Distinctly seem to shew their courages :
Those are not words, but bare expressions
Of violent fits of certain passions :
Confused signes of sorrow, or annoy,
Of hunger, thirst, of anger, love, or joy.
And so I say of all the wingéd quiers,
Which mornly warble, on green trembling briers,
Ear-tickling tunes : for, though they seem to prattle
A-part by payrs, and three to three to tattle ;
To winde their voyce a hundred thousand wayes, 330
In curious descant of a thousand layes :
T' have taught *Apollo*, in their School, his skill ;
Their sounds want sense ; their notes are word-lease
still :
Their song, repeated thousand times a-day,
As dumb discourse, flies in the Woods away.
But onely Man can talke of his Creator,
Of Heav'n and Earth, and Fire, and Ayr, and Water,
Of Justice, Temperance, Wisedome, Fortitude,
In choice sweet termes, that various sense include.
And not in one sole tongue his thoughts dis-sunder ; 340
But like to *Scaliger*, our age's wonder,
The Learned's Sun : who eloquently can,
Speak Spanish, French, Italian, Nubian,
Dutch, Chaldee, Syriak, English, Arabik,
(Besides) the Persian, Hebrew, Latin, Greek.
O rich quick spirit ! O wit's Chameleon !
Which any Author's colour can put on :
Great *Julius*' Son, and *Sylvius*' worthy brother,
Th' immortal grace of *Gascony*, their mother.
And, as for Jayes, that in their wyerie gail
Can ask for victuals, and unvictual'd rail ; 350

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Who, daring us for eloquence's meed,
Can plain pronounce the holy Christian Creed,
Say the Lord's prayer, and oft repeat it all,
And name by name a good great household call :
Th' are like that voyce, which (by our voyce begot)
From hollow vale babbles it wots not what :
In vain the ayr they beat, it vainly cleaving,
And dumbly speak, their own speech not conceiv-
ing,
Deaf to themselves : for speech is nothing (sure) 360
But th' unseen soule's resounding portraiture :
And chiefly when 'tis short, sweet, painted-plain,
As it was all, yer that rough hunter's reign.
Now when I note, how th' Hebrew brevity,
Even with few words expresseth happily
Deepest conceits ; and leads the hearing part
Through all the closets of the mazy heart :
Better then Greek with her *Synonima's*
Fit *Epithets*, and fine *Metaphora's*,
Her apt Conjunctions, Tenses, Moods, and Cases, 370
And many other much esteemed graces.
When I remember how the *Rabbins* fet
Out of the sacred Hebrew Alphabet
All that our faith beleeves, or eyes behold ;
That in the Law the Arts are all inrold :
Whether (with curious pain) we doe transport
Her letters turn'd in many-various sort
(For, as in ciphering, th' onely transportation
Of figures, still varies their valuation :
So th' *Anagram* strengthens or slacks a name, 380
Giving a secret twist unto the same :)
Or whether we (even as in grosse) bestowing
The numbers, which, from one word's letters flowing,
Unfold a secret ; and that word again
Another of like number doth contain :
Whether one letter for a word be put ;
Or all a sentence in one word be shut :
As *Egypt's* silence sealéd-up (mysterious)
In one Character a long sentence serious.
When I observe, that from the *Indian* Dawning, 390
Even to our *Irish Bina's* fiery yawning ;
And from hot *Tambut*, to the Sea *Tartarian*,
Thou seest (O Sun !) no Nation so barbarian :
Nor ignorant in all the Lawes divine,
But yet retains some terms of *Palestine* ;
Whose Elements (how-so disguis'd) draw-nigh
The sacred names of th' old Orthography.
When I consider that God's ancient WILL
Was first enrowléd by an *Hebrew* quill :
That never *Vrim, Dream, or Vision* sung 400
Their Oracles, but all in *Isaak's* tongue ;
That in the same, the Lord himselfe did draw
Upon two Tables his eternall Law :
And that (long since) in *Sion's* Languages,
His Heav'nly Postes brought down his messages.
And (to conclude) when I conceive, how then
They gave not idle, casual names to men,
But such as (rich in sense) before the event,
Markt in their lives some special accident ;

ing Parot-resem-
bling Eccho, and
speaking without
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The Hebrew
tongue the princi-
pall.

First reason.

Second reason.

Simile.

Third Reason.

Fourth reason.

Fifth reason.

	And yet, we see that all those words of old Of Hebrew still the sound and sense do hold. For <i>Adam</i> (meaneth) made of clay : his wife <i>Eva</i> (translated) signifieth life : <i>Cain</i> first begot, <i>Abel</i> , as vain, and <i>Seth</i> Put in his place ; and he that, underneath The generall Deluge, saw the World distrest, In true interpretation, soundeth Rest. To th' Hebrew Tongue (how-ever <i>Greece</i> doe grudge) The sacred right of Eldership I judge. All hail, therefore, O sempiternall spring	410	
Praise of the Hebrew tongue, Mother and Queene of all the rest.	Of spirituall pictures ! speech of Heav'n's high King, Mother and Mistresse of all Tongues the Prime ; Which (pure) hast past such vast deep gulfs of Time ; Which hast no word but weighs, whose Elements Flow with hid sense, thy points with Sacraments. O sacred <i>Dialect</i> ! in thee the names Of Men, Towns, Countries register their fames In brief abridgements : and the names of Birds, Of Water-guests, and Forrest-haunting Heards, Are open Books where every man might read Their nature's story ; till th' Heav'n-shaker dread, In his just wrath the flaming sword had set, The passage into Paradise to let.	420	
<i>Adam</i> gave Hebrew names to all the Crea- tures.	For, <i>Adam</i> then (in signe of mast'ry) giving Peculiar names unto all creatures living, When in a generall muster rangéd right, They marcht by couples in his awfull sight, He framed them so fit, that learned ears Bearing the soule the sound, the marvaills bears, Wherewith th' All-forming voyce adorned fair Th' inhabitants of Sea, and Earth and Ayre. And, for each body acts, or suffers ought, Having made Nouns, his Verbs he also wrought : And then, the more t' enrich his speech, he brings Small particles, which stand in lieu of strings, The master members fitly to combine (As two great boards, a little glew doth joyn) And serve as plumes, which ever-dancing light Deck the proud crests of helmets burnisht bright : Frenge to mantles ; ears, and rings to vessels : To marble statues, bases, feet and tressels.	430	
He enriched the Language with the composition of Verbs and Clauses.	This (<i>Adam's</i> language) pure persisted since, Till th' yron Age of that cloud-climbing Prince ; Resounding onely, through all mortall tents, The peer-lesse accents of rich eloquence ; But then (as partiall) it itself retir'd To <i>Heber's</i> house : whether, of the conspir'd Rebels, he were not ; but in sober quiet, Dwelt far from <i>Shinar</i> , and their furious ryot : Or whether, thither by compulsion brought, With secret sighs he oft his God besought, So with unwilling hands helping to make The wals he wisht deep sunk in <i>Stygian</i> Lake : As wretched Galley-slaves (beating the Seas With forcéd oars, fighting against their ease And liberty) curse in their grievéd spright, Those, for whose sake they labour day and night :	440	
The Hebrew Tongue continued from <i>Adam</i> to the time of <i>Nimrod</i> : Since when it rested in the house of <i>Heber</i> , of whom it is called Hebrew.		450	
Simile.		460	
	Or whether else God's liberall hand for ever (As it were) meeting holy men's indeavour, For his owne sake, of his free grace and pleasure, To th' Hebrew race deposited this treasure ; While the proud remnant of those scattered Masons Had falsed it in hundred thousand fashions, When every one, where fate him calléd, flew, Bearing new words into his Countrey new. But slipp'ry Time, enviously wasting all, Disfigur'd soon those Tongues authentick, Which 'mid the <i>Babel</i> builders' thunder, bred On <i>Tigris</i> ' banks, o're all the Earth were spread : And, ay the world the more confus'd to leave, The east of them in many Tongues did cleave. Each Language alters, either by occasion Of trade, which (causing mutuall commutation Of th' Earth's and Ocean wares) with hardy luck Doth words for words barter, exchange and truck : Or else, because Fame-thirsting wits, that toyl In golden tearms to trick their gracious stile, With new-found beauties pranck each circumstance Or (at the least) doe new-coyn'd words inhance With current freedome : and again restore Th' old, rusty, mouldy, worm-gnawn words of yore. For, as in Forrests, leaves do fall and spring : Even so the words, which whilom flourishing, In sweet Orations shin'd with pleasing lustre (Like snow-white Lillies in a fresh green pasture) Passe now no more ; but, banisht from the Court, Dwell with disgrace among the Country sort : And those, which Eld's strict doom did disallow, And damn for bullion, go for current now. A happy wit, with gracious judgement joyn'd, May give a pasport to the words new-coyn'd In his owne shop : also adopt the strange : Ingraft the wilde : enriching, with such change His powerfull stile ; and with such sundry ammel Painting his phrase, his Prose or Verse enamell. One language hath no law but use : and still Runs blinde, unbridled, at the Vulgar's will. Another's course is curiously inclos'd In lists of Art ; of choyce fit words compos'd. One, in the feeble birth, becoming old, Is cradle-toomb'd : another warreth bold With the yeer-spinners. One, unhappy-founded, Lives in a narrow valley ever bounded : Another 'mong the learned troop doth presse From <i>Alexander's</i> Altars, even to <i>Fes</i> . And such are now, the <i>Hebrew</i> , <i>Greek</i> , and <i>Latin</i> : Th' <i>Hebrew</i> , because of it we hold the Paten Of <i>Thrice-Eternal's</i> ever sacred Word : And of his Law, That is the first Record. The <i>Greek</i> , as having cunningly compriz'd All kinde of knowledge that may be devis'd. And manly <i>Roman</i> , sith the sword undaunted Through all the world her eloquence hath planted. Writing these later lines, weary wel-neer Of sacred <i>Pallas'</i> pleasing labours déer :	470	A sub- fin- the Lang- first deeds
		480	Wherof the sundry changes it selfe made Lang- guage
		490	Simile.
		500	The liberty witty, keen and judicious Writings.
		510	Excellency Hebrew, G and Latin Tongues at the rest
		520	A pleasant duction to b

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Mine humble chin saluteth oft my breast ;
With an *Ambrosial* dew mine eyes possess
By peeces-meal close ; all-moving powrs be still ;
From my dull-fingers drops my fainting quill ;
Down in my sloath-lov'd bed again I shrink, 530
And in dark *Lethe* all deep cares I sink :
Yea all my cares, except a zeal to len
A gainfull pleasure to my Countrymen.
For, th' holy love's-charm, burning for their sake,
When I am sleeping, keeps my soule awake.
Gold-winged *Morpheus*, East-ward issuing
By 's crystall gate (it earlier opening
Then daye's bright door) fantastick leads the way
Down to a vale, where moist-cool night and day
Still calms and storms, keen cold, & sultry smother, 540
Rain, and fair weather follow not each other ;
But *May* still rains, and rose-crown'd *Zephyrus*,
With wanton sighes, makes the green trees to buss.
Whose whispering boughs, in Oval form, do fence
This flowrie field's delightfull excellence.

Just in the midst of this enammeld vale
Rose a huge Rock, cut like a Pedestall ;
And on the Cornich a Colossus stands
Of during brasse, which beareth in his hands
Both fire and water : from his golden tongue 550
Grow thousand chains, which all the mead a-long
Draw worlds of hearers with alluring Art,
Bound fast by th' ears, but faster by the heart.
Before his feet, Boars, Bears, and Tigers lie
As meek as Lambs, reclaim'd from cruelty.
Neer hills do hop, and neighbour Forrests bound,
Seeming to dance at his sweet voyce's sound.
Of *Carian* pillars rais'd with curious Art
On bases firm, a double row doth girt
The soule-charm Image of sweet Eloquence : 560
And these fair Piles (with great magnificence)
Bear, foure by four, one of the Tongues which now
Our learned Age for fairest doth allow.

Now, 'mong the Heav'n-deer spirits supporting
here
The *Hebrew* tongue, that Prince whose brows appear
Like daunt-Earth Comet's Heav'n-adorning brand,
Who holds a green-dry, withr'd-springing wand.
And in his arms the sacred Register
Of God's eternall ten-fold Law doth bear :
Is *Israel's* guide : first Author, he that first 570
Unto his heirs his writings offer durst :
Whose hallowed Pages not alone proceed
All *Grecian* Writ, but every *Grecian* Deed.
David's the next, who, with the melody
Of voyce-match fingers, draws sphear's harmony,
To his Heav'n-tuned harp, which shall resound
While the bright day-star rides his glorious Round :
Yea (happily) when both the whirling *Poles*
Shall cease their Galliard, th' ever-blesséd soules
Of *Christ* his chápions (cheer'd wth his sweet songs) 580
Shall dance to th' honour of the *Strong of strongs* ;
And all the Angels glory-wingéd Hostes
Sing *Holy, Holy, Holy, God of Hostes.*

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The third, his Son, wit-wondrous *Salomon*,
Who in his lines hath more wise lessons sow'n,
More golden words, then in his Crown there shin'd
Pearls, Diamonds, and other Gemms of *Inde*.
Then, *Amar's* son, in threatnings vehement,
Grace-followed, grave, holy, and eloquent.
Sweet-numbered *Homer* here the *Greek* supports, 590
Whose Schoole hath bred the many-differing sorts
Of ancient sages ; and, through every Realm,
Made (like a Sea) his eloquence to stream :
Plato, the all-divine, who like the *Fowl*
(They call) of *Paradise* ; doth never foul
His foot on Earth or Sea, but lofty flies
Higher then Heav'n from Hell, above the skies :
Cleer-styl'd *Herodotus*, and *Demosthen*,
Gold-mouthéd hearts-king, law of learned men.
Th' Arch-Foe to factious *Catiline*, and (since) 600
To *Anthony*, whose thundring eloquence
Yields thousand streames, whence (rapt in admira-
tion)
The rarest wits are drunk in every Nation :
Cesar, who knowes as well to write, as war :
The *Sinnewie Salust* ; and that Heav'n-fall'n star,
Which straggling *Ilium* brings to *Tiber's* brink,
Who never seems in all his Work to wink ;
Who never stumbled, ever cleer and grave ;
Bashfully-bold, and blushing modest-brave :
Still like himselfe ; and else, still like to no-man : 610
Sustain the stately, grave-sweet ancient *Roman*.
On mirthfull *Boccace* is the *Tuscan* plac't,
Bold, choice-tearm'd *Petrarch*, in deep passions grac't :
The fluent fainer of *Orlando's* error,
Smooth, pithy, various, quick affection-stirrer :
And witty *Tasso*, worthy to indite
Heroick numbers, full of life and light :
Short, sharp-conceited, rich in language cleer,
Though last in age, in honour formost here.
Th' *Arabian* language hath for pillars sound, 620
Great *Aben-Rois* most subtile, and profound,
Sharp *Eldebag*, and learned *Avicen*,
And *Ibnu-farid's* Figure-flowing Pen.
The *Dutch*, bath him who *Germanis'd* the story
Of *Sleidan* : next, th' *Isleban* (lasting glory
Of *Wittemberg*) with *Beucer* gilding bright
His pleasing stile : and *Butric* my delight.
Guevarra, *Boscan*, and *Granade*, which sup
With *Garcilace*, in hony *Pytho's* cup
The smiling Nectar, bear th' *Hyberian* : 630
And, but th' old glory of the *Catalan*,
Ravish't *Oiyas*, he might well have claymed
The *Spanish Laurell*, 'mong these lastly named.
Now, for the *French*, that shape-less *Column* rude,
Whence th' idle Mason hath but grosly hew'd
(As yet) the rough scales from the upper part,
Is *Clement Marot* ; who with Art-lesse Art
Busily toyls : and, prickt with praise-full thirst,
Brings *Helicon*, from *Po* to *Quercy* first :
Whom, as a time-torn Monument I honour : 640
Or as a broken Toomb : or tattered Banner :

Salomon.
Essay.
Secondly,
The Greekes
by
Homer.
Plato.
Herodotus.
Demosthenes.
Thirdly,
The Latine
by
Cicero.
Cesar.
Salust.
Virgil.
Fourthly,
The Italian
by
Boccace.
Petrarch.
Ariosto.
Tasso.
Fifthly,
The Arabick
by
Aben-Rois.
Eldebag.
Avicen.
Ibnu-farid.
Sixthly,
The Dutch
by
Peuther.
Luther.
Beucer.
Butric.
Seventhly,
The Spanish,
by
Guevarra.
Boscan.
Granada.
Garcilaco.
Eightly,
The French
by
Marot.

Or age-worn Image : not so much for show,
As for the reverence that to *Eld* I owe.
The next I know not well ; yet (at the least)
He seems some skilfull Master with the rest :
Yet doubt I still. For now it doth appear
Like *Jaques Amyot*, then like *Viginers*.
Amyot.
Ronsard. That is, great *Ronsard*, who his *France* to garnish,
Robs *Rome* and *Greece*, of their Art-various varnish ;
And, hardy-witted, handleth happily 650
All sorts of subject, stile, and Poësie.
Plessis. And this *du Plessis*, beating *Atheisme*,
Vain *Paganisme*, and stubborn *Judaisme*,
With their own *Armes* : and sacred-grave, & short,
His plain-prankt stile he strengthens in such sort,
That his quick reasons, wing'd with *Grace* and *Art*,
Pierce like keen arrowes, every gentle heart.
Our *English* Tongue three famous *Knights* sustain ;
Moore, *Bacone*, *Sidney* : of which former, twain 660
(*High Chancellors of England*) weaned first
Our infant-phrase (till then but homely nurst)
And childish toys : and rudenesse chasing thence,
To civill knowledge, joynd sweet eloquence,
And (world-mourn'd) *Sidney*, warbling to the *Thames*
His swan-like tunes, so courts her coy proud streams,
That (all with-child with *Fame*) his fame they bear
To *Thetis*' lap ; and *Thetis* every-where.
But, what new *Sun* dasles my tender eyes ?
What sudden transe rapt me above the skies ?
What Princely Port ? O ! what imperiall grace ? 670
What sweet-bright-lightning looks ? what *Angel*'s face ?
Say (learned *Heav'n*-born *Sisters*) is not this
That prudent *Pallas*, *Albion*'s *Misteris*,
That *Great Elisa*, making hers disdain,
For any *Man*, to change their *Maiden*'s *raign* ?
Who while *Erynnyis* (weary now of hell)
With *Fire* and *Sword* her neighbour *States* doth quell.

And the incom-
parable Queen
Elizabeth.

And while black *Horror* threatens in stormy rage,
With dreadfull down-fall, th' universall stage ;
In happy *Peace* her *Land* doth keep and nourish : 680
Where reverend *Justice*, and *Religion* flourish.
Who is not onely in her *Mother*-voyce
Rich in *Oration* ; but with phrases choysse,
So on the sudden can discourse in *Greek*,
French, *Latin*, *Tuscan*, *Dutch*, and *Spanish* eke,
That *Rome*, *Rhyme*, *Rhone*, *Greece*, *Spain*, and *Italy*,
Plead all for right in her nativitie.
Bright *Northren* pearl, *Mars*-daunting *Martialist*,
To grace the *Muses* and the *Arts* persist :
And (O !) if ever these rude rymes be blest 690
But with one glauce of *Nature*'s onely *Best* ;
Or (luckie) light between those *Yvory* palms,
Which hold thy *State*'s stern in these happy cabits ;
View them with milde aspect, and gently read,
That for thy praise, thine eloquence we need.
Then thus I spake ; O spirits divine and learned,
Whose happy labours have your lauds eterned ;
O ! sith I am not apt (alas !) nor able
With you to bear the burthen honourable
Of *Albion*'s *Fame*, nor with my feeble sight, 700
So much as follow your *Heav'n*-neighbouring flight ;
At least permit me, prostrate to embrace
Your reverend knees : permit me to inchase
Your radiant crests with *April*'s flowry *Crown* ;
Permit (I pray) that from your high renown,
My feeble tunes eternall fames derive ;
While in my songs your glorious names survive.
Granting my suit, each of them bow'd his head. End
The valley vanisht, and the pillars fled :
And there-with-all, my *Dream* had flow'n (I think) 710
But that I lim'd his limber wings with ink.

Her
Fing
ing :
quar

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

- Line 4, 'prou's-full' = prowess-full.
" 16, 'self-commanders.' Cf. Ben Jonson—
—'by commanding first thyself, thou mak'st
Thy person fit for any charge thou tak'st.'
(*Underwoods* : Epistle to Colby).
" 26, 'Dennis'—see Glossarial Index, s.v.
" 63, 'Canapey' = canopy.
" 64, 'softlings' = soft ones, luxurious self-indulgent
dawdlers.
" 71, 'Nymph-strong'—the nymphs guardians of
fountains, etc.
" 86, 'hammer-ill' = hammer-of-evil, i.e. destroyer.
" 93, 'Cals' = bird-snaring term : *ib.* 'springes' =
springes, *ibid.*
" 105, 'perpetrate'—misprinted in the original 'pene-
trate.'
" 113, 'Atlas' = mountain.
" 125, 'Might-lesse'—noticeable word.
" 152, 'Mixtly' = mixedly.
" 159, 'poule' = poll. See line 309.
" 164, 'Kil-men' = kiln-men.
" 179, 'Counter-scarfs' = counter-scarfs—military
term.
" 196, 'let' = hindrance. See line 433.

- Line 206, 'stut' = stutter.
" 216, 'mingle-mangle'—imitative term.
" 245, 'mastick' = cement.
" 256, 'truck-man' = interpreter.
" 268, 'Encyclopedie'—see Glossarial Index, s.v.
" 269, 'etern' = eternal.
" 293, 'censuring' = judging.
" 327, 'mornly'—noticeable word.
" 350, 'gail' = gaol or jail, i.e. cage.
" 391, 'Irish Aetna's'—see Glossarial Index, s.v.
" 473, 'falsed'—noticeable word.
" 498, 'Eld's' = Antiquity's : *ib.* 'doom' = judgment.
" 509, 'lists' = boundary lines. So Shakespeare—
'The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.' (1 Henry iv. iv. 1.)
" 511, 'toomb'd'—misprinted 'toomb' in original.
" 517, 'Patén' = patent.
" 532, 'len' = lend.
" 548, 'Cornich' = cornice.
" 549, 'during' = enduring.
" 579, 'Galliard' = lively dance so named.
" 697, 'eterned' = made eternal.
" 711, 'lim'd' = limed—sporting term for catching
birds : *ibid.*, 'limber' = flexible.—G.



The Colonies.

THE THIRD PART OF THE SECOND DAY OF THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*To stop Ambition, Strife, and Avarice,
Into Three Parts the Earth divided is:
To Sem the East, to Cham the South, the West
To Japheth fals; their severall scopes exprest:
Their fruitfull Spawn did all the World supply:
Antiquitie's uncertaint Search, and why:
Assyria sceptred first; and first imparts,
To all the rest, Wealth, Honour, Arms, and Arts:
The New-found World: Men's divers humours
strange: 10
The various World a mutuall Counter-change.*

here to in-
of the Trans-
sion of so
Nations,
out of the
of Noah, our
desireth to
dressed by
speciall
r of God.

WHile through the World's unhanted wilderness
I, th' old, first Pilot's wandring House address:
While (*Famous DRAKE-like*) coasting every
strand
I do discover many a *New-found-Land*:
And while, from Sea to Sea, with curious pain
I plant great *Noah's* plenteous Vine again:
What bright-brown cloud shall in the day protect me?
What fiery Pillar shall by Night direct me
Toward each People's primer Residence, 20
Predestin'd in the Court of Providence,
Yer our bi-sexed Parents, free from sin,
In *Eden* did their double birth begin?
O sacred Lamp that went'st so brightly burning
Before the *Sages*, from the spicie *Morning*,
To shew th' Almighty Infant's humble Birth;
O! chace the thick clouds, drive the darkness forth

Which blindeth me: that mine adventrous Rime,
Circling the World, may search out every clime.
For, though my Wits, in this long Voyage shift
From side to side; yet is my speciall drift, 30
My gentle Readers by the hand to bring
To that deer Babe, the *Man-God, Christ*, our King.

The true, and
onely drift of all
his endeavours.

As *WHEN* the lowring Heav'ns with loudest raps
Through Forrests thril their roaring thunder-claps,
The shivering Fowls do suddenly forgo
Their nests and perches, fluttering to and fro
Through the dark ayr, and round about there rings
A whistling murmur of their whisking wings;
The grissell Turtles (seldome seen alone) 40

A comparison ex-
pressing the effect
of the astoniah-
ment, which the
confusion of
Tongues brought
into the Babel-
Builders.

Dis-payer'd and parted, wander one by one;
And even the feeble downie-feathered Young
Venture to fly, before their quilts be strong:
Even so, the Builders of that *Babel-wonder*,
Hearing God's voyce aloud to roar and thunder
In their rude voyces barbarous difference,
Take all at once their fearfull flight from thence
On either hand; and through th' Earth voidly-vast
Each packs a-part, where God would have him plac't.

Why God would
not that the seed
of Noah should
reside in the plain
of Shynar.

For, heav'n's great Monarch (yer the World began) 50
Having decreed to give the World to man,
Would not the same a nest of theeves should be,
That with the Sword should share his Legacie;
And (brutely mixed) with mongrell stock to store
Our Elements, round, solid, slimy floor;
But rather, fire of Covetize to curb,
Into three Parts he parts this spacious Orb

The Earth distributed among the Sons of Noah. To Sem the East.	"Twixt <i>Sem</i> , and <i>Cham</i> , and <i>Japheth</i> : <i>Sem</i> the East, <i>Cham</i> South, and <i>Japheth</i> doth obtain the West.	60	From <i>Madaï</i> , <i>Madaï</i> : from <i>Mesoch</i> , <i>Mesochians</i> : From <i>Javan</i> , <i>Greeks</i> : from <i>Thyrus</i> , <i>Thracians</i> .	According to accustomed duty and direction, the Poets rather than to any certainty of unknown.
	That large rich Country, from <i>Perosite</i> shores (Where stately <i>Ob</i> , the King of Rivers, roars, In <i>Scythian</i> Seas voyding his violent load, But little lesse then six dayes sayling broad) To <i>Malaca</i> : <i>Molugues</i> Iles, that bear Cloves and Canele: well-tempered <i>Sumater</i> Sub-equinoctiall: and the golden streams Of <i>Bismagar</i> , and <i>Zeilan</i> , bearing gemms: From th' <i>Euxin</i> Sea and surge of <i>Chaldean</i> Twins To th' <i>Anian</i> Strait: the sloathfull slimy Fens Where <i>Quinsay</i> stands: <i>Chioras</i> , where Bulls big	as 70	Here, if I list, or lov'd I rover-shooting, Or would I follow the uncertaine footing Of false <i>Berens</i> and such fond Dehders, (Their zealous Readers insolent Illuders) I could derive the lineall Descents Of all our Sires; and name you every Prince Of every Province, in his time and place (Successively) thought-out his ancient Race: Yea, sing the World's so divers populations; And of least Cities show the first Foundations. But, never will I so my sayls abandon To every blast, and rowing so at randon (Without the bright light of that glorious Star, Which shines 'bove all the Heav'ns) venture so far On th' unknown surges of so vast a Sea So full of Rocks and dangers every way; Having no Pilot, save some brain-sick Writers Which coyn King's names, vain fabulous Inditers Of their own fancies who (affecting glory) Upon a Flye's foot build a goodly story.	130
	As Elephants are clad in silken shag, Is great <i>Sem</i> 's portion. For the Destinies (Or rather Heav'n's immutable Decrees) <i>Assur</i> t' <i>Assyria</i> send, that in short time <i>Chall</i> and <i>Rhesen</i> to the clouds might climbe, And <i>Nineve</i> (more famous then the rest) Above them raise her many-towred Crest: The sceptred <i>Elam</i> chose the <i>Persian</i> Hills, And those fat fields that swift <i>Araxis</i> fills; <i>Lud</i> , <i>Lydia</i> : <i>Aram</i> all <i>Armenia</i> had: And <i>Chalde</i> fell to learned <i>Arphaxad</i> .	80	Some words' allusion is no certain ground Whereon a lasting Monument to found: Sith fairest Rivers, Mountains strangely steep, And largest Seas, never so vast and deep (Though self-eternall, resting still the same) Through sundry chances often change their name: Sith it befalls not alwayes, that his seed Who builds a Town, doth in the same succeed; And (to conclude) sith under Heav'n no Race Perpetually possesseth any place; But, as all Tenants at the High Lord's will, We hold a Field, a Forrest, or a Hill; And (as when winde the angry Ocean moves) Wave hunteth wave, and billow billow shoves; So doe all Nations justle each the other, And so one People doth pursue another; And scarce the second hath a first un-housed, Before a third him thence again have roused.	130 140
To Cham the South.	<i>Cham</i> became Sovereigne over all those Realms South-bounded round with Sun-burnt <i>Guinnes</i> <i>Botangas</i> , <i>Benin</i> , <i>Cephal</i> , <i>Guaguametre</i> , Hot <i>Concritan</i> , too-full of poysonie matter; North-ward with narrow <i>Mid-terranean</i> Sea, Which from rich <i>Europe</i> parts poor <i>Africa</i> : Towards where <i>Titan</i> 's Evening splendor sank, With Seas of <i>Fes</i> , <i>Cape-verd</i> and <i>Cape-blanc</i> : And tow'rds where <i>Phoebus</i> doth each Morning wake, go With <i>Adel</i> Ocean and the <i>Crimsin</i> Lake. And further, all that lyes between the steep Mount <i>Libanus</i> , and the <i>Arabian</i> Deep, Between the <i>Erythrean</i> Sea, and <i>Persian</i> Sine, He (mighty Prince) to's <i>Afrik</i> State doth joyne. His Darling <i>Canaan</i> doth nigh <i>Jordan</i> dwell (One-day ordain'd to harbour <i>Israel</i>): <i>Put</i> peopled <i>Lybia</i> : <i>Misriam</i> <i>Egypt</i> mann'd And's first-born <i>Chus</i> the <i>Ethiopian</i> strand.	100	So, th' ancient <i>Britain</i> , by the <i>Saxons</i> chac't From's native <i>Albion</i> , soon the <i>Gaules</i> displac't From <i>Armonik</i> ; and then victoriously (After his name) surnam'd that <i>Britanie</i> .	Reasons wh search of us tipicins is a 140 150 Famous as to this part Of the ant Britains.
To Japheth the North and West.	<i>Japheth</i> extends from struggling <i>Hellespont</i> , The <i>Tane</i> and <i>Euxin</i> Sea, to th' double Mount Of famous <i>Gibrallar</i> , and that deep Main, Whose tumbling billows bathe the shores of <i>Spain</i> : And from those Seas, where in the steed of Keels Of winged Ships they roule their Chariot wheels, To the <i>Marsilian</i> , <i>Morean</i> , and <i>Thyrranian</i> ; <i>Ligurian</i> Seas, and learned Sea <i>Athenian</i> , Just opposite to <i>Asia</i> rich in Spice, Pride of the World, and second <i>Paradise</i> : And that large Country strecht from <i>Amana</i> To <i>Tanais</i> shores, and to the source of <i>Rha</i> .	110	So when the <i>Lombard</i> had surrendered Fair, double-named <i>Isther</i> 's flowry-bed To scar-fac't <i>Hunnes</i> ; he hunteth furiously The rest of <i>Gaules</i> from wealthy <i>Insubrie</i> ; Which after fell in <i>French-men</i> 's hands again, Won by the Sword of <i>Worthy Charlemain</i> .	160 Of the Len
	Forth of his <i>Gomer</i> 's loigns (they say) sprang all The war-like Nation scattered over <i>Gaul</i> , And <i>Germanis</i> too (yerst calléd <i>Gomerits</i>): From <i>Tubal</i> , <i>Spaniards</i> : and from <i>Magog</i> <i>Scythes</i> :		So th' <i>Alain</i> and North <i>Vandall</i> , beaten both From <i>Corduba</i> and <i>Sevil</i> by the <i>Goth</i> , Seis'd <i>Carthage</i> straight; which-afterward they lost To wise <i>Justinian</i> 's valliant <i>Roman</i> Hoast: And <i>Romans</i> since, joyn'd with the barbarous troop Of curléd <i>Moors</i> , unto the <i>Arabian</i> stoop. The sacrilegious greedy appetite Of Gold and Scepters glistening glorious bright,	Of the Ain Goths, and dach. 170 The comm such Trup migration.

	The thirst of Vengeance, and that puffing breath Of elvish <i>Honour</i> built on blood and death, On desolation, rapes and robberies, Flames, ruins, wracks, and brutish butcheries, Un-bound all Countries, making war-like Nations Through every Climate seek new habitations.		
	I speak not here of those <i>Alarbian</i> Rovers, <i>Numidian</i> Shepherds, or <i>Tartarian</i> Drovers, Who shifting pastures for their store of Cattle ; Doe here and there their hairy Tents imbattle : Like the black swarms of Swallows swiftly-light, Which twice a-year cross with their nimble flight The Pine-plough'd Sea, & (pleas'd with purest ayr) Seek every Season for a fresh repair :	180	
	But other Nations fierce, who far and nigh With their own blood's-price purchast Victory ; Who, better knowing how to win then wield ; Conquer, then keep ; to batter then to build ; And bravely choosing rather War then Peace, Have over-spread the World by Land and Seas.	190	
original re- voynages, inquests of seabards.	Such was the <i>Lombard</i> , who in <i>Schonland</i> nurst, On <i>Rugeland</i> and <i>Livonia</i> seizéd first. Then having well reveng'd on the <i>Bulgarian</i> The death of <i>Agilmont</i> , the bold Barbarian Surpriseth <i>Poland</i> ; thence anon he presses In <i>Rhine's</i> fair streams to rinse his Amber tresses ; Thence turning back, he seats him in <i>Moravia</i> , After, at <i>Buda</i> ; thence he posts to <i>Pavia</i> ; There reigns two hundred years : triumphing so, That royall <i>Tesin</i> might compare with <i>Po</i> .	200	
: <i>Goths</i> .	Such was the <i>Goth</i> , who whilom issuing forth From the cold, frozen Ilands of the North, Incamp't by <i>Vistula</i> : but th' Air (almost) Being there as cold as on the <i>Baltick</i> Coast, He with victorious arms <i>Sclavonia</i> gains, The <i>Transylvanian</i> and <i>Vallachian</i> Plains. Thence pyles to <i>Thracia</i> : and then (leaving <i>Graeks</i>) Greedy of spoyl, foure times he bravely seeks To snatch from <i>Rome</i> (then, <i>Mars</i> his Minion) The Palms which she o'r all the World had won ; Guided by <i>Rhadagwise</i> , and <i>Alaric</i> , And <i>Vidimarius</i> , and <i>Theodoric</i> : Then comes to <i>Gaul</i> : and thence repulst, his Legions	210	
: ancient s.	Rest ever since upon the <i>Spanish</i> Regions. Such th' antik <i>Gaul</i> : who, roving every way, As far as <i>Phabus</i> darts his golden ray, Seis'd <i>Italy</i> : the World's proud Mistresse sackt, Which rather <i>Mars</i> then <i>Romulus</i> compact : Then pill'd <i>Pannonia</i> : then with conquering ploughs He furrows-up cold <i>Strymen's</i> slymie sloughs : Wastes <i>Macedonia</i> : and (inclyn'd to fleece) Spare not to spoyle the greatest Gods of <i>Greece</i> : Then (cloy'd with <i>Europe</i>) th' <i>Hellespont</i> he past, And there Mount <i>Ida's</i> neighbour world did waste : Spoyleth <i>Pisidia</i> : <i>Mysia</i> doth intrhall : And midst of <i>Asia</i> plants another <i>Gaul</i> . Most famous People's dark Antiquity, Is as a Wood : where bold Temerity	220	
	Stumbles each step ; and learned Diligence It selfe intangles ; and blind Ignorance (Groping about in such <i>Cimmerian</i> nights) In pits and ponds, & bogges, and quag-mires lights.		
	It shall suffice me therefore (in this doubt) But (as it were) to coast the same about : And rightly tun'd unto the golden string, Of <i>Auram's</i> Son, in gravest verse to sing, That <i>Sem</i> , and <i>Cham</i> , and <i>Japheth</i> , each re-plants Th' unpeopled World with new inhabitants : And that again great <i>Noah's</i> wandring Boat The second time o'r all the World did float.	240	Hee affirmeth finally that the three sons of <i>Noah</i> peopled the World, and sheweth how.
	Not that I send <i>Sem</i> , at one flight unceast, From <i>Babylon</i> unto the farthest <i>East</i> , <i>Tartarian Choral's</i> silver waves t' essay, And people <i>China</i> , <i>Cambula</i> , <i>Cathay</i> ; <i>Japheth</i> to <i>Spain</i> ; and that profanest <i>Cham</i> , To thirsty Countries <i>Meder</i> and <i>Bigam</i> , To <i>Cephala</i> , upon Mount <i>Zambrica</i> , And <i>Cape of Hope</i> , last coign of <i>Africa</i> .	250	
	For, as <i>Hymetus</i> and Mount <i>Hybla</i> were Not over-spread and covered in one year With busie Bees ; but yearly twice or thrice, Each Hive supplying new-com Colonies (Heav'n's tender Nurcelings) to those fragrant moun- tains, At length their Rocks dissolv'd in Hony Foun- tains :		s. Fit com- parisons to re- present the same
	Or rather as two fruitfull Elms that spred Amidst a Cloase with brooks environéd, Ingender other Elms about their roots ; Those, other still ; and still, new-springing shoots So over-grow the ground, that in few years The sometimes-mead a great thick Grove appears : Ev'n so th' ambitious <i>Babel</i> -building rout, Disperst, at first go seat themselves about <i>Mesopotamia</i> : after (by degrees) Their happy Spawn, in sundry Colonies, Crossing from Sea to Sea, from Land to Land, All the green-mantled neather Globe bath mann'd : So that, except th' Almighty (glorious Judge Of quick and dead) this World's ill daies abridge, There shall no soyl so wilde and savage be, But shall be shadowed by great <i>Adam's</i> Tree.	260	
	Therefore, those Countries nearest <i>Tigris's</i> Spring, In those first ages were most flourishing, Most spoken-of, first Warriors, first that guide, And give the law to all the Earth beside. <i>Babylon</i> (living under th' awfull grace Of Royall greatnesse) sway'd the Imperiall Mace, Before the <i>Greeks</i> had any Town at all, Or warbling Lute had built the <i>Dircean</i> Wall : Yer <i>Gauls</i> had houses, <i>Latins</i> Burgages, <i>Our Britains</i> Tents, or <i> Germans</i> Cottages.	270	
	The <i>Hebrews</i> had with Angels Conversation, Held th' Idol-Altars in abomination, Knew the Unknown, with eyes of faith they saw Th' invisible <i>Messias</i> , in the Law :	280	Why the first monarchy began in <i>Assyria</i> .
			The <i>Hebrews</i> and their next neighbours were religious & learned before the <i>Greeks</i> knew any thing.

	<p>The <i>Chaldees</i>, Audit of the Stars had made, Had measured heav'n, conceiv'd how th' earth's thick shade, Eclipt the silver brows of <i>Cynthia</i> bright, 290 And her brown shadow quencht her brother's light. The <i>Memphian</i> Priests were deep Philosophers, And curious gazers on the sacred Stars, Searchers of Nature, and great Mathematicks ; Yer any Letter knew the ancient'st <i>Atticks</i>. Proud <i>Egypt</i> glistered all with golden Plate, Yer the lame <i>Lemnian</i> (under <i>Aetna</i> grate) Had hammer'd yron ; or the Vultur-rent <i>Prometheus</i>, 'mong the <i>Greeks</i> had fire invented. <i>Gauls</i> were not yet ; or, were they (at the least) 300 They were but wilde ; their habit, plumes ; their feast, But Mast and Acorns, for the which they gap't Under the Trees when any winde had hapt : When the bold <i>Tyrians</i> (greedy after gain) Durst row about the salt-blew <i>Africk</i> Main ; Traffickt abroad, in Scarlet Robes were drest, And pomp and pleasure <i>Euphrates</i> possesset. For, as a stone, that midst a Pond ye fling, About his fall first forms a little ring, Wherein new Circles one in other growing 310 (Through the smooth water's gentlo-gentle flowing) Still one the other more and more compell From the Pond's Centre where the stone first fell ; Till at the last the largest of the Rounds From side to side 'gainst every bank rebounds : So, from th' Earth's Centre (which I here suppose About the place where God did Tongues transpose) Man (day by day his wit repolishing) Makes all the Arts through all the Earth to spring, As he doth spread, and shed in divers shoals 320 His fruitfull Spawn, round under both the <i>Poles</i>. Forth from <i>Assyria</i>, East-ward then they travell Towards rich <i>Hytanis</i> with the golden gravell : Then people they the <i>Persian Orodtis</i> ; Then cleer <i>Coaspis</i>, which doth humbly kiss The Wals of <i>Susa</i> ; then the Valleys fat Neer <i>Caucasus</i>, where yerst th' <i>Arsaces</i> sat : Then mann they <i>Media</i> ; then with humane seed, Towards the Sea th' <i>Hyrceanian</i> Plain they speed. The Sons of these (like flowing Waters) spred 330 O'r all the Country which is bordered With <i>Chiesel</i> River, 'bove <i>Thacalistan</i> ; <i>Gadel</i>, and <i>Cabul</i>, <i>Bedan</i>, <i>Balestan</i>. Their off-spring then, with fruitfull stems doth store <i>Basinagar</i>, <i>Nayard</i> and either shore Of famous <i>Ganges</i> ; <i>Ava Toloman</i>, The Kingdome <i>Mein</i>, the Musky <i>Charasan</i> ; And round about the Desert <i>Op</i>, where oft By strange <i>Phantasma's</i>, Passengers are scoff. Some ages after, linkt in divers knots, 340 <i>Tipur</i> they take, rich in Rhinocerots ; <i>Caichin</i>, in Aloes ; <i>Mangit</i>, and the shore Of <i>Quins</i>' and <i>Anie</i> lets them spread no more. From that first Centre to the West-ward bending, Old <i>Noah</i>'s Nephews far and wide extending,</p>	<p>Seizlesse <i>Armenia</i>, then, within <i>Cilicia</i>, Possesse the Ports of <i>Tharris</i> and of <i>Issea</i>, And the delicious strange <i>Corycian</i> Cave (Wch warbling sound of Cymbals seems to have) <i>Ibnia</i>, <i>Cappadocia</i>, <i>Taurus</i> horns, 350 <i>Bythinia</i>, <i>Troas</i>, and <i>Meanders</i> turns. Then passing <i>Sestos</i>' Streights ; of <i>Strymon</i> cold, The sea <i>Herber</i> and <i>Nest</i> they quaff ; and pitch their Fold In vales of <i>Rhodop</i>, and plow the Plains Where great <i>Danubius</i> neer his death complains. On th' other side, <i>Thrace</i> subtle <i>Greece</i> beswarms ; The third <i>Greece</i>, <i>Italy</i> (famous for Art and Arms) : divided i <i>Italy</i>, <i>France</i> ; <i>France</i>, <i>Spain</i>, and <i>Germany</i> many la (<i>Rhine's</i> fruitfull bed) and our <i>Great Brittainy</i>. On the other side it spreads about <i>Moldavia</i>, 360 <i>Mare-Maiour</i>, <i>Podolia</i>, and <i>Moravia</i>, With <i>Transilvania</i>, <i>Servia</i>, and <i>Pannonia</i>, The <i>Prussian</i> Plains, and over all <i>Polonia</i> : The verge of <i>Vistula</i>, and farther forth Beyond the <i>Alman</i>, drawing to the North. Now turn thee South-ward : see, see how <i>Chaldees</i> First Col Spews on <i>Arabia</i>, <i>Phanice</i> and <i>Judta</i>, <i>Cham</i>, in <i>Cham</i>'s curséd Line, which (over-fertill all) the South Between two Seas doth into <i>Egypt</i> fall : Sows all <i>Cyreneas</i>, and the famous Coast 370 Whereon the roaring <i>Punick</i> Sea is tost : <i>Fes</i>, <i>Dara</i>, <i>Argier</i>, <i>Galate</i>, <i>Gusol</i>, <i>Aden</i>, <i>Terminan Tombut</i>, <i>Melle</i>, <i>Gago</i>, <i>Gogden</i> : The sparkling Desarts of sad <i>Libya</i>, <i>Zaccac</i>, <i>Benin</i>, <i>Borno</i>, <i>Cano</i>, <i>Nubia</i>, And scalding quick-sands of those thirsty Plains Where <i>JESUS</i>' name (yet) in some reverence raigns ; Where <i>Prester John</i> (though part he <i>Judaise</i>) Doth in some sort devoutly <i>Christianise</i>. But would'st thou know, how that long Tract that lyes Colonies Under Heav'n's starry Coach, covered with yce, North And round embracéd in the winding arms Of <i>Cronian</i> Seas (which <i>Sol</i> but seldome warms) Came peopled first? Suppose that passing by The Plains where <i>Tigris</i> twice keeps company With the far-flowing silver <i>Euphrates</i>, They lodg'd at foot of hoary <i>Nyphates</i> : And from <i>Armenia</i>, then <i>Iberia</i> mann'd, <i>Albania</i>, <i>Colchis</i>, and <i>Bosphorian</i> strand : And then from thence, toward the bright <i>Levant</i>, 390 That vast Extent, where now fell <i>Tartars</i>' hant In wandring troops ; and towards th' other side Which (neer her source) long <i>Volga</i> doth divide, <i>Moscovy</i> Coast, <i>Permia</i>, <i>Livonia</i>, <i>Prussia</i>, <i>Biarmia</i>, <i>Scrifnia</i>, <i>White-Lake</i>, <i>Lappia</i>, <i>Russia</i>. But whence (say you) had that <i>New-World</i> his Guests, How the Wch <i>Spain</i> (like <i>Delos</i> floating on the Seas) found W: Late digg'd from darknesse of Oblivion's Grave, (discover And it undoing, it new Esasence gave? our time) If long agoe ; how should it hap that no-mann peopled. Knew it till now? no <i>Persean</i>, <i>Greech</i>, no <i>Roman</i> ; A double Whose glorious Peers, victorious Armies guiding 400 O'r all the World, of this had never tyding?</p>
The <i>Egyptians</i> & <i>Tyrians</i> had their fill of riches, and pomp, and pleasure, before the <i>Greeks</i> or <i>Gauls</i> knew what the World meant.		
The first Colonies of <i>Senn</i> in the East.		
The second.		
The third.		
The fourth.		
First Colonies of <i>Nephest</i> in the West.		

	Hundreds of years in youth ; and even in Age Could render duly <i>Venus</i> Escuage :	530	
	And that <i>Polygamy</i> (in those dayes common) Most Men usurping more then one sole Woman, Made then the World so mightily augment In upright Creatures ; and (incontinent) From fruitfull loyns of one old Father-stock, So many branches of man-kinde to flock :		
Comparison to that purpose.	Ev'n as an ear of Corn (if all the yield Be yearly sow'n still in a fertill Field) . Fils Barns at length ; and spreads in spacious Plain Millions of millions of like ears again. Or as two Fishes, cast into large Meers With fruitfull Spawn will furnish in few years A Town with victuall, and serve (furthermore) Their neighbour Waters with their Fry to store.	530	
An example of our daies.	Have not our Dayes a certain Father known, Who with the fruit of his own body grown, Peopled a Village of a hundred Fires, And issue-blest (the Crown of Old Desires) In his own life-time, his own off-spring saw To wed each other without breach of Law ? So far the branches of his fruitfull Bed Past all the names of Kinreds-Tree did spread.	540	
Another example.	'Tis known, that few <i>Arabian</i> Families New planted <i>Lybia</i> with their Progenies, In compasse of three hundred years and lesse ; And <i>Bugi</i> , <i>Argier</i> , <i>Oran</i> , <i>Thunis</i> , <i>Tes</i> , <i>Fes</i> , <i>Melli</i> , <i>Gago</i> , <i>Tombut</i> , <i>Terminan</i> With hatefull Laws of <i>Heath'nish Alcoran</i> . If this among the <i>Africans</i> we see	550	
	Whom cor'sive humour of Melancholy Doth alwayes tickle with a wanton Lust, Although lesse powerfull in the <i>Paphian</i> Joust For Propagation (for, too-often Deed Of <i>Love's-Delight</i> , enfeebles much their seed : And inly, still they feel a Wintery Fever ; As outwardly, a scorching summer ever) Ghesse how much more, those, whose hoar heads approach		
	And see the turnings of Heav'n's flaming <i>Coach</i> , Doe multiply ; because they seldom venter, And, but in season, <i>Venus</i> ' lists to enter.	560	
	And, the cold, resting (under th' <i>Artick</i> Star) Still Master of the Field in Champian War, Makes Heat retire into the bodie's Towr : W ^{ch} , there united, gives them much more powr.		
The North hath exceedingly mul- tplied in people : the South not so.	From thence indeed, <i>Huns</i> , <i>Herules</i> , <i>Franks</i> , <i>Bulgarians</i> , <i>Cyrcassians</i> , <i>Sueves</i> , <i>Burgognians</i> , <i>Turks</i> , <i>Tartar-ians</i> , <i>Dutch</i> , <i>Cimbers</i> , <i>Normans</i> , <i>Alains</i> , <i>Ostrogothes</i> , <i>Tigurins</i> , <i>Lombards</i> , <i>Vandals</i> , <i>Visigothes</i> , Have swarm'd (like Locusts) round about this Ball, And spoyl'd the fairest provinces of all : While barren South had much a-doe t'assemble (In all) two hoasts ; that made the North to tremble : Whereof ; the one, that one-ey'd Champion led, Who famous <i>Carthage</i> ras'd and ruin'd :	570	
	Th' other (by <i>Tours</i>) <i>Charles Martell</i> martyr'd so, That never since, could <i>Africk</i> Army show.		
	O ! see how full of wonders strange is Nature :		Whether or Author has occasion to go into an small discourse of the diversity of the climate, or the constitution, or the complexion, or the manners, or the language, or the religion, or the government, or the commerce, or the war, or the peace, or the prosperity, or the adversity, or the happiness, or the unhappiness, or the glory, or the shame, or the honour, or the dishonour, or the riches, or the poverty, or the strength, or the weakness, or the bravery, or the cowardice, or the generosity, or the niggardity, or the modesty, or the vanity, or the humility, or the pride, or the meekness, or the anger, or the joy, or the sorrow, or the hope, or the despair, or the faith, or the unbelief, or the charity, or the envy, or the kindness, or the unkindness, or the truth, or the untruth, or the justice, or the injustice, or the mercy, or the cruelty, or the gentleness, or the roughness, or the softness, or the hardness, or the easiness, or the difficulty, or the simplicity, or the complexity, or the order, or the confusion, or the unity, or the multiplicity, or the singleness, or the doublet, or the triple, or the quadruple, or the quintuple, or the sextuple, or the septuple, or the octuple, or the nonuple, or the decuple, or the undecuple, or the duodecuple, or the tredecuple, or the quadrdecuple, or the quintdecuple, or the sexdecuple, or the septdecuple, or the octodecuple, or the nondecuple, or the vigintuple, or the trigintuple, or the quadrigintuple, or the quingintuple, or the sexagintuple, or the septuagintuple, or the octogintuple, or the nonogintuple, or the centuple, or the ducentuple, or the trecentuple, or the quadringentuple, or the quingentuple, or the sexcentuple, or the septingentuple, or the octingentuple, or the nongingentuple, or the mille,
	Sith in each <i>Climat</i> , not alone in stature, Strength, hair and colour, that men differ doe, But in their humours and their maners too.	580	
	Whether that, Custome into Nature change : Whether that, Youth to th' Eld's example range : Or divers Laws of divers Kingdoms, vary-us : Or th' influence of Heav'nly bodies, carry-us.		
	The northern-man is fair, the southern foul ; That's white, this black ; that smiles, and this doth soul :		
	Th' one's blithe & frolike, th' other dull & froward ; Th' one's full of courage, th' other fearfull coward : Th' one's hair is harsh, big, curled, the other's slender ; Th' one loveth labour, th' other books doth tender : Th' one's hot and moist, the other's hot and dry ; Th' one's voyce is hoarse, the other's cleer and high : Th' one's plain and honest, th' other all deceit :	580	
	Th' one's rough and rude, th' other handsom, neat : Th' one (giddy-brain'd) is turn'd with every wind : The other (constant) never changeth mind :		
	Th' one's loose and wanton, the other continent ; Th' one thrift-lesse lavish, th' other provident :		
	Th' one milde companion, th' other stern & strange (Like a wilde Wolfe) loves by himselfe to range :	600	
	Th' one's pleas'd w th plainnes, th' other pomp affects : Th' one's born for Arms, the other Arts respects. But middling folk, who their abiding make Between these two, of either guise partake ; And such have stronger limbs, but weaker wit, Then those that neer <i>Nile's</i> fertill sides do sit ; And (opposite) more wit and lesser force, Then those that haunt <i>Rhine's</i> and <i>Danubius'</i> shores.		
	For in the Cirque of th' Universall <i>City</i> ;	610	
	The <i>Southern</i> -man, who (quick and curious-witty) Builds all on dreams, deep Extasies and Trances, Who measures Heav'n's eternal-moving Dances, Whose searching soule can hardly be suffix'd With Vulgar Knowledge ; holds the Place of Priest.		
	The <i>Northern</i> -man, whose wit in's Fingers settles, Who what him list can work in Wood & Mettles, Who (<i>Salmon</i> -like) can thunder counterfait ; With men of Arms, and Artizans is set.		
	The <i>Third</i> (as knowing well to rule a State) Holds, gravely-wise, the room of Magistrate.	620	
	Th' one (to be briefe) loves studious <i>Theory</i> , The other Trades, the third deep <i>Policy</i> . Yet true it is, that since some later lustres, <i>Minerva</i> , <i>Themis</i> , <i>Hermes</i> and his <i>Sisters</i> Have set, as well, their Schools in th' <i>Artick</i> Parts, As <i>Mars</i> his Lists, and <i>Vulcan</i> Shops of Arts.		
	Nay, see we not among our selves, that live Mingled almost (to whom the Lord doth give But a small Turf of Earth to dwell-upon) This wondrous odds in our condition ? We finde the <i>Alman</i> in his fight courageous, But salable ; th' <i>Italian</i> too-outrageous ;		Notable differences between the North & South.

cially the
of, German,
se, and
serv.

Sudden the *French*, impatient of delay,
The *Spaniard* slow, but subtle to betray ;
Th' *Alman* in Counsell cold, th' *Italian* quick,
The *French* inconstant, *Spaniards* politick ;
Fine feeds th' *Italian*, and the *Spaniard* spares,
Prince-like the *French*, Pig-like the *Alman* fares ;
Milde speaks the *French*, the *Spaniard* proud and
brave, 640

Rudely the *Alman*, and th' *Italian* grave ;
Th' *Italian* proud in 'tire, *French* changing much,
Fit-clad the *Spaniard*, and un-fit the *Dutch* ;
The *French*-man braves his Foe, the *Italian* cheers-
him,

The *Alman* spoils, the *Spaniard* never bears-him ;
The *French*-man sings, the *Italian* seems to bleat,
The *Spaniard* whines, the *Alman* howleth great ;
Spaniards like Jugglers jet, th' *Almans* like Cocks,
The *French* goes quick, th' *Italian* like an Ox ;
Dutch Lovers proud, th' *Italian* envious, 650
Frolick the *French*, the *Spaniard* furious.

as why the
would have
kind so dis-
d over all the
d.

Yet would the Lord, that *Noah's* fruitfull Race
Should over-spread th' Earth's universall Face ;
That, drawing so his Children from the crimes,
Which seem peculiar to their Native Climes,
He might reveal his grace ; and that Heav'n's lights
Might well incline (but not constrain) our sprights ;
That over all the World, his Saints alwayes
Might offer him sweet Sacrifice of praise ;
That from cold *Scythia*, his high Name as far 660
Might ay resound as Sun-burnt *Zansibar* ;
And that the treasures which strange soils produce,
Might not seem worth-lesse for the want of use ;
But that the In-land Lands might truck and barter,
And vent their Wares about to every Querter.

World com-
i to a mighty
wherein
! people of all
itions, con-
lly traffick-
gether and
sing their
color com-
ries, for
fit of the
like.

For, as in LONDON (*stuff with every sort*)
Here's the King's Palace, there the Innes of Court :
Here (to the Thames-ward, all a-long the STRAND)
The stately houses of the Nobles stand :
Here dwell rich Merchants, there Artificers : 670
Here Silk-men, Mercers, Gold-smiths, Jewellers,
There's a Church-yard furnisht with choyce of books ;
Here stand the Shambles, there the Row of Cooks :
Here wonn Vp-holsters, Haberdashers, Horners ;
There Potheccaries, Grocers, Tailors, Turners :
Here Shoo-makers ; there Joymers, Copers, Coriers :
Here Brewers, Bakers, Cutlers, Fellers, Furriers :
This Street is full of DRAPERS, that of Dyars ;
This shop with Tapers, that with Women's Tiars :
For costly Toys, silk Stockings, Cambrick, Lawn, 680
Here's choice-full Plenty in the curious PAWN ;
And all's but an Exchange, where (briefly) no man
Keeps ought as private. Trade makes all things
common.

So come our Sugars from *Canary* Iles ;
From *Candy* Currans, Muskadels and Oyls :
From the *Adolugues*, Spices : Balsamum
From *Egypt* : Odours from *Arabia* come :
From *India*, Drugs, rich Gemms and Ivorie :
From *Syria*, Mummy : black-red Ebony,

From burning *Chus* : from *Peru*, Pearl and Gold : 690
From *Russia*, Furres (to keep the rich from cold) :
From *Florence*, Silks : from *Spain*, Fruit, Saffron,
Sacks :

From *Denmark*, Amber, Cordage, Firres and Flax :
From *France* and *Flanders*, Linnen, Woad & Wine :
From *Holland* Hops : Horse, from the banks of *Rhine*.
In brief, each Countrey (as pleas'd God distribute)
To the World's Treasure payes a sundry Tribute.

And as somtimes that sumptuous *Persian Dame*
(Out of her pride) accustomed to name
One Province for her Robe, her Rail another ; 700
Her Partlet this, her Pantofles the tother ;
This her rich Mantle, that her royall Chain ;
This her rare Bracelets, that her stately Train :
Even so may Man. For, what wilde Hill so steep?
What so vaste Desart? what so dangerous Deep?
What Sea so wrackfull? or so barren Shore
In all the World may be suppos'd so poor,
But yeelds him Rent ; and free from envious spight,
Contributes frankly to his Life's Delight ?

Man, lord of the
World : which for
the commodity of
his life contributes
bountifully all
manner of neces-
saries.

Th' inammell'd Valleys, where the liquid glasse 710
Of silver Brooks in curled streams doth passe,
Serve us for Gardens ; and their flowry Fleece
Affords us Sithe-work yearly twice or thrice ;
The Plains for Corn ; the swelling Downs for sheep ;
Small Hills for Vines ; the Mountains strangely steep
(Those heav'n-climb ladders, labyrinths of wonder,
Cellars of Winde, and shops of Sulph'ry Thunder ;
Where stormy Tempests have their ugly birth ;
Which thou mis-call'st the blemish of the Earth ;
Thinking (profane) that God, or Fortune light, 720
Made them of envy, or of over-sight)

The same more
specially dilated
in the particulars.

Bound with eternall bounds proud Emperies ;
Bear mighty Forrests, full of Timber-Trees
(Whereof thou buildest Ships and Houses fair,
To trade the Seas and fence thee from the Aire)
Spew spacious Rivers full of fruitfull breed,
Which neighbour-Peoples with their plenty feed ;
Fatten the Earth with fresh sweet fertill mists ;
Drive gainfull Mills ; and serve for Forts and Lists
To stop the Fury of War's waste-full hand, 730
And joyne to th' Sea the middle of the Land.

The Wildes & Desarts, which so much amaze-thee,
Are goodly Pastures, that do dayly graze-thee
Millions of Beasts for Tillage, and (besides)
Store thee with Flesh, with Fleeces, & with Hides.
Yea, the vast Sea (which seems but onely good
To drown the World, and cover with his Flood
So many Countries, where we else might hope
For thrifty pains to reap a thankfull Crop)
Is a large Lardar, that in briny Deeps 740

To nourish thee, a World of Creatures keeps :
A plenteous Victualler, whose provisions serve
Millions of Cities that else needs must starve
(Like half-dead Dolphins, which the Ebb lets lye
Gasping for thirst upon the sand, a dry) :
'T increaseth Trade, Journeys abbreviates,
The fitting Clouds it cease-lesse exhales ;

Here (as it were) wearied with so long a voyage, from so broad and bottomlesse an Ocean (in imitation of the inimitable Author) the Translator hoping kind intertainment, puts in for the Port of England: whose happy prizes he prosecutes at large: Concluding with a zealous prayer for preservation of the King, and prosperity of his Kingdome.

Which, cooling th' aire, and gushing down in rain,
 Make Ceres' Sons, (in sight) to mount amain.
But shall I still be Boreas' Tennis-ball? 750
Shall I be still stern Neptune's toss'd Thrall?
Shall I no more behold thy native smook,
Dear Ithaca? Alas! my Bark is broak,
And leaks so fast, that I can row no more:
Help, help (my Mates) make haste unto the shore.
O! we are lost; unless some friendly banks
Quickly receive our Tempest-beaten planks.
Ah, courteous ENGLAND, thy kinde arms I see
Wide-stretch'd out to save and welcome me.
Thou (tender Mother) wilt not suffer Age 760
To snow my locks in Forrein Pilgrimage;
That fell Brasile my breath-lesse Corps should shrowd,
Or golden Peru of my praise be proud,
Or rich Cathay to glory in my Verse:
Thou gav'st me Cradle; thou wilt give me Herse.
All hail! (dear ALBION) Europ's pearl of price,
The World's rich Garden, Earth's rare Paradise:
Thrice-happy Mother, which ay bringest forth
Such Chivalry as dawnteth all the Earth 770
(Planting the Trophies of thy glorious Arms
By Sea and Land, where ever Titan warms):
Such Artisans as doe well weer Eclipse
Fair Nature's praise in peer-lesse Workmanship:
Such happy Wits, as Egypt, Greece, and Rome
(At least) have equall'd, if not overcome;
And shine among their (Modern) learn'd Fellows,
As Gold doth glister among paler Yellows;
Or as Apollo th' other Planets passes;
Or as his Flour excels the Meadow-grasses,
Thy Rivers, Seas; thy Cities, Shires do seem; 780
Civill in manners, as in buildings trim:
Sweet is thine Aire, thy soyl exceeding fat,
Fenc't from the World (as better worth then That)
With triple Wall (of Water, Wood, and Brasse)
Which never stranger yet had power to passe;
Save when the Heav'ns have, for thy heynous Sin,
By some of thine, with false keyes let them in.
About thy borders (O Heav'n-blessed ILE)
There never crawls the noisome Crocodile;
Nor bane-breath'd Serpent basking in thy sand, 790
Measures an Acre of thy flowry Land,
The swift-foot Tiger or fierce Lionesse
Haunt not thy Mountains, nor thy Wilderness:
Nor ravening Wolves worry thy tender Lambs,
Bleating for help unto their help-lesse Dams;
Nor subtle Sea-Horse with deceitfull Call,
Intice thy Children in thy Floods to fall.
What though thy Thames and Tweed have never
row'd,
Among their gravell, massy grains of Gold?
What though thy Mountains spew no Silver streams? 800
Though every Hillock yeeld not precious Gemms?
Though in thy Forrests hang no silken Fleeces?
Nor sacred Incense, nor delicious Spices?
What though the clusters of thy colder Vines
Distill not Clarets, Sacks, nor Muscadines?

Yet are thy Wools, thy Corn, thy Cloth, thy Tin,
Mines rich enough to make thee Europ's Queen,
Yea Emprasse of the World; Yet not sufficient
To make thee thankfull to the Cause efficient 810
Of all thy Blessings: Who besides all this,
Hath (now mine Lustrus) lent thee greater blisse:
His blessed Word (the witness of his favour)
To guide thy Sons unto his Son (their Saver)
With Peace and Plenty: while, from War and Want,
Thy neighbours' Countries never breath'd scant.
And last, not least (so far beyond the scope
Of Christians' Fear, and Anti-Christians' Hope)
When all, thy Fall seem'd to Prognosticate,
Hath higher rais'd the glory of thy State; 820
In raising STUARDS to thy regall Throne,
To rule (as David, and as Salomon)
With Prudence, Prowesse, Justice, and Sobriety.
Thy happy People in Religious Piety.
O too too happy! too too fortunate,
Knew'st thou thy Weal: or were thou not ingrate.
But lest (at last) God's righteous wrath consume-us,
If on his patience still we thus presume-us:
And lest (at last) all Blessings had before
Double in Curses to torment-us more: 830
Dear Mother ENGLAND, bend thine aged knees,
And to the Heav'ns lift up thy hands with mee;
Off with thy Pomp, hence with thy Pleasures past:
Thy Mirth be Mourning, and thy Feast a FAST:
And let thy Soule, with my sad soule confesse
Our former sins, and foul unthankfulnessse.
Pray we the Father, through th' adopting Spirit,
Not measure us according to our merit;
Nor strictly weigh, at his high Justice beam,
Our bold Rebellions, and our Pride extreme: 840
But, for his Son (our dear Redeemer's) sake
His Sacrifice, for our sins' Ransom, take;
And, looking on us with milde Mercie's Eye,
Forgive our Past, our Future Sanctife;
That never more, his Fury we incense
To strike (as now) with raging Pestilence
(Much lesse provoke him by our guilt so far,
To wound us more with Famine and with War).
Lord, cease thy wrath: Put up into thy Quiver
This dreadfull shaft: Dear Father, us deliver:
And, under wings of thy Protection, keep 850
Thy Servant JAMES, both waking and a-sleep:
And (furthermore) we (with the Psalmist) sing,
Lord give thy judgements to (our Lord) the King
And to his Son, and let there ay be one
Of his Male Seed to sit upon his Throne,
To feed thy Folk in Jacob, and (advance)
In Israel thy (deer) inheritance,
And (long-long-lived) full of Faith and Zeal,
Reform (like Asa) Church and Common-weal:
Raising poore Vertue, raising proudest Vice, 860
Without respect of Person or of Price;
That all bold Atheists, all Blasphemers, then,
All Popish Traitors may bee weeded, clean:
And, Curs'd be All that say not, here, Amen.

Psalm. 72.

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

- Line 16, '*pain*' = painstaking.
 .. 35, '*thrill*' = pierce.
 .. 40, '*grissell*' = frightful; but here oddly used as = 'frightened.'
 .. 65, '*Canele*'—see Glossarial Index on this and other products of the many quaint-named countries of the 'Colonies.'
 .. 222, '*pill'd*' = pillaged.
 .. 251, '*coign*' = corner. So in Shakespeare *frequentier*.
 .. 259, '*Cloase*' = close as of a cathedral.
 .. 282, '*Burgages*' = tenure in socage, applied to cities, &c.—Law term.
 .. 411, '*Tadpals*' = tadpoles.
 .. 425, '*Leman's*' = mistress.
 .. 429, '*tearbridge*' = pull-down Tygris, *i.e.* by its force against the bridges in its course.
 .. 443, '*Carvels*' = ships so-named. See line 498.
 .. 453, '*Bunch-backed*' = hunch—as of camels, &c.
- Line 563, '*Champion War*' = war on the plain.
 .. 574, '*one-ey'd Champion*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
 .. 618, '*Salmon-like*'—*ibid.*
 .. 641, '*tire*' = attire.
 .. 648, '*jet*' = strut or prance.
 .. 674, '*wonn*' = dwell: *ibid.*, '*Horners*' = spoon-makers from horns, &c.
 .. 676, '*Copers*' = coopers: *ibid.*, '*Coriers*' = curriers (tanners) or couriers.
 .. 677, '*Fellers*' = workers in 'felt.'
 .. 679, '*Tapers*' = tapsters.
 .. 699, '*Rail*' = neck-dress.
 .. 700, '*Partlet*' = ruff or band: *ibid.*, '*Pantofles*' = slippers.
 .. 746, '*exhalates*' = exhales.
 .. 819, '*Stuards*' = Stuarts.
 .. 859, '*Raising . . . raising*'—a frequent word-play; earlier and later. G.



The Columnes.
 THE
 FOURTH PART
 OF THE
 SECOND DAY OF
 THE II. WEEKE.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Seth's Pillars found : Heber instructs his Son
 In th' use thereof, and who them first begun ;
 Opens the One, and findes on severall Frames,
 Foure lively Statues of foure lovely Dames ;
 (The Mathematickes) furnisht each a-part
 With Equipages of their severall Art :
 Wonders of Numbers and Geometry :
 New Observations in Astronomy :
 Musick's rare force : Canaan (the Cursed) cause 10
 Of Heber's stop : and BARTAS' witty pause.*

Being about to
 treat of the
 Mathematickes,
 our Poet here im-
 ploereth especiall
 assistance in
 handling so high
 and difficult a
 Subject.

IF ever (Lord) the purest of my Soule
 In *sacred Rage* were rapt above the *Pole* :
 If ever, by thy Spirit my spirit inspir'd,
 Offred thee Lays that learn'd *France* admir'd,
 Father of light, Fountain of learn'd Art,
 Now, now (or never) purge my purest part :
 Now quintessence my Soule, and now advance
 My care-free Powrs in some celestially Transe :
 That (purg'd from Passion) thy divine addresse 20
 May guide me through Heav'n's glistening Palaces ;
 Where (happily) my dear URANIA'S grace,
 And her fair Sisters I may all imbrace :
 And (the melodious *Sirens* of the Sphears,
 Charming my senses in those sweets of theirs)
 So ravish'd, I may at rest contemplate
 The Starry Arches of thy stately Temple :
 Unto this end, that as (at first) from thee
 Our Grand-sires learn'd Heav'n's Course & Quality ;
 Thou now maist prompt me some more lofty Song, 30
 As to this lofty Subject doth belong.

AFTER THAT Men's strife-hatching, haunt ambition,
 Had (as by lot) made this low World's partition ;
Phalec and *Heber*, as they wandred, fand
 A huge high *Pillar*, which upright did stand
 (Much like a Rock amid the Ocean set,
 Seeming great *Neptune's* surly pride to threat ;
 Whereon to *Pharos* bears a Lanthorn bright,
 To save from Shipwrack those that sayl by night)
 And afterward, another nigh as great ; 40
 But not so strong, so stately, nor so neat :
 For, on the flowry field it lay all flat,
 Built but of Brick, of rusty Tiles, and Slat :
 Whereas the first was builded fair and strong
 Of Jasper smooth, and Marble lasting long.
 What Miracles ! what monstrous heaps ! what hills *Phalec's*
 Heav'd-up my hand ! what Types of antike Skills
 In form-lesse Forms (quoth *Phalec*) ! Father show
 (For th' ages past I know full well you know) :
 Pray teach me, who did both these works erect : 50
 About what time : and then to what effect ?
 Old *Seth* (saith *Heber*) *Adam's* Scholler yerst *Heber's*
 (Who was the Scholler of his Maker first)
 Having attain'd to know the course and sites,
 Th' aspect and greatness of Heav'n's glistening lights ;
 He taught his Children, whose industrious wit
 Through diligence grew excellent in it.
 For, while their flocks on flowry shores they kept
 Of th' *Eastern* Flouds, while other soundly slept
 (Hushing their cares in a Night-shortning nap, 60
 Upon *Oblivion's* dull and sense-lesse Lap)
 They, living lusty, thrice the age of *Rav'ns*,
 Observ'd the Twinkling Wonders of the Heav'ns :

The or
 ground
 discous

40

50

60

And on their Grand-sire's firm and goodly ground
 A sumptuous building they in time do found.
 But (by Tradition *Cabalistik*) taught,
 That God would twice reduce this World to nought,
 By *Floud* and *Flame*; they rear'd cunningly
 This stately pair of *Pillars* which you see;
 Long-time safe-keeping, for their after-Kin, 70
 A hundred learn'd *Mysteris* therein.

opening of
 pillars. This having said, old *Heber* drawing nigher,
 Opens a *Wicket* in the *Marble Spire*,
 Where (*Phalec* following) soon perceive they might
 A pure *Lamp* burning with immortall light.

e. As a mean person, who (though oft-disgrac'd
 By churlish *Porters*) is conval'd at last
 To the *King's Closet*; rapt in deep amaze,
 At th' end-lesse *Riches* up and down doth gaze:
 So *Phalec* fares. O *Father* (cryes he out) 80
 What shapes are these here plac'd round about,
 So like each other wrought with equall skill,
 That foure rain-drops cannot more like distill?
 What *Tools* are these? what *divine secrets* lye
 Hidden within this learn'd *Mysterie*?

liberall
 ces. These foure (quoath *Heber*) foure bright *Virgins* are,
Heav'n's Babes, and *Sisters*, the most faire and rare,
 That e'r begot th' eternall *Spirit* (expir'd
 From double *Spirit*) or humane *Soule* admir'd.

metick. This first, that still her lips and fingers moves, 90
 And up and down so sundry wayes removes
 Her nimble *Crowns*; th' industrious *Art* it is
 Which knowes to cast all *Heav'n's* bright *Images*
 All *Winter's* hail, and all the gawdy *flours*
 Wherewith *gay Flora* pranks this *Globe* of ours.
 She's stately deckt in a most rich *Attire*:
 All kind of *Coins* in glistering heaps lye by-her:
 Upon her sacred head *Heav'n* seems to drop
 A richer show'r then fell in *Dana's* Lap:
 A gold-ground *Robe*; and for a *glasse* (to look) 100
 Down by her girdle hangs a *Table-book*,
 Wherein the chief of her rare *Rules* are writ,
 To be safe-guarded from time's greedy bit.

Numbers. Mark here what *Figure* stands for *One*, the right
 1 Root of all *Number*; and of *Infinite*:
 Love's happiness, the praise of *Harmony*,
 Nurc'rie of all, and end of *Polymny*:
 No number, but more then a *Number* yet;
 Potentially in all, and all in it.

2 Now, note *Two's* Character, *One's* heire apparent, 110
 As his first-born; first *Number*, and the *Parent*
 Of *Female* pairs. Here now observe the *Three*,
 3 Th' eldest of odds, *God's* *Number* properly;
 Wherein both *Number*, and no-number enter:
Heav'n's dearest *Number*, whose inclos'd *Center*
 Doth equally from both extreame ends extend:
 The first that hath beginning, midst, and end.
 The (*Cube's* Base) *Foure*; a full and perfect summ,
 Whose added parts just unto *Ten* doe come;
 Number of *God's* great *Name*, *Seasons*, *Complex-*
 ions, 120
Winds, *Elements*, and *Cardinal Perfections*.

Th' *Hermaphrodite* *Five*, never multipl'd 5
 By 't selfe, or *Odd*, but there is still descri'd
 His proper face: for, three times *Five* arrive
 Unto *Fifteen*; *Five Fives* to *Twenty-five*.
 The perfect *Six*, whose just proportions gather, 6
 To make his *Whole*, his members altogether:
 For *Three's* his halfe, his *Sixt One*, *Two*, his *Third*;
 And *One Two Three*, make *Six*, in *One* conferr'd.
 The *Criticall* and double-sex'd *Seven*, 130 7
 The *Number* of th' unfix'd *Fires* of *Heav'n*;
 And of th' eternall sacred *Sabbaoth*;
 Which *Three* and *Foure* containeth joynly both.
 Th' *Eight*, double square. The sacred note of *Nine*, 8 9
 Which comprehends the *Muse's* *Tripple-Trine*.
 The *Ten*, which doth all *Numbers* force combine: 10
 The *Ten*, which makes, as *One* the *Point*, the *Line*:
 The *Figure*, th' *Hundred*, *Thousand*, (solid corps) 100. 1000.
 Which, oft re-doubled, on th' *Atlantick* shores
 Can summ the sand, and all the drops distilling 140
 From weeping *Auster*, or the *Ocean* filling.

See: many *Summs*, here written streight & even Addition.
 Each over other, are in one contriven:
 See here small *Numbers* drawn from greater count, Subtraction.
 Here *Multipl'd* they infinitely mount: Multiplication.
 And lastly, see how (on the other side)
 One *Summ* in many doth it selfe *Divide*. Division.
 That *sallow-fac't*, sad, stooping *Nymph*, whose eye Geometry.
 Still on the ground is fix'd stedfastly,
 Seeming to draw with point of silver wand 150
 Some curious *Circles* in the sliding sand;
 Who wears a *Mantle*, brancht with flowrie *Buds*,
 Embost with *Gold*, trayl'd with silver *Floods*,
 Bordered with greenest *Trees*, and fringed fine
 With richest *Asure* of *Seas*' stormfull brine:
 Whose dusky *Buskins* (old and tattered out)
 Show, she hath travell'd far and near about
 By *North* and *South*; it is *Geometry*.
 The *Crafts-man's* guide, *Mother* of *Symmetry*,
 The life of *Instruments* of rare effect, 160
 Law of that *Law* which did the *World* erect.

Here's nothing here, but *Rules*, *Squares*, *Compasses*, Her *Instruments*
Weights, *Measures*, *Plummets*, *Figures*, *Balances*. and *Figures*.
 Lo, where the *Workman* with a *steddy* hand
 Ingeniously a *levell Line* hath drawn,
 War-like *Triangles*, building fit *Quadrangles*,
 And hundred kinds of forms of *Many-Angles*
Straight, *Broad*, & *Sharp*: Now see on th' other side
 Other, whose *Tracts* never directly slide,
 As with the *Snayl*, the crooked *Serpenter*, 170
 And that which most the learn'd do prefer.
 The complete *Circle*; from whose every-place
 The *Centre* stands an equi-distant space.
 See here the *Solids*, *Cubes*, *Cylinders*, *Cones*,
Pyramides, *Prismas*, *Dodechadrons*:
 And there the *Sphear*, which (*World's* Type) com-
 prehends
 In 't-selfe, it selfe; having nor midst nor ends:
 Art's excellence, praise of his *Peers*, a wonder
 Wherein consists (in divers sort) a hunder:

	Firm <i>Mobile</i> , an up-down-bending-Vault, Sloping in Circuit, yet directly wrought. See, how so soon as it to veer begins, Both up and down, forward and back it wends ; And, rapt by other, not it self alone Moves, but moves others with its motion (Witness the Heav'ns) : yea, it doth seem, beside, When it stands still, to shake on every side, Because it hath but one small point, where-on His equall halves are equi-poiz'd upon ; And yet this goodly <i>Globe</i> , where we assemble (Though hung in th' Air) doth never selfly tremble : For, it's the midst of the Con-centrick Orbs Whom never Angle nor out-nook disturbs. All <i>Solids</i> else (cast in the Aire) reflect Un-self-like-forms : but in a <i>Globe</i> each tract Seems still the same, because it every-where Is uniform, and differs not a hair. More-over, as the Building's <i>Ambligon</i> May more receive then Mansion's <i>Oxigon</i> (Because th' <i>acute</i> , and the <i>rect-Angles</i> too, Stride not so wide as <i>obtuse Angles</i> doe) So doth the <i>Circle</i> in his Circuit span More room then any other <i>Figure</i> can. Th' other are eas'ly broke, because of joynts, Ends, and beginnings, edges, nooks, and points : But, th' <i>Orb</i> 's not subject unto such distresse, Because 'tis joynt-lesse, point-lesse, corner-lesse. Chiefly (my <i>Phalec</i>) hither bend thy minde, And learn Two Secrets which but few shall finde, Two busie knots, Two labyrinths of doubt, Where future Schools shall wander long about, Beating their brains, their best endeavors troubling : The <i>Circle</i> 's Squareness, and the <i>Cube</i> 's re-doubling. Print ever faster in thy faithfull brain Then on brasse leaves, these <i>Problemes</i> provéd plain, Not by Sophistick subtle Arguments, But even by practise and experience : Un-disputable Art, and fruitfull Skill, Which with new wonders all the World shall fill. Here-by, the Waters of the lowest Fountains Shall play the Millers, as the Winds on Mountains : And grain, so grown'd within a rowling Frame, Shall pay his duty to his niggard Dame. Here-by, a Bullet sped from Brazen Brest In fiery fume against a Town distrest, With roaring powr shall pash the Rocks in sunder, And w th the noise ev'n drown the voice of thunder. Here-by, the wings of favourable Windes Shall bear from Western to the Eastern <i>Indes</i> , From <i>Africa</i> to <i>Tull</i> 's farthest Floud, A House (or rather a whole Town) of Wood ; While sitting still, the Pilot shall at ease With a short Leaver guide it through the Seas. Here-by the PRINTER, in one day shall rid More Books, then yerst a thousand Writers did. Here-by, a Crane shall steed in building more Then hundred Porters' busie pains before :	180			
	The <i>Jacob</i> 's-staff, to measure heights, and Lands, Shall far excell a thousand nimble hands, To part the Earth in <i>Zones</i> and <i>Climats</i> even ; And in twice-twenty-and-foure <i>Figures</i> , Heav'n. A Wand, Sand, Water, small Wheels, turning ay, In twice-twelve parts shall part the night and day. Statues of Wood shall speak : and fainéd Sphears Show all the wonders of true Heav'n in theirs. Men rashly mounting through the empty Sky, With wanton wings shall cross the Seas well-nigh, And (doubtlesse) if the <i>Geometrician</i> finde Another World where (to his working minde) To place at pleasure and convenience His wondrous Engins and rare Instruments, Even (like a little God) in time he may To some new place transport this World away. Because these Two our passage open set To bright <i>Urania</i> 's sacred Cabinet, Wherein she keeps her sumptuous Furniture, Pearls, Diamonds, Rubies, and Saphires pure : Because to climb starry <i>Parnassus</i> ' top None can, unless these Two do help him up (For, who's wants either of these two eyes, In vain beholds Heav'n's glistering Canopies) : The Carver (here) close by <i>Geometry</i> And <i>Numbring Art</i> hath plac't <i>Astronomy</i> .	190	240	The Staff Dials and O Sphears Astronomy.	
	A silver Crescent wears she for a Crown, A hairy Comet to her heels hangs down ; Brows stately bent in milde Majestick wise, Beneath the same two Carbuncles for eyes ; An Azure Mantle waving at her back, With two bright Clasps buckled about her neck ; From her right shoulder sloping over-thwart her, A watchet Scarf, or broad imbrodered Garter, Flourisht with Beasts of sundry shapes, and each With glistering Stars imbost and poumred rich ; And then, for wings, the golden plumes she wears Of that proud Bird which starry Rowels bears. But what faire Globes (quoth <i>Phalec</i>) seems she thus With spreading arms, to reach and offer us ? My Son (quoth <i>Heber</i>) that round Figure there, With crossing Circles, is the Mundane Sphear ; Wherein, the Earth (as the most vile and base And Lees of all) doth hold the lowest place : Whom prudent Nature girdeth over-thwart With Azure Zone ; or rather every part Covers with water winding round about, Save here and there some Angles peeping out ; For, th' Ocean's liquid and sad sliding Waves Sinking in deepest of Earth's hollow Caves, Seek not (within her vast unequal height) The Centre of the wideness, but the weight. There should be th' Aire, the Fire, and wandring Seven, The Firmament, and the first-moving Heav'n (Besides th' Empyreall Palace of the <i>Sainted</i>) Each over other, if they could be painted. But th' Artist, faining in the steed of these, Ten Circles, like Heav'n's Superficies,	200	250	260	Her two Gl 1. The Ten triell 280
The certainty of Geometry.		210			
Her rare inven- tions. Mills.		220			
Gunnes.		230			
Ships.		230			
Printing.					
The Crane.					

	To guide us to them by more easie Path, In hollow Globe the same describéd hath.		Their order order-lesse, and Peacefull Braul With-chil'ds the World ; fils Sea, and Earth, & All.	
1.	'Mid th' amplest <i>Six</i> , whose crossing difference		I never see their glances inter-ject	Simile.
Quinocitall.	Divides in two the Sphear's circumference, Stands th' <i>Equinocitall</i> , equi-distant all	300	In <i>Triangle</i> , <i>Sextile</i> , or <i>Square</i> aspect, Now milde, now moody ; but me thinks I see	
	From those two <i>Poles</i> which do support this Ball. Therefore each Star that underneath it slides		Some frolike Swains amid their dancing glee ;	
	A rest-lesse, long, and weary Journey rides, Goes larger Circuit, and more speedy far		Where Men and Maids together make them merry,	360
	Then any other stedly fixé Star (Which wexeth slow the more it doth advance		With Jigs and Rounds, till Pipe and all be weary :	
	Neer either <i>Pole</i> his God-directed Daunce) And while <i>Apollo</i> drives his Load of Light		Where, on his Love one smiles with wanton eye ;	
	Under this <i>Line</i> , the day and dusky Night	310	Where-at his Rivall frowns for Jealousie.	
	Tread equal steps : for, learnéd Nature's hand Then measures them a-like in every Land.		But why (quoth <i>Phalec</i>) hath th' Al-fair, who frams	Question.
2.	The next, which there beneath it sloopty slides,		Nought here below, but 's full of Beautie's flames,	
Zodiack.	And his fair Hindges from the World's divides Twice twelve Degrees ; is call'd th' <i>Zodiack</i> ,		Ingrav'n on th' Orbs of th' Azure crystalline	
	The <i>Planets</i> ' path, where <i>Phabus</i> plies to make Th' year's Revolution : through new <i>Houses</i> ranging,		(Where Beautie's self, and Love should ever shine)	
	To cause the <i>Seasons</i> ' yearly four-fold changing.		So many hideous Beasts and Monsters fell ;	
3.	Th' other, which (crossing th' Universall Props,		Fellows, more fit for th' ugly Fiends in Hell ?	
Colure.	And those where <i>Titan</i> 's Whirling Chariot sloops) Rect-angles' forms ; and, crooking, cuts in two	320	Surely (saith <i>Heber</i>) God's All-prudent pleasure	370 Answer.
	Here <i>Capricorn</i> ; there burning <i>Cancer</i> too ; Of the Sun's stops, it <i>Colure</i> hath to name,		Makes nothing Artlesse, nor without just measure :	
	Because his Teem doth seem to trot more tame On these cut points : for here he doth not ride		And this the World's chief praise of Beauty carries, That in each part it infinitely varies.	
	Flatling a-long, but up the Sphear's steep slide.		Our learnéd Elders then, who on this Sphear,	
4.	Th' other, which cuts this equi-distantly		Heav'n's shining <i>Signes</i> imagin'd fitly-fair,	The reason of the names given to the 12 Signes of the Zodiack.
Colure.	With <i>Aries</i> , <i>Poles</i> , and <i>Scale</i> , is (like-wisely)		Did unto each, such Shape and Name devise, As with their Natures neerly symbolize.	
5.	The second <i>Colure</i> : The <i>Meridian</i> , This		In form of <i>Ram</i> with golden fleece they put	
Meridian.	Which never in one point of Heav'n persists ; But still pursues our <i>Zenith</i> : as the light	330	The bi-corn'd <i>Signe</i> , which the Year's bounds doth butt ; Because the World (under his temp'rate heat)	1. Aries.
6.	Inconstant <i>Horizon</i> our shifting sight.		In fleece of flowrs is prankéd richly neat.	
Horison.	For the four small ones : here the <i>Tropicks</i> turn,		Of <i>Bull</i> the next : because the Husband-men	2. Taurus.
and 8.	Both that of <i>Cancer</i> and of <i>Capricorn</i> .		With yoaks of slow-pac't smoaking Bullocks then	
Tropicks.	And neerer th' Hindges of the golden Sphear, Here 's the <i>South-Circle</i> ; the <i>North-Circle</i> there :		Tear-up their Fallows, and with hope-full toyl, Furbush their Coulstars in the Corn-fit soyl.	
and 10.	Which <i>Circles</i> cross not (as you see) at all		Of <i>Twins</i> the third : because then, of two <i>Sexes</i>	3. Gemini.
South and 3 Circles.	The Center-point of th' universall Ball ; But, parting th' Orb into unequal ells,		Kinde-cruell <i>Cupid</i> one whole body mixes :	
	'Twixt th' <i>Equi-nox</i> and them, rest <i>Parallels</i> .		Then all things couple, then Fruits double grow, Then Flowrs do flourish, & corn Fields do show.	
Celestiall 12.	The other Ball her left hand doth support,	340	The fourth a <i>Lobstar</i> 's name and frame they made,	390 4. Cancer.
	Is Heav'n's bright Globe : for, though that Art come short		Because then South-ward <i>Sol</i> doth retrograde, Goes (<i>Crab</i> -like) backward, and so never stinteth,	
	Of Nature far, here may ingenious soules Admire the stages of Star-seeléd <i>Poles</i> .		But still his wheels in the same track reprinteth.	
livers of the Ceriall Bodies.	O what delight it is in turning soft The bright Abbridgement of that upper Loft, (To seem) to see Heav'n's glorious Hoast to march		The fifth a <i>Lion</i> : for as Lion's breath Is burning hot ; so likewise, underneath	5. Leo.
	In glistering Troops about th' <i>Ethereall</i> Arch ! Where, one for arms bears Bow & Shafts : a Sword		This fiery <i>Signe</i> , th' Earth sparkles, and the streams Seems sod-away with the Sun's glowing beams.	
	A second hath ; a trembling Launce a third :		The sixth a <i>Maid</i> : because with Maid-like honour,	6. Virgo.
	One falls, another in his Chariot rowles	350	Th' Earth loatheth then the Sun's Love-glances on her	
	On th' Azure Brasse of th' ever-radiant Bowles :		T' inflame her Love : and (reclus'd as it were)	400
	This serves a-foot, that (as a Horse-man) rides :		This Virgin Season nought at all doth bear.	
	This up, that down ; this back, that forward slides :		<i>Balance</i> the seventh ; because it equall weighs Night's loving-silence, and griefe-guiding <i>Dayes</i> ; And Heat and Cold ; and in <i>Must</i> -Month, the Beam	7. Libra.
			Stands equi-pois'd in equi-poizing them.	
			<i>Scorpion</i> the next : because his piercing sting Doth the first tydings of cold Winter bring.	8. Scorpio.
			The ninth an <i>Archer</i> both in Shape and Name, Who day and night follows his fairest game ; And his keen Arrows every-where bestowes	9. Sagittarius.
			Headed with Yce, feathered with Sleet & Snowes.	410

10. Capricornus.	The next a <i>Kid</i> : because as Kids doe clime And frisk from Rock to Rock; about this Time The Prince of Planets (with the locks of Amber) Begins again up towards us to clamber. And then, because Heav'n always seems to weep Under the ensuing <i>Signes</i> ; on th' <i>Azure</i> steep Our Parents plac't a <i>Skinker</i> : and by him, Two silver <i>Fishes</i> in his fouds to swim.		Here shines his golden <i>Harp</i> , and there his <i>Crown</i> : 470 There th' ugly <i>Bear</i> bears (to his high renown) <i>Seav'n</i> (shining) <i>Stars</i> . Lo, here the whistling <i>Lance</i> , Which frantick <i>Saul</i> at him doth fiercely glance.	Coron 20 Vna minor Pleiden Campa	
11. Aquarius. 12. Pisces.	But if (my Son) this superficial gloze Suffice thee not; then may we thus suppose, That as before th' All-working Word alone Made Nothing be All's womb and <i>Embryon</i> , Th' eternal Plot, th' <i>Idea</i> fore-conceiv'd, The wondrous Form of all that Form receiv'd, Did in the Work-man's spirit divinely lie; And, yer it was, the World was wondrously; Th' Eternal <i>Trine-one</i> , spreading even the tent Of th' All-enlightning glorious Firmament, Fill'd it with figures; and in various Marks There pourtray'd Tables of his future Works.	420	Pure Honour's Honour, Prayse of Chastity O fair <i>Susanna</i> , I should mourn for thee, And moan thy tears, and with thy friends lament (With Heav'n-lift-eyes) thy wofull punishment, Save that so timely (through Heav'n's providence) Young <i>Daniel</i> saves thy wrongéd Innocence: And by a dreadfull radiant splendor, spread From Times-Child Truth (not from <i>Medusa's</i> head) Condemns th' old Leachers, and eft-soons upon Their curséd heads there hays a storm of stone: Also, as long as Heav'n's swift Orb shall veer, A sacred Trophee shall be shining here In the bright <i>Dragon</i> , of that Idol fell, Which the same Prophet shall in <i>Babel</i> quell.	Andromed Cassiopea Cepheus Perseus 480 Caput Med Deaca Pegasus 490 Cygnus Piscis Bore 500 Delphinus Trigonus Ophiucus 510 Aquila	
In Heaven are patterns of all things that are in Earth.	See here the pattern of a silver Brook Which in and out on th' <i>Azure</i> stage doth crook; Here th' <i>Eagle</i> plays, there flies the rav'ning Crow; Here swims the Dolphin, there the Whale doth row; Here bounds the Courser, there the Kid doth skip; Here smooks the Steer, the Dragon there doth creep: There's nothing precious in Sea, Earth, or Aire, But hath in Heav'n some like resemblance faire. Yea, even our Crowns, Darts, Lances, Skeyns, and Scales,	430	Where-to more fit may <i>Pegasus</i> compare, Then to those Coursers; flaming in the ayr, Before the Tyrant of <i>lesse-Asia's</i> fury Usurps the fair <i>Metropolis</i> of <i>Jurie</i> ? Where-to the <i>Coach</i> -man, but <i>Eschiel</i> , That so well drives the Coach of <i>Israel</i> ? Where-to the <i>Swan</i> , but to that <i>Proto-Martyr</i> , The faithfull Deacon which endureth torture, (Yea death) for his dead Lord; whom sure to meet, So neer his end sings so exceeding sweet? Where-to the <i>Fish</i> which shineth here so bright, But to that Fish, that cureth <i>Tobie's</i> sight? Where-to the <i>Dolphin</i> , but to that mock Man, Who dry-shod guides through Seas <i>Erythroas</i> Old <i>Jacob's</i> Fry: And <i>Jordan's</i> liquid glasse Makes all his Hoast dry (without boat) to passe? And furthermore, God hath not onely grav'n On the brasse Tables of swift-turning Heav'n His sacred <i>Mot</i> ; and in <i>Triangle</i> frame, His <i>Thrice-One</i> Nature stampéd on the same: But also, under that stout <i>Serpent-slayer</i> , His Satan-taming Son (Heav'n's glorious heir) Who with the Engin of his <i>Crosse</i> abates Th' eternal hindges of th' infernall Gates: And, under that fair Sun-fixt-gazing <i>Fovale</i> , The God of Gods dear Minion of his Soule, Which from his hand reaves Thunder often-times, His Spirit; his Love, which visits earthly Climes In plummy shape: for, this bright wingéd <i>Signe</i> , In head and neck, and starry back (in fine) No lesse resembles the milde simple <i>Dove</i> , Then crook-bild <i>Eagle</i> that commands above.	440	What shall I say of that bright <i>Bandekeer</i> , Which twice-six <i>Signes</i> so richly garnish here? Th' Year's Usher, doth the <i>Paschal</i> Lamb fore-tell, The <i>Bull</i> , the Calfe, which erring <i>Israel</i> Sets up in <i>Horeb</i> . These two fair shining <i>Twins</i> Those striving Brethren <i>Isaack's</i> tender Sons: The fourth is <i>Salomon</i> , who (<i>Crab</i> -like) crawls Backward from Vertue: & (foule Swine-like) fals
A third witty, pleasant, and ele- gant reason of the names afore-said.	Yea surely, durst I (but why should I doubt To wipe from Heav'n so many slanders out, Of profane Rapine and detested Rapes, Of Murder, Incest, and all monstrous Scapes, Where-with (hereafter) some bold-fabling <i>Greeks</i> Shall foulely stain Heav'n's Rosie-blushing cheeks?) Here could I shoue, that under every <i>Signe</i> Th' Eternal grav'd some Mystery divine Of's <i>holy Citie</i> : where (as in a glasse) To see what shall here-after come-to passe; As publick and authentick Rowles, fore-quoting Confusedly th' Events most worthy noting, In his dear <i>Church</i> (his Darling and Delight).	450			
Plaustrum.	O! thou fair <i>Chariot</i> flaming bravely bright, Which like a Whirl-winde in thy swift Career Rapt'st up the <i>Thesbit</i> ; thou do'st alwaies veer About the <i>North-Pole</i> , now no more be-dabbling Thy nimble spoaks in th' Ocean, neither stabbling Thy smoaking Coursers under th' Earth, to bait: The while <i>Elisha</i> earnestly doth wait Burning in zeale (ambitious) to inherit His Master's Office and his mighty Spirit; That on the starry Mountain (after him) He well may manage his celestiall Teem.	460			
Bootes.	Close by him, <i>David</i> in his valiant fist Holds a fierce <i>Lyon's</i> fiery flaming <i>Crest</i> :				
Hercules. Lyra.					

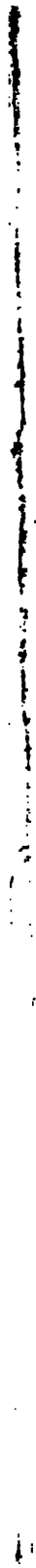
	In which his <i>Nadir</i> is : and how with-all To finde his <i>Elevation</i> and his <i>Fall</i> . How long a time an Entire <i>Signe</i> must wear While it ascendeth on our <i>Hemi-spear</i> : <i>Poles' Elevation</i> : The <i>Meridian line</i> : And divers hours of Day and Night to finde.		O divine Spirits : for you my smoothest quill His sweetest hony on this Book should still ; Still should you be my <i>Theam</i> ; but that the Beauty Of the last <i>Sister</i> draws my Love and Duty ; For, now I hear my <i>Phalec</i> humbly crave The fourth <i>Maid's</i> name : his Father, mildly-grave, Replies him thus ; Observe (my dearest Son) Those cloud-lesse brows, those cheeks vermilion,	
	These learned wonders witty <i>Phalec</i> marks,	650	Those pleasing looks, those eyes so smiling-sweet,	The de 710 of Mus
	And heedfully to every Rule he harks : Wise Alchymist, he multiplies this Gold, This Talent turns, increasing many-fold : And then presents it to his Noble seed, Who soon their Doctor in his Art exceed.		That grace-full posture, and those pretty feet Which seem still Dancing : all those Harps & Lutes, Shawms, Sag-butts, Citrons, Viols, Cornets, Flutes, Plac't round about her ; prove in every part This is the noble, sweet, <i>Voyce-ord'ring Art</i> , Breath's Measurer, the Guide of supplest fingers On (living-dumb, dead-speaking) sinnew-singers :	
Simile.	But, even as <i>Mars</i> , <i>Hermes</i> , and <i>Venus bright</i> , Go visit now the naked <i>Troglodite</i> , Then <i>Jove</i> , then <i>Gwynney</i> , and (inclin'd to change) Oft shifting house, through both the worlds do range (Both worlds ev'n-halv'd by th' <i>Equinoctial Line</i>) :	660	Th' Accord of Discords : sacred <i>Harmony</i> , And Numb'ry Law, which did accompanie Th' Almighty-most, when first his Ordinance Appointed Earth to rest, and Heav'n to dance.	
	So the perfection of this Art divine, First under th' <i>Hebreus</i> bred and born, anon Comes to the <i>Chaldees</i> by Adoption : Scorning anon, th' old <i>Babylonian</i> Spires, It leaves swift <i>Tigris</i> and to <i>Nile</i> retires ; And, waxen rich, in <i>Egypt</i> it erects A famous School : yet, firm-lesse in affects, It falls in love with subtile <i>Grecian</i> wits And to their hands a while it selfe commits ; But in renowned <i>Ptolomeus'</i> Reign,	670	For (as they say) for supr'Intendent there, The supream <i>Voyce</i> plac'd in every Sphear A <i>Syren</i> sweet ; that from Heav'n's Harmony Inferiour things might learn best Melody, And their rare Quier with th' Angels Quier accord To sing aloud the praises of the Lord, In's Royall Chappel, richly beautifi'd With glistering Tapers and all sacred Pride.	The H: Harmon
	Yet, thence re-fled, it doth th' <i>Arabians</i> try ; From thence to <i>Rome</i> : from <i>Rome</i> to <i>Germany</i> . O true <i>Endymions</i> , that imbrace above Upon mount <i>Latmos</i> your Imperiall Love (Great Queen of Heav'n) about, whose Bed, for Guard,		Where, as (by Art) one selfy blast breath'd out From panting bellows, passeth all-about Winde-Instruments ; enters by th' under Clavers Which with the Keys the Organ-Master quavers, Fills all the Bulk, and severally the same Mounts every Pipe of the melodious Frame ; At once reviving lofty <i>Cymbal's</i> voyce, <i>Flute's</i> sweetest ayre, and <i>Regal's</i> shrillest noyse :	730 Simile
Astronomy, by whom, & how maintained.	But for your Writings, the Starrs'-Doctrine soon, Would sink in <i>Lethè</i> of Oblivion : 'Tis you that Marshall Months, and years, & dayes : 'Tis you that quote for such as haunt the Seas Their prosperous daies, & daies whè death ingraven On th' angry welkin, warns them keep their haven : 'Tis you that teach, the Plough-man when to sow, When the brave Captain to the Field shall goe ; When to retire to Garrison again, When to assault a batter'd Peeces ; and when To convoy Victuals to his valiant Hoast :	680	So that re-treading their eternall trace, Th' one bears the Trebble, th' other bears the Base. But, brimmer far then in the Heavens here All these sweet-charming Counter-Tunes we hear : For, <i>Melancholy</i> , <i>Winter</i> , <i>Earth</i> below, Bear aye the <i>Base</i> ; deep, hollow, sad and slow : Pale <i>Phlegm</i> , moist <i>Autumn</i> , <i>Water</i> moistly-cold, The Plummet-like-smooth-sliding <i>Tenor</i> hold : Hot-humid <i>Bloud</i> , the <i>Spring</i> , transparent <i>Aire</i> , The Maze-like <i>Mean</i> , that turns and wends so fair : Curst <i>Choler</i> , <i>Summer</i> , and hot thirsty <i>Fire</i> ,	740
	'Tis you that shew what season fitteth most For every purpose ; when to <i>Purge</i> is good, When to be <i>Bathed</i> , when to be <i>Let-bloud</i> : And how <i>Physicians</i> , skilfully to mix Their Drugs, on Heav'n their curious eyes must fix. 'Tis you that in the twinkling of an eye Through all the Heav'nly Provinces doe flye : 'Tis you that (greater then our greatest Kings) Possesse the whole World in your Governings : And (to conclude) you demi-gods can make Between your hands the Heav'ns to turn and shake.	690	Th' high-warbling <i>Treble</i> , loudest in the Quire. And that 's the cause (my Son) why stubborn'st things Are stoopt by <i>Musick</i> ; as retaining springs Of Number in them : and they feeble live But by that Spirit which th' Heav'ns' dance doth drive. Sweet <i>Musick</i> makes the sternest men-at-Arms Let-fall at once their Anger and their Arms : It cheers sad soules, and charmes the frantick fits Of Lunaticks that are bereft their wits :	750
The praise of learned Astronomers, and the profit of their Doctrine.		700		A foure sort in d seasons meats. The pe Musick all thin Towar

<p>It kills the flame, and curbs the fond desire Of him that burns in Beautie's blazing Fire (Whose soule, seduced by his erring eyes, Doth some proud Dame devoutly Idolize): It cureth Serpents' banefull bit, whose anguish In deadly torment makes men madly languish: The Swan is rapt, the Hinde deceiv'd with-all, And Birds beguil'd with a melodious call: Th' Harp leads the Dolphin, & the buzzing swarm Of Busie Bees the tinkling Brasse doth charm.</p>	660	<p>Sith, when the Lord (most moved) threatneth most, With wrathfull tempest arming all his hoast; When (angry) stretching his strong sinnewy arms, Wth bended back he throws down thundry storms; Th' harmonious sighs of his heart-turning Sheep Supple his sinnews, lull his wrath a-sleep; While milde-ey'd Mercy stealeth from his hand Th' sulph'ry Plagues prepar'd for sinfull Man. But while that <i>Heber</i> (eloquently) would Old <i>Musick's</i> use and excellence have told; Curst <i>Canaan</i> (seeking <i>Jordan's</i> fatal course, Past by the <i>Pillars</i>, and brake his Discourse, And mine withall; for I must rest me here; My weary Journy makes me faint well-ner: Needs must I crave new ayde from High, and step A little back, that I may farther leap.</p>	680
<p>O! what is it that <i>Musick</i> cannot do! Sith all-inspiring Spirit it conquers too: And makes the same down from th' Emperial Pole Descend to Earth into a Prophet's soule; With divine accents tuning rarely right Unto the rapping Spirit the rapted Spright.</p>	670		<p>Conclusion of the Second Day of the Second Week.</p>

The End of the Second Day of the Second Week.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>Line 11, 'witty' = wise.
 .. 18, 'quintessence'—noticeable verb-form.
 .. 26, 'contempe' = contemplate—by stress of rhyme with 'temple.'
 .. 32, 'haut' = haughty (French, <i>haut</i>). Cf. Richard II. iv. 1. : Richard III. ii. 3.
 .. 34, 'fand' = found—again by stress of rhyme, with 'stand.'
 .. 43, 'Slat' = slate.
 .. 88, 'expir'd' = breathed out.
 .. 103, 'bit' = bite. See line 774.
 .. 170, 'Serpenter' = serpent—once more by stress of rhyme, with 'prefer.'
 .. 179, 'hunder' = hundred—misprinted 'hundred.'
 .. 198-9, 'Ambligon' and 'Oxigon'—on these and other technical words see Glossarial Index, s.v.
 .. 266, 'dash' = dash, break.
 .. 238, 'Jacob's-staffe'—see Glossarial Index, s.v., for full note.
 .. 271, 'waxhet' = blue.
 .. 275, 'proud Bird' = peacock?
 .. 306, 'waxeth' = waxeth.
 .. 355, 'With-child's'—see Glossarial Index, s.v., for other examples.
 .. 379, 'bi-corn'd' = two-horned.
 .. 385, 'Furbush' = furbish.
 .. 397, 'sod-away'—see Glossarial Index, s.v.</p> | <p>Line 440, 'Skeyns' = skeins.
 .. 454, 'Rowles' = rolls.
 .. 459, 'Thesbit'—see Glossarial Index, s.v.
 .. 506, 'Mot'—<i>ibid.</i>
 .. 510, 'abates' = casts down—an interesting example of the word.
 .. 520, 'Bandeleer' = a broad belt of leather, worn by a musqueteer over the left shoulder.
 .. 565, 'prest' = ready.
 .. 597, 'Nepheus' = descendants. See Glossarial Index, s.v.
 .. 606, 'Seedster' = sower of the seed.
 .. 625, 'fell' = skin.
 .. 667, 'affects' = affections.
 .. 677, 'ward' = defend and watch.
 .. 703, 'still' = distill.
 .. 719, 'Numb'ry' = law of numbers.
 .. 732, 'Clavers' = clavier. In music, an assemblage of all the keys of an organ, etc., representing all the sounds used in melody and harmony.
 .. 737, 'Regal's' = musical instrument, like a small portable organ. See Hawkins' History of Music, II. 448.
 .. 740, 'trace' = track, path.
 .. 772, 'erring' = wandering.
 .. 777, 'call' = snare-cry in catching birds.</p> |
|--|---|

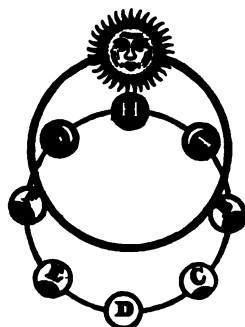




ABRAHAM.
THE
THIRD DAY OF
THE
SECOND WEEKE.

Containing

- { I. THE VOCATION,
II. THE FATHERS,
III. THE LAW,
IV. THE CAPTAINS. }



Acceptam refero.



The Vocation.

THE
FIRST PART OF
THE
THIRD DAY OF
THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGUMENT.

ABRAM from Chaldé is divinely CALL'D :
How Blest abroad : His (parted) Nephew Thrall'd
In Sodom's aid) to Chedorlaomer ;
Rescu'd by Him : Type of that bloody War :
Melchisedec His Hap congratulates :
Ismael great ; but GOD confederates
With (promis'd) Isaac, and his (CHRIST-kin) Seed,
Which shall in number even the Stars exceed :
Lot harbors Angels ; sav'd from Sodom's Fire ; 10
His Wife Transform'd : His Daughters' foule Desire.

U Ntill this Day (dear Muse) on every side
Within straight lists thou hast been boundifi'd,
Pend in a path so narrow every-where,
Thou couldst not manage : onely here and there
(Reaching thine arms over the Rails that close
Thy bounded Race) thou caught'st some fragrant
Rose,

Som July-flour, or som sweet Sops-in-wine,
To make a Chaplet, thy chaste brows to binde.
But now, behold th' art in the open Plain, 20
Where thou maist lively, like the Horse of Spain
(That having burst his halter and his hold,
Flings through the field, where list him uncontrol'd)
Corvet, & turn, run, prance, advance, & pride-thee,
As sacred fury of thy Zeal shall guide-thee.

Th' whole world is thine : henceforth thy Syth may
mow
The fairest Crop that in Fame's fields doth grow ;
And, on the Sea of richest Histories
Hulling at large, a hundred Victories,

Simile.

A hundred Rowts, a hundred Wonders new 30
Come huddling in, in heaps before thy view :
So that I fear, lest (train'd with various sent)
Thou be at fault in this vast Argument ;
And lest the best choyce in so bound-lesse Store
Pain thee no lesse now, then did Want before.

But wot'st thou what, my Muse (my dear delight, 35
My care, my comfort) we will follow right
The modest hand of a fair Shepheardling,
Who doth not rudely spoyle the flowry Spring
Of all her painted beauties ; nor deface 40
All in one day a pleasant Garden's grace ;
But mannerly amid the Quarters seeks
Such rarest flows as best her fancie likes :
And here a blew one, there a red she puls,
A yellow here, and there a white she culs ;
Then binde them with her hair, and blessed over
With a chaste kisse, she sends them to her Lover :
We'l over-run the Annals of all Ages ;
And choosing-out the chiefest Personages,
And Prodigies amid the Hebrew Story, 50
We'l offer them on th' Altar of God's glory.

For he (I hope) who, no lesse good then wise,
First stirr'd us up to this great Enterprise,
And gave us heart to take the same in hand,
For Levell, Compasse, Rule and Squire will stand ;
Will change the Pebbles of our puddly thought
To Orient Pearls, most bright and bravely wrought ;
And will not suffer in this precious Frame
Ought that a skilfull Builder's eye may blame ;
Or, if he suffer ought, 't shall be some trace 60
But of that blindness common to our Race ;

T' abate my glory, and to give me prooffe,
 That (mortall) I, build but with mortall stuff.
 JAMES, richest Gem of Scots, & Scotland's Praise,
 Who, with the same hand that the Scepter swayes,
 On Heav'n-faln paper, in a golden stile,
 Dost happily immortal lines compile ;
 And (new *Apollo*) under Others' names
 Sing'st in thy Childehood thine Own future *Fames* :
 To whom but Thee should I these Verses vow ? 70
 Who through the World hast made me famous now,
 And with a liberrall learned hand indu'd
 My *Muse* with lustre of a *Royal Sute* ;
 Before-so ragged, that she blusht well-neer
 That her chaste Sisters should so homely see-her :
 The scorn of Art, of *Helicon* the shame,
 Usurping (wrong) *URANIA*'s sacred Name,
 Through the shes *Heav'nly*. O wise, worthy
 Prince,
 Maist thou surmount all those in excellence,
 Which have (before thee) Rul'd th' hard-ruled *Scots*, 80
 And ruder *Picts* (painted with Martiall spots)
 That, first *Fergusius* (glory of his dayes)
Ev'nus and *Donald* may envy thy Praise ;
 And even the *Scott'sh* (or rather th' *Hebrew*) *David*
 (*Jesse*'s great Son so holly behav'd)
 Give place to thy renown, and therewithall
 Give thee his Zeal and Heart heroicall,
 And all his best (which doth thee best belong)
 As he hath giv'n thee his sweet Harp and Song.
 THOUGH profane service of *Idolatry* 90
 Had drown'd the whole Earth universally :
 Though shame-lesse sin (born with the *COLONIES*
 Through all the world) through all did Tyrannize :
 Yet in *Chaldea* was their chiefest Seat,
 Their strength in *Shinaar* ; and that Citie great,
 Built on the slimy strand of *Euphrates*,
 Was the proud Palace where they held their Feasts.
 So that, even *Sem's* and *Heber's* sacred Line
 (Where God his grace yet seem'd to confine)
 Sucking the Sin-bane of *Assyrian* ayre, 100
 Did (like the Heathen) every day impaire ;
 Forgot the true God ; followed (rashly-rude)
 The grosse grand Error of the multitude ;
 Degeneriz'd, decaid, and withered quite :
 Like some rare Fruit-Tree over-topt with spight
 Of Briers and Bushes which it sore oppresse
 With the sower shadow of their thorny tresse ;
 Till choakt withall, it dies as they doe growe,
 And beareth nought but mosse and Misseltoe.
 But God, desirous (more for us then him) 110
 In some one stock to save *Faith's* sacred stem
 (Like as before from the All-drowning *Floud*
 He sav'd the World's seed in an Ark of wood)
 Marks *Abram* for his own : and from false Rites,
 To Men, to Beasts, to Stocks, to Stones, to Sprites,
 Him graciously to his owne Service draws ;
 Not by meer Conduct of exteriour cause,
 As by contemplating th' Artship richly-rare
 Which gilds the Seeding of this Globe so fair ;

ication to the
 r's Majesty.

le.

calling of
 sham.

Earth's fruitfull powr, producing (goodly-green) 120
 From so small seeds so huge and mighty Treen,
 Flowrs fragrant aire, so fresh and divers di'd ;
 Sea's foaming Course, whose ever-Tilting Tide
 (Ebbing or flowing) is confin'd to Season,
 Bounded with lists, guided with reans of Reason :
 But, by the motion of his spirit which seals
 In our heart's Centre what his word reveals,
 And prudently in his fit time and place
 (Dispensing frankly his free gifts of *Grace*)
 Doth inwardly bear-witnesse, and aver-it 130
 Under our spirits that 'tis God's *Holy spirit*.
 The sacred *Faith of Abram* languisht not
 In idlenesse, but alwayes wakt and wrought,
 And ever lively brought forth Patience,
 Humility, Hope, Bounty, Innocence,
 Love, fervent Zeal, Repentance, Temperance,
 Sincerity, and true perseverance ;
 Fruits that (like Load-stones) have a vertue given
 (Through *faith*) to draw their father-tree to heav'n,
 And guide the soules to God (the spring of life) 140
 Of's kins-man *Lot*, and *Sara* his dear Wife ;
 Who with him following the Almighty's call,
 Wend to the strand where *Jordan's* course doth crawl :
 Their own dear Country willingly forsake
 And (true-religious) lesse account do make
 Of goods and lands, and quiet-life's content,
 Then of an end-lesse friend-lesse Banishment.
 O sacred ground of Vertue's sole perfection !
 O shield of Martyrs ! Prophets' sure direction !
 Soule's remedy ! O contrite heart's restorer ! 150
 Tears-wiping tame-griefe ! Hope's guide, hunting
 horror !
 Path of Salvation ! Pledge of Immortality !
 O lively FAITH ! through thy admir'd quality,
 How many wonders dost thou work at once,
 When from Sin's slumbers thou hast wakt us once,
 And made us inly in our spirits conceive
 Beauties that never outward eyes perceive !
 Alas ! said *Abram*, must I needs forgoe
 These happy fields where *Euphrates* doth flow ?
 Here, first I drew this vitall aire, and (pleas'd 160
 With my birth's news) my mother's throes I eas'd :
 Here, from her tender brest (as soft as silk)
 My tender gums suckt my first drop of milk :
 Here, with the pleasure of mine infant-smile
 Her Cares and Cumbers I did oft beguile :
 Here, my chaste Sisters, Uncles, Aunts, and Kin,
 My pretty prattling have delighted in :
 Here, many a time I wantonly have clung,
 And on my father's wrinkled neck have hung :
 Here have I past my Lad-age fair and good : 170
 Here, first the soft Down on my chin did bud :
 Here, I have learn'd Heav'n's Motions, & the nature
 And various force of Eire, Ayre, Earth, and Water :
 Here, I have show'n the noblest tokens forth
 Both of my Minde's and of my Bodie's worth :
 Here, I have spent the best part of mine age :
 Here, I possess a plenteous Heritage :

The fruits of a
 true faith, and t
 effect thereof.

Naturall con-
 siderations to
 have stopt the
 Journey of
Abraham.

	Here, I have got me many friends, and fame, And by my Deeds attain'd a glorious Name : And must I hence, and leave this certain state, 180 To roam uncertain (like a Runagate) O're fearfull Hills, and thorough foaming Torrents That rush down moûtains w th thier roaring currêts ; In dreadfull Desarts, where Heav'n's hottest beam Shall burn without ; within us, Thirst extream : And gloomy Forrests full of ghastly fear Of yelling Monsters that are dwelling there : To seek a Country (God knowes where, & whither) Whose unknown name hath yet scarce sounded hither ? With staffe in hand, and wallet at our back, 190 From Town to Town to beg for all we lack ? To guise our selves (like counterfeiting Ape) To th' guise of Men that are but Men in shape ? T' have (briefly) nothing properly our own In all the World ; no, not our Grave-place known ? Is't possible, I should endure to see The sighs and tears my friends will shed for me ? O ! can I thus my Native soyl forsake ? O ! with what words shall I my Farewell take ? Farewell <i>Chaldea</i> : dear delights, adieu : 200 Friends, Brothers, Sisters, farewell all of you, Farewell for ever : can I thus (alas !) Rudely unwinde me from the kinde embrace Of their dear arms, that will me faster hold Then trembling Ivie doth the Oak enfold ; Or then the Vine doth with her crawling spray The boughs of Elm, her limber limbs to stay ? Can I expose (with perill of my life) The un-vulgar beauties of my vertuous wife, To the none-sparing lust of that loose Nation 210 That brutally burns in all abomination ? Besides, what rigour ? nay what parricide ? To hale from <i>Tigris</i> ' shore to <i>Jordan</i> 's side A weak old-man ? a man so weak and old, He scarce can creep without our help and hold. Yet, 't must be so : for so the Lord commands. A carnall man on carnall reason stands : But, for all Reasons, <i>Faith</i> sufficeth me ; Who lodge with God can never House-less be. Then cheerly marcht he on, and though the age 220 And death of <i>Terah</i> slow'd his pilgrimage ; The rest of His he doth conduct (in fine) To <i>Canaan</i> (since called <i>Palestine</i>) : Where God pours down such floods of goods upon them, And bounteously bestowes such blessings on them, That their abundance shortly seems t' exceed God's Promises, and their desires indeed. Their fruitfull Heards, that hill and dale do haunt, Resemble not the breed of th' Elephant, Which (slowe in coupling, and in calving more, 230 Pining her Master so long time before With lingring hope) brings-forth, with painfull grones, But once in twelve years, but one Calfe at once. All's white w th their wooll : all their Cattell proves, Still, still increasing like to Stares and Doves.		
Two Compari- sons.		Their Wealth so growes, that, wantoniz'd withall, Their envious Shepheards broach a civill Brawl. But, lest this Mischief, by the Grooms begun, Between their Masters might unkindly run, The Grave-milde <i>Grandsire of the Faithfull</i> (there) 240 And <i>Ammon</i> 's Father, to cut off the fear Of farther strife, and to establish rather Their Mindes then Bodies, in a league together ; Divided duly with a deep foresight Their Flocks and Heards in number infinite. Then pleas'd and parted ; both go live a-part : The Uncle kept the Mountain for his part ; For, 's Nephew chose the fat and flowry Plain, And even to <i>Sodom</i> stretch his Tent and Train ; And, dwelling there, became a Citizen 250 Among those monstrous, Nature-forcing Men. O <i>Lot</i> (alas !) what lot hast thou elect ? Th' eternall verdure, and the trim prospect, The plenteous Pastures, and the purling Springs, Whose fibrous silver, thousand Tributes brings To wealthy <i>Jordan</i> , wat'ring so the soil (Like God's owne Garden) doth thy sense beguile, Blindeth thy judgment, makes thee (miserable) To seat thee with a people execrable ; Whose War thrall'd woes, and odious villanies 260 To springs of tears shall turn thy tender eyes. <i>Elam</i> 's proud King, great <i>Chedorlaomer</i> (Leagued with <i>Arioch</i> King of <i>Ellasar</i> , The Soverain of the Nations, <i>Thadael</i> , And with the King of <i>Skynaan</i> , <i>Amraphel</i>) Made war against the Kings of <i>Sodom</i> , <i>Gomorrhah</i> , <i>Zebolim</i> , <i>Zoar</i> , <i>Adamah</i> ; Who, subject to him for twelve years before, Rebell'd now, and cast the yoke they bore. Both ; Camps approach, their bloody rage doth rise, 270 And even the face of Cowards terriblize ; New Martiall heat inflames their mindes with ire, Their bloud is mov'd, their heart is all on fire. Their cheerfull limbs (seeming to march too slowe) Longing to meet, the fatal drums out-goe ; And even already in their gesture fight : Th' iron-footed Coursers, lusty, fresh, and light, Marrying their Master's cause and courage both, Snow all the field with a white foaming froth, And prancing with their load (as proud withall) 280 With loud-proud neighings for the Combat call. Now both the Hoasts march forward furiously, The Plain between soon shrinketh equally : First in the Ayre begins a fight of dust, Then on the Earth both Armies bravely joust. Brave yet it was : for yet one might behold Bright swords & shields, & plum'd helms of gold Un-guard with bloud ; no Cask had lost his head, No Horse his load, no scattered Corps lay dead. But, on our Corn-fields towards harvest-time 290 (For punishment of some ingratefull crime) Th' incensed hand of Heav'n's Almighty King Never more thick doth slippery Ice-pearles fling,	Large begun between his Servants, & Servants of i
His resolution above all dis- course of reason.			<i>Abraham</i> i to show con- tion, part of pauic.
The great bless- ing of God on his Obedience.			<i>Lot dwelt i</i> <i>Sodom.</i>
Smile.			The both <i>Siddim</i> for the King of <i>Elam</i> , wil confederate against the of <i>Sodom</i> & <i>Gomorrhah</i> theirs.
			290 Comparis

Then here the Arrows show on every side :
 An iron Cloud Heav'n's angry face doth hide
 From Souldiers' sight ; and flying weapons then
 For lack of ground fall upon horse or men :
 There's not a shaft but hath a man for White,
 Nor stone but lightly in warm bloud doth light :
 Or, if that any faile their foes to hit 300
 In fall ; in flight themselves they enter-split :
 The wounds come all from Heav'n : the bravest
 Hee

Kils and is kild of him he doth not see :
 Without an aym the Dart-man darts his spear,
 And Chance performs th' effect of Valour there.
 As two stout Rams, both Jealous-phrenzy-sick,
 Afront two flocks, spurd on with anger's prick,
 Rush on each other with tempestuous shock,
 And, butting boisterous, horns and heads do knock : 310

So, these two Armies enterchangéd blowes ;
 And doubling steps and strokes upon their Foes,
 First flesh their Lances, and their Pikes embrew,
 Then with their Swords about them keenly heaw,
 Then stab with Daggers ; standing bravely to-'t,
 Till Foe to Foe they charge them foot to foot ;
 So neer, that oft ones Target's pike doth pierce
 Another's Shield, and sends him to his Herse.
 And gawdy plumes of Foes (be-Cedered brave)
 Oft on their Foes' (un-pluméd) crests do wave. 320

Of all their strokes scarce any stroke is vain ;
 Yet stand they firm, and still the fight maintain :
 Still fronting Death, they face to face abide,
 None turn their backs ; no, neither shrink aside ;
 Of their own blood, as of their Foe's, as frank.

But too-too-tiréd, some at last dis-rank :
 Then Threats, and Cries, and Plaints redoubled ay,
 And so pel-mel rage-blinded *Mars* doth play,
 That now no more their Colours they discern ;
 But, knowing none, to all are strangely stern. 330
 The *Palestine* fights under *Elam's* Standard,
 The *Shimarite* with *Sodom's* Ensignes wander'd :
 Even as two swarms of busie Buzzers, mounting
 Amid the Ayre, and mutually affronting,
 Mingle their Troups ; one goes, another coms,
 Another turns ; a cloud of Moatlings hums
 Above our heads, who with their cipres wings
 Decide the Quarrell of their little Kings :
 Either of which a hundred times a minute
 Doth lose a Souldier, and as oft re-win-it.

But may one hope in Champions of the Chamber, 340
 Soft Carpet-Knights, all-senting Musk and Amber,
 (Whose chief delight is to be over-come)
 Un-daunted hearts that dare not Over-come ?
 In Woman-Men a manly Constancie ?
 In wanton Arms un-wearied Valiancie ?
 No, no (*Gomorrah*) this is not the place
 For quav'ring Lutes a warbling Voyce to grace :
 No (filthy *Sodom*) 'tis not here the game
 To play with Males in spight of Nature's name :
 No (*Zabotim*) here are no Looking-Glasses 350
 For *Para-Nymphs* to gaze their painted faces :

To starch Mustachoes, and to prank in print,
 And curl the Lock (with *favours* braided in't) :
 No (*Adamah*) we spend not here the day
 In Dancing, Courting, Banqueting and Play :
 Nor lastly (*Zoar*) is it here the guise
 Of silken Mock-*Mars* (for a *Mistress-Prize*)
 With Reed-like Lance, and with a Blunted blade,
 To Championize under a Tented shade,
 As at your Tourneys. Therefore to your Mew : 360

Lay-down your weapons, here's no Work for you.
 'Tis here the Fashion (and the pride of Wars)
 To paint the face with sweat, dust, blood & scars :
 Our Glass is here a bright and glist'ring shield
 Our Satten, steel : the Musick of the Field
 Doth rattle like the Thunder's dreadful roar :
 Death tilteth here : the Mistriss we adore,
 Is Victory (true Soverain of our hearts)

Who without danger graceth no Deserts :
 Dead carcasses perfume our Dainty Nose : 370
 Our Banquets here, be Banquets for the Crowes :
 Flee therefore (Cowards) flee and turn your backs,
 (As you were wont in your thought-shaming acts)
 But with our Swords and Lances (in your haste)
 Through-thrilléd (Villains) this shall be your last,
 Said *Amraphel* : and charg'd them in such sort,
 That 't seems a sudden Whirl-winde doth transport
 Their fainting Troups. Some (best adviséd) flee 380

To tops of Mountains that do neighbour by ;
 Som, through the plain ; but, neither (in the chace) 380
 Dares once look back (no, not with half a face)
 Their fear had no restraint, and much less Art :
 This throwes away his shield, and that his dart ;
 Swords, Morriions, Pouldrons, Vaunt-brace, Pikes &
 Lances,

Are no defence, but rather hinderances ;
 They, with their hearts, have also lost their sight,
 And reeking less a glorious end, in Fight,
 Then thousand base deaths, desperately they ran
 Into the floods that fats rich *Canaan*.

Then, *Jordan* arms him 'gainst these infidels, 390
 With rapid course, and like a sea he swels ;
 Lakes under ground into his chanell range,
 And shallowest Foords to ground-less gulfs doe change :
 He fumes, he foams ; and, swiftly whirling round,
 Seems, in his rage, these bitter words to sound :

Dye (Villians) dye : O more then infamous
 Foule Monsters ! drench your damnéd soules in us.
 Sa, sa, my Floods : with your cold moisture quench
 The lust-full flame of your self-burning stench. 399
 Drown, drown the Hel-hounds, and revenge the wrong
 W^{ch} they have don our Mother *Nature* long.

The River, swiftly whirling-in the slaves,
 Above with Boaws, beneath with Bodies, paves :
 The gaudy Plume, yet floating light and soft,
 Keeps for a while the hollow helm aloft ;
 But yet (at length) even those that swim the best,
 Down to the bottom sink among the rest,
 Striving and struggling (topsi-turvie tost)
 While fain they would, but cannot, yeeld the ghost ;

trially brave
 old Captain
 at the affem-
 softness &
 cie of Car-
 nights.

Defeatore of the
 Sodomites.

	Because the flood (unwilling to defile His purest waves with spirits so foule and vile) Re-spews them still into themselves, and there Smoothers, and choaks, and rams them, as it were : Then both at once (Bodies and Soules) at last To the main Sea, or his own shore doth cast.	410	Even so sometimes, the loving Vine and Elm (With double damage) joyntly over-whelm ; She wails the wrack of her dear Husband's glade ; He moanes his Spouse's feeble arms and shade : But most it grieves him with his Trunk to crush The precious Clusters of her pleasing Bush ; And presse to death unkindly with his weight Her that for love imbraceth him so straight.	470	<i>Sunk.</i>
their owne ambush serves ainst them- ives.	The Kings of <i>Sodom</i> and <i>Gomorrak</i> then, Hoping to train the King of <i>Elam's</i> men, Among the Clay-pits which themselves before (T' intrap the Foe) with boughs had covered o're, Ran thither-ward : but their confuséd flight, In their own Ambush made their own to light : Wherein they lost the flour of all their rest ; Sooner of death, then of death's fear possest.	420	Yet <i>Lot</i> alone (with a small troupe assisted) The Martiall brunt with manly breast resisted, And thirsting Fame, stands firmly looking for The furious hoste of <i>Chedorlaomer</i> : But as a narrow and thin-planted Cops, Of tender saplings with their slender tops, Is fell'd almost as soon as under-taken By Multitudes of Peasants Winter-shaken :	480	<i>Lot's value</i>
	One, as he flies with trembling steps the dart Which (from behind) nigh pierc't him to the heart, Tangling his foot with twyning tendrels tho Of a wilde Vine that neer a pit did grow, Stumbles, and tumbles in, hung by the heels Up to the Waste in water : where he feels A three-fold Fate : for there (O strange !) he found Three deaths in one ; at once <i>slain, hang'd &</i> <i>drown'd.</i>	430	<i>Lot's</i> little Number so environ'd round, Hemm'd with so many swords, is soon hew'n down. Then left alone, yet still all one he fares ; And the more danger, still the more he dares : Like a strange Mastiff fiercely set upon By mongrell Curs, in number ten to one : Who tyr'd with running (grown more cunning) gets Into some corner ; where upright he sits Upon his stern, and sternly to his foes His rage-full, foaming, grinning teeth he shewes, And snarles, and snaps ; and this and that doth bite,	490	<i>His unshak resolution.</i>
	Another, weening o'r a Well to skip, From the wet brim his hap-lesse foot doth slip, And in he falls : but instantly (past hope) He catcheth hold upon a dangling rope, And so at length with shifting hands gets-up By litle and litle to the fountain's top. Which <i>Thadael</i> spying, to him streight he hies, And thus aloud unto the wretch he cries ; Varlet, is this, is this the means you make, Your wonted yoke of <i>Elam</i> off to shake ? Is this your Skirmish ? and are these your blowes, Where-with t' incounter so courageous Foes ? Sir, leave your ladder ; this shall serve as well, This sword shall be your ladder down to Hell : Goe pay to <i>Pluto</i> (Prince of <i>Acheron</i>) The Tribute here deny'd unto your own : Here-with he draws his Fauchin bright and keen, And at a blow heaws both his arms off clean : His trickling hands held fast, down fell his Trunk, His bloud did swim, his body quickly sunk.	440	And stoutly still maintains th' unequal fight With equal fury, till (disdaining Death) His Enemies be beaten out of breath. <i>Arioch</i> , admiring, and (even) fearing too What <i>Lot</i> had done, and what he yet might doe ; Him princely meets, and mildly greets him thus : Cease (valiant youth) cease, cease t' incounter us. Wilt thou (alas !) wilt thou (poor soule) expose And hazard thus thy life and fame to lose, In such a Quarrell, for the cause of such ? Alas, I pitie thy misfortune much. For, well I see, thy habit and thy tongue Thine Arms (but most) thy courage (yet so young) Shew that in <i>SODOM's</i> wanton wals accurst Thou wert not born, nor in <i>Gomorrha</i> nurst. O chief of Chivalry, reserve thy worth For better wars : yeeld thee ; and think hence-forth I highly prize thy powers ; and, by my sword, For thousand kingdoms will not false my word.	500	<i>Sunk.</i>
	Another (roughly pushed by the Foe) Falls headlong down into a Bog below : Where, on his head deep planted in the mud With his heels upward like a Tree he stood ; Still to and fro, waving his legs and arms, As Trees are wont to wave in windy storms.	450	Past hope of Conquest (as past fear of death) <i>LOT</i> yeelds him then upon the Prince's Faith : And from his Camell quick-dismounting hies His Royall hand to kisse in humble wise : And th' Army, laden with the richest spoyl, Triumphantly to th' Eastward march the while.	510	<i>Lot taken prisoner.</i>
imile.	Another here (on hors-back) posting over A broad deep clay-pit that green boughs do cover, Sinks instantly ; and in his sudden Fate Seems the brave Horse doubly unfortunate : For, his own neck he breaks, and bruizing in (With the keen scales of his bright Brigandin) His Master's bowels, serves (alas !) for Tomb To him that yerst so many times did comb His crispy Crest, and him so frankly fed In 's hollow Shield with oats, and beans, and bread :	460	No sooner noyse of these sad novels came Unto the ears of faithfull <i>ABRAHAM</i> , But instantly he arms to rescue <i>LOT</i> , And that rich prey the Heathen Kings had got. Three hundred servants of his house he brings (But lightly arm'd with staves, & darts, and slings,	520	<i>Abraham his family goes to res Lot.</i>

ely descrip-
of Sleep,
his Cell,
ants, Furni-
and Com-

Ayded by MAMRE (in whose Plain he wons)
ASCOL and ANER (AMOR's valiant sons)
So at the heels he hunts the fear-lesse Foe,
Yet waits advantage yer he offer blow)
Favour'd by streightnesse of the wayes they took, 530
And cover'd close with night's deceitfull cloak.

In *Groon-land* field is found a dungeon,
A thousand-fold more dark then *Acheron* ;
It hath no door, lest as it turns about,
On rusty hooks, it creak too lowly out,
But *Silence* serves for Port and Porter there :
A gaggéd Usher that doth never wear
Stif-rustling silks, nor rattling chamlet sutes,
Nor gyngling spurs, nor creaking Spanish boots ;
But, that he make no noyse (when e're he sturs) 540
His high-day sutes are of the softest Furs ;
At other times (lesse-stately-service-full)
He's onely clad in cotton, shod in wooll :
His left fore-finger o're his lips he locks ;
With th' other beckens to the early Cocks,
The rushing streams, and roaring *Eolus*,
Seeming (though dumb) to whisper softly thus :
Sleep silver *Torrents* ; cease, sweet *Chante-cler*,
To bid *Good-morrow* to the *Morning* here :
Be still, ye Windes, keep in your native nest ; 550
Let not your storms disturb this house of Rest.

In midst of all this Cave so dark and deep,
On a still-rocking couch lies blear-ey'd *Sleep*,
Snorting aloud, and with his panting breath
Blowes a black fume, that all envapoureth :
Oblivion lies hard-by her drowzie brother
Who readily knowes not her selfe nor other :
Then solitary *Morpheus* gently rockt,
And nasty *Sloth* self-pyn'd, and poorly frockt,
Irresolute, unhandsome, comfortlesse, 560
Rubbing her eyes with Poppy, and doth presse
The yellow *Night-shade*, and blew *Gladiol's* juyce,
Where-with her sleep-swoln heavy lids she glews.
Confusedly about the silent Bed
Fantastick swarms of *Dreams* there hovered,
Green, red, and yellow, tawny, black, and blew :
Some sacred, some profane ; some false, some
true ;

Some short, some long ; some div'lish, some divine ;
Some sad, some glad ; but monstrous all (in fine) :
They make no noyse, but right resemble may 570
Th' unnumberd Moats which in the Sun do play,
When (at some Cranny) with his piercing eye
He peepeth in some darker place to spy.
Thither th' Almighty (with a just intent
To plague those Tyrants pride) his Angels sent,
No sooner entred, but the radiant shine
Of's glistring wings, and of his glorious eyn,
As light as Noon makes the darke House of Night.
The gawdy swarm of *Dreams* is put to flight :
And opening wide the sable Canapey 580
The wingéd Herald summon'd *Sleep* away.

Silence dislodg'd at the first word he spake :
But deaf-dead *Sleep* could not so soon awake.

Hee's call'd a hundred times, and tugg'd and touz'd,
And by the Angel often rubb'd and rouz'd :
At length he stirs, and stretching lazily
His legs and arms, and opening halfe an eye,
Foure or five times he yawns ; and leaning-on
His (Lob-like) elbow, hears This Message done.

Great Spir't's-restorer, Care's charm-Chasing-grief 590
Night-short'ning Sire, Man's-Rest, & Mind's Relief,
Up, up (said he) dispatch thee hence in poste
And with thy Poppy drench the conquering Hoste
Of those proud Kings, that (richly charg'd with Prey)
On *Canaan* Mountains lodge in dis-aray.

Th' Angel, in th' instant back to Heav'n-ward gon,
Sleep slowly harness his dull Bears anon ;
And, in a noys-lesse Coach all darkly dight,
Takes with him *Silence*, *Drowsinesse*, and *Night* :
Th' air, thickning where he goes, doth nod the head, 600
The Wolf in Woods lies down, th' Ox in the Mead,
Th' Orque under Water ; and on Beds of Down
Men stretch their limbs, and lay them softly down.
The Nightingale, pearcht on the tender spring
Of sweetest Haw-thorn, hangs her drowzie wing,
The Swallow's silent, and the loudest *Humber*,
Leaning upon the Earth, now seems to slumber :
Th' yeugh moves no more, the asp doth cease to shake
Pines bow their heads, seeming some rest to take.

So soon as *Sleep's* black wings had over-spread 610
The Pagan Hoast ; the Souldiers haste to bed :
For, instantly begin they all to wink,
To hang their heads, and let their weapons sink :
Their words-half-spoke are lost between their lips,
Through all their veins *Sleep's* charming humour slips,
Wch to a deep & death-like *Letharge* brings
Both Heathen Souldiers and their Heathen Kings.

Abram perceiving now the Army neer,
By their own Fires ; gan thus his Troups to cheer :
Souldiers (said he) behold this happy Night 620
Shall make amends for that dis-astrous Fight
Was fought in *Siddim*, and acquittance cry,
For *Sodom's* shame, and *Lot's* captivity ;
Me thinks, already *Victory* adorn'd
With Bowes, and Blades, and Casks, and Crowns
return'd

From th' Enemy, on our triumphant spears
Erecteth Tropheis far more rich then theirs ;
Me thinks, already on our glistering Crests,
The glorious Garland of the Conquest rests ;
Our way to vertue lyes so smooth and plain, 630
With pain-lesse Honour and unvent'red Gain.
This Hoast you see, is not the valiant Troup
That stript *Gomorrha*, and made *Segor* stoop ;
That *Jordan*, *Inde*, and *Euphrates* admire ;
But a foule Heard of Swine wall'wing in mire ;
Regard them as they are, not as they were ;
See but their sloth, doe not their number fear ;
He that 's asleep is dead, and he that 's dead
Bites not (they say) ; What have we then to dread ?
Why stay we, Lads ? already down they are, 640
Their throats be naked, and their bosoms bare,

Abram's oration
to his little Troup.

	<p>Their lives lie prostrate here at our command ; And fortune calls but for your helping hand. Come, follow me ; rather, the <i>Lord of Hoasts</i> (Terror of Tyrants) who through all the Coasts Of all the Earth confoundeth (with a thought) All worldly power, & brings men's plots to nought ; Come (happy Troup) follow with one accord Th' invincible brave Standard of the Lord.</p>		
	<p>This said ; eft-soons I wot not what a grace, What divine beam reflected on his face ;</p>	650	
Simile.	<p>For, as in March, the Serpent having cast His old foule skin crawls from his hole full fast, Hisses and stings, and stares us in the face, And (gold-like glistering) glides along the grass ; So Heav'n inspires fresh vigour in each part, His blood renews, his heart doth take new heart, A martiall fury in his breast there boyls, His stature seems much taller then yer-whiles ; Youth paints his cheeks with Rose and Lilly Dies, A lovely Lightning sparkles in his eyes ; So that his gallant Port and gracefull voyce Confirms the faintest, makes the sad rejoyce.</p>	660	
	<p>Then on the Camp he sets, where round about Lie mingled Carrs, and Horse, and Men, that rout ; Rest seizeth all ; and (wanting what it fed) The fire it self slept in his ashy bed.</p>		
<i>Abraham sets upon the Camp of Chedorleomer.</i>	<p>Th' <i>Hebrews</i> the-while laid-on back, or brest, Or arm, or side, according as their Rest To th' ground had bound them ; & those lives bereft</p>	670	
	<p>The which Death's Image in a Image reft. Here, one beheaded on a Trunk of Pine, Pours-out at once his gore, his ghost, and Wine ; The full Helm hops, and with a voyce confused, Murmurs, as if it his fell Fate accused. Another taken by enchanting sleep, Mid Pots and Cups, and Flagons quaffing deep, Doth at a wound, given in his ratling gorge, The Wine again in his own Cup dis-gorge. Another, while ingeniously he playes Upon his Lute some passing-pleasing Layes, Sleep seals his eyes up with a gloomy cloud ; And yet his hand still quavers light and loud : But, at the last it sinks ; and offering fair To strike the Base, strikes but the empty ayre : His soule, descending to th' Infernall Coasts, Goes to conclude his Song unto the Ghosts : Dolefull it was, not for the Argument (For 'twas of <i>Love</i>) but for the sad event. Another, wak'ned with those loud alarms, Starts-up and groapeth round about for arms ; Which, ah too soon he findeth, for his part : For a keen poignard stabs him to the heart.</p>	680	
	<p>Like as a Tigresse, having with the gore Of Buls, and Heifers made her spots the more, And pav'd a Plain with creatures' mangled limbs, Views on each side her valiant stratagemes, Treads on the vanquisht, and is proudly sad, That no more Foes, nor no more Maw she had :</p>	690	
Simile.			
	<p>So th' <i>Hebrew</i> stalking round about the slain, Braves (but it boots not) and would very fain That those dead bodies might their Ghosts re-gather, Or that those Moutains would produce him (rather) Some Foes more wakefull, that more manfully In bloud-drown'd Valleys might his valour try. <i>Amor's</i> three sons did no lesse slaughter make ; <i>Abram</i> for zeale, they but for furies' sake ; This, nails a Souldier with his Sword to th' ground ; That, at a blow, th' heads of two Heads dis-crownd. This, underneath a Chariot kills the driver : That, lops off legs and arms, and heads doth shiver.</p>	700	
	<p>The Tents already all in bloud doe swim, Gushing from sundry Corps, from severall lim. In briefe, so many ravening Wolves they seem, Within whose breast, fierce Famine biteth keen, Who softly stealing to some fold of Sheep (While both the Shepheard & his Curr doth sleep) Furbush their hungry teeth, tear, kill, and prey Upon the best, to eat and bear away.</p>	710	
	<p>Yet, at the length, the vanquishéd awake, And (re-aray'd) the Victors under-take ; Putting the three proud <i>Amorites</i>, to flight, Who but for <i>Abram</i>, had been routed quite. Sleep sleep (poor <i>Pagans</i>) sith you needs must dy, Go sleep again, and so dye easily, Dye yer you think on death, and in your Dreams Gasp-out your soules ; Let not your dazled beams Behold the havock and the horror too Of th' Execution, that our swords shall doe, Hacking your bodies to heaw-out your breaths, Yer death, to fright you with a thousand deaths, Said <i>Abraham</i> : and pointing every word With the keen point of his quick-whirled sword (As swift in doing, as in saying so) More fiercely chargeth the insulting Foe, Then ever storm-full cloud, which fed with water's Thin moist-ful fumes (y^e snowy moutains' daughters) Show'd heaps of hail-shot, or pour'd flouds of rain, On slender stems of the new tender grain :</p>	720	
	<p>Through bloud, and blades, through danger, dust and death,</p>	730	
	<p>Through mangled Corps and carrs he traverseth ; And partly in the shock, part with the blows, He breaketh in through thickest of his Foes, And by his travell topsi-turneth then The live and dead, and half-dead horse and men : His bright-keen Fauchin never threats, but hits ; Nor hits, but hurts ; nor hurts, but that it splits Some privie postern, whence to Hell (in Post) Some groaning Pagan may gasp out his ghost : He all assayls, and him so brave bestows, That in his Fight he deals more deaths then blows.</p>	740	Comparison
	<p>As the North-winde, re-cleering-up the front Of cloudy Heav'ns, towards the South doth hunt The shows that <i>Ansters</i> spungie thirst exhales Out of those Seas that circle <i>Oran's</i> wals ; So where-so-e're our <i>Hebrew</i> Champion wield His war-like weapon and his glistering shield</p>	750	Simile.

nites over-
rn by Abra-
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ile.

(Whose glorious splendor darts a dreadfull light)
All turn their backs, and all be-take to flight ;
Forgetting Fame, Shame, Vertue, Hope, and all, 760
Their hearts are don, and down their weapons fall :
Or, if that any be so strangely-stout
As not to faint, but bravely yet hold out,
Alas ! it boots not, for it cannot stop
The victory, but haste his own mishap.
But in what Fence-schoole, of what Master, say,
Brave Pearl of Souldiers, learn'd thy hands to play
So at so sundry weapons, such passados,
Such thrusts, such foyns, stramazos, and stoccados ?
Even of that mighty God, whose sacred might 770
Made Heav'n & Earth (& them so brave bedight)
Of meerly nothing ; of that God of Powr
Who swore to be thy Target and thy Tower ;
Of that high God who fortifies the weak,
Who teacheth his, even steely bowes to break ;
Who doth his Children's zealous hearts inflame,
But daunts the proud, and doth their courage tame.
Thy Sword abates th' armed, the strong, the stout ;
Thou cleav'st, thou kill'st : The faint dis-armed rout,
The lightning of thine eyes, thy voyces thunder, 780
And thy stern dreadfull port confounds with wonder ;
Death and Despair, Horror and Fury fight
Under thine Ensignes in the dismall Night ;
Thou slayest this, and that thou threat'st as much,
This thou pursu'st, that thou disdain'st to touch ;
In brief (thou blest Knight brave) thou quelst at once
Valiant and vile, arm'd and unarméd ones.
Here, thine even hand (even in a twinkling trice)
In equall halves a Pagan's head doth slyce :
Down on each shoulder looketh either halfe, 790
To gaze upon his ghastly *Epitaph*,
In lines of bloud writ round about him fair,
Under the curtain of his parted hair.
Here, through a Jerkin (more then Musket-prooffe)
Made twelve-fold double of East-country Buff,
Clean through and through thy deadly shaft doth
thrill
A gyant's bulk ; the wounded hulk doth reel :
The head behinde appears ; before, the feathers ;
And th' Ethnick soul flies both wayes out togethers :
Here thou dost cleave, with thy keen fauchin's force, 800
The Bards and Breast-plate of a furious Horse,
No sooner hurt, but he recoyleth back,
Writing his fortune in a bloody track :
Thy barbéd dart, here at a *Chaldee* flies,
And in an instant lardeth both his thighes,
While he (blaspheming his hard stars and state)
Hops (like a Pie) in stead of wonted gate.
Now LOT (the while) escapt from ELAM's hands,
Free from the burden of his yron bands ;
With just revenge retorts his taken wrong, 820
His feet grow swift, his sinnewes waxen strong,
His heart revives ; and his revived heart
Supplies new spirits to all and every part.
And as a wilde and wanton Colt, got out
Of some great Stable, staring scuds about,

Shakes his proud head and crest, yerks out his heels,
Butts at the ayre, beats on the humble fields,
His flying shadow now pursues amain,
Anon (amaz'd) flies it as fast again,
Again beholds it with selfe-proud delight, 820
Looks on his legs, sets his stiff tayl upright,
And neighs so loud to Mares beyond the Mound,
That with the noyse the neighbour hills resound :
So, one while LOT sets on a Troup of Horse,
A band of Sling-men he anon doth force,
Anon he pusheth through a Stand of Pikes,
A wing of Archers off anon he strikes,
Anon he stalks about a steepfull Rock,
Where some, to shun death's (never shunnéd) stroke,
Had clambred-up ; at length a path he spies, 830
Where up he mounts, & doth their Mount surprise :
Whence, stones he heaves, so heavy and so huge,
That in our Age, three men could hardly bouge ;
Under whose weight his flying Foes he dashes,
And in their flesh, bones, stones, and steel he pushes :
Sometimes he shoots, sometimes he shakes a Pike,
Which death to many, dread to all doth strike.
Some in the breast he wounds, some in the backs,
Some on the hanch, some on the head he hacks,
He heaws down all ! and maketh where he stood 840
A Mount of bodies in a Moat of bloud.
At length the *Pagans* wholly left the place,
Then both sides ran ; these chaséd, those to chase :
These onely use their heels ; those heels and hands :
Those wish but a fair way ; these that the sands
Would quickly gape, and swallow quick to Hell
Théselves that fled, & thē that chac't to fell :
These render nought but blows ; those nought but bloud :
Both sides have broke their ranks : pel-mel they scud ;
Choakt-up with dust, dis-ordered, dis-array'd : 850
Neither Command, Threat, nor Intreat obey'd.
Thou that (late) bragg'st, that thy white *Wormly*
brave
Could dry-foot run upon the liquid Wave :
And on the sand leaving no print behinde
Out-swifted Arrows, and out-went the Winde,
With a steel Dart, by ABRAH'M stify sent,
Art 'twixt thy Cuirace and thy Saddle slent :
And thou that thrice, neer *Tigris'* silver source,
Hadst won the Bell, as best in every Course,
Art caught by LOT, and (thrild from side to side) 860
Losest thy speed-praise, and thy life beside.
It seems no Fight, but (rather as befals)
An execution of sad criminals :
Who-so escapes the sword, escapes not so
His sad destruction ; or, if any tho
Escap't at all, they were but few (at least)
To rue the fatall ruine of the rest :
Tor th' Uncle and the Nephew never lin,
Till out of *Canaan* they have chac't them clean :
Like to a Cast of Falcons that pursue 870
A flight of Pigeons through the Welkin blew ;
Stooping at this and that, that to their Louer,
(To save their lives) they hardly can recover.

The Pagans
wholly put to
flight.

870 Simile.

	At his return from Fight, the Kings and Lords Of <i>Palestine</i> , with glad and humble words, Do welcome <i>Abram</i> and refresh his Troup ; To's knees their heads, to's feet their knees they stoop :		
The Kings of <i>Canaan</i> received <i>Abram</i> and his company with great joy, and the gratefull offer of their homage unto him.	O valliant Victor ! for thy high Deserts, Accept the homage of our humble hearts. Accept our gratefull zeale : or if ought more (As well thou mayst) thou dost expect therefore, Accept (said they) our Lands, our goods, our gold, Our wives, our lives, and what we dearest hold : Take all we have ; for all we have is thine : No wrong to us to take thy Valour's Fine.	88o	
<i>Melchisedec</i> blesseth <i>Abra- ham</i> .	<i>Melchisedec</i> , God's sacred Minister, And King of <i>Salem</i> coms to greet him there, Blessing his blisse, and thus with zealous cry Devoutly pierc't Heav'n's starfull Canapey : <i>Blest be the Lord</i> , that with his hand doth roule The radiant Orbs that turn about the Pole ; And rules the Actions of all humane-kinde With full command ; and with one blast of winde Razes the Rocks, and rends the proudest Hills, Dries-up the Ocean, and the empty firs : <i>Blest be the great God</i> of great <i>Abraham</i> : From Age to Age extolléd be his Name : Let every place unto him Altars build, And every Altar with his praise be fill'd, And every Praise above the Welkin ring As loud or louder then the Angels sing : <i>Blesséd</i> be He, that by an arm-lesse crew Of Art-lesse Shepherds did so quick subdue And tame the Tamers of <i>Great Syria</i> so ; And to the servants of an exil'd Foe Hath giv'n the Riches and the royall store (Both of their Booty and their Own before) Of such an Hoast of Nations that first see <i>Sol's</i> early rising from <i>Aurora's</i> knee.	89o	
	But <i>Abraham</i> , to prove that not for prey, He puts-on arms, divides the Spoils away ; The <i>Tythes</i> the <i>Priest's</i> : the Rest of all the things (Yerst lost in field) he renders to the Kings, Save but the Portion he participates To th' <i>Amorites</i> his stout Confederates ; Shewing himselfe a Prince as Politick, Prudent, and just, as stout and souldier-like, That with his Prowesse Policy can mell, And Conquering, can use his Conquest well ; Magnanimous in deeds, in words as meek, That scorning Riches, true renown doth seek.	90o	
<i>Abraham</i> distri- butes the booty, reserving only a portion for the <i>Amorites</i> that were his con- federates.	So, from the Sea, even to th' <i>Euphratean-source</i> , And even from <i>Dan</i> to <i>Nilus</i> crystall course, Rings his renown ; Of him is all the speech, At home, abroad ; among the poor and rich, In war and peace ; the Fame of his high deeds Confirms the Faithfull in their fainting Creeds ; And terrifies the Tyrant Infidels, Shaking the sides of their proud Citadels, That with their fronts the seat of <i>Jove</i> do scorn, And with their feet at <i>Pluto's</i> crown do spurn.	91o	
He is famous far and neere.		92o	
		93o	
	Voyce, Harp, and Timbrel sound his praise together. Hee's held a Prophet or an Angel rather ; They say that God talks with him face to face, Hoasts at his House, and to his happy Race Gives in <i>Fee-simple</i> all that goodly Land Even from the Sea, as far as <i>Tigris' Strand</i> . And it is certain, the <i>Thrice-sacred One</i> The King of kings, by Dream or Vision, Speaks with him oft ; and cal's him thus by name ; Faint not my servant, fear not <i>ABRAHAM</i> ; I am no fiend that with a fainéd lip Seek guilefully thy simpleness to trip, Nor to entice the (with a baen-full breath) To bite (like <i>ADAM</i>) a new fruit of death : 'Tis I, that brought thee from thy Native <i>Ur</i> , From night to day, from death to life (thus far) I brought thee hither, I have blest thee here, I with thy flocks have covered far and neer <i>Canaan's</i> fat Hills ; I have preserv'd thy Wife From strangers' lust, and thee from Tyrants' knife, When thy faint heart, and thy false tongue, affray'd To tell the truth, her and thy selfe betray'd : 'Tis I, that have so oft from Heathens' powr Preserv'd thy person ; and (as Conqueror) Now made thee triumph over th' Eastern Kings (Whereof so far thy famous Valour rings) : I am (in brieve) I am the Lord thy God, Thy help at home, thy Guide and Guard abroad : Keep thou my Covenant : and (to signifie, That to the World thou dy'st, to live to Mee) Go <i>Circumcise</i> forth-with thy Selfe and Thine, Lead holy Life walk in my Wayes divine With upright-foot : so shall my favour hant Thy House and thee, and thou shalt nothing want : No, I will make thee Lord of all the Land Which <i>Canaan's</i> Children have with mighty hand So long possesst ; a happy Land that flowes With milk and hony : a rich Land where growes (Even of it selfe) all kind of Fruit & Corn, Where smiling Heav'ns pour-down their Plentie's- horn : Ile heap thee there with Honour, Wealth, & Powr, I will be thy Reward, thy Shield, and Towr. O Lord (said <i>ABRAM</i>) though into my lap In showrs of gold ev'n all the Heav'ns should drop, What bootéd all, to me that am alone ? Alas ! my Lord, I have enough, for one That hath no issue after to inherit, But my good servant <i>ELEAZAR's</i> merit. Not so, my Son (replies th' Omnipotent) Mistake not so my bountifull intent ; Ile not disparage to a Servant's Fee The rich estate, and royall dignity That in my People shall hereafter shine : No, no (mine <i>ABRAM</i>) even a stock of thine, Thine own deer Nephews, even thy proper Seed Shall be thine Heirs, and in thy state succeed. Yea thine own Son's immortal-mortall Race Shall hold in gage the Treasures of my Grace.	94o	God app him, and covenants him.
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The Patriarch, then rapt with sudden joy, 990
 Made answer thus : Lives then my wandring Boy?
 Lives ISMAEL? is ISMAEL alive?
 O happy news! (Lord let him ever thrive)
 And shall his Seed succeed so eminent?
 Ah! let me dye then : then I dye content.
 ISMAEL indeed doth live (the Lord replies)
 And lives, to father mighty Progenies :
 For, from the Day when first his Mother (flying
 Thy jealous Sara's curst and threatfull crying)
 To the dry Desart's sandy horror hy'd, 1000
 I have for both been carefull to provide ;
 Their extreme Thirst due-timely to refresh,
 Conducting them unto a Fountain fresh,
 In liquid Crystall of whose Maiden spout
 Bird never dipt her bill, nor Beast his snowt.
 And if I erre not (but I cannot erre :
 For, what is hid from Heart's-Artificer?
 What can the Sight of the Sight-maker dim?)
 Another Exile yet attendeth him,
 Where-in he shall (in season) feel and finde, 1010
 How much to him I will be good and kinde.
 He shall grow great, yet shall his rest be small ;
 All shall make war on him, and he on all :
 Through Corslets, Rivers, Jacks, and Shirts-of Mail,
 His shaft shall thrill the Foes that him assail :
 A swift Hart's heart he shall (even running) hit ;
 A Sparrow's head he shall (even flying) split :
 And in the ayre shall make the Swallow cease
 His sweet-sweet note, and slicing nimbleness.
 Yea (O Saints-Firstling) only for thy sake, 1020
 Twelve mighty Princes will I shortly make
 Spring from his Loines, whose fruitfull seed shall sway
 Even unto *Swr* from golden *Havila*.
 Yet 'tis not He, with whom I mean to knit
 Mine inward Covenant ; th' outward seal of it
 ISMAEL may bear, but not the efficacy
 (Thy Son, but after flesh, not after Grace).
 But to declare that under Heaven's Frame,
 I hold nought deerer then mine ABRAHAM,
 Ile open SARA's dry and barren womb, 1030
 From whence thine ISAAC (Earth's delight) shall
 come,
 To glad the World ; a Son that shall (like thee)
 Support thy *Faith*, and prop her Family.
 Com from thy Tent, com forth & here contempe
 The golden Wonders of my Throne and Temple ;
 Number the Stars, measure their bignesse bright,
 With fixed eye gaze on their twinkling light,
 Exactly mark their ordred Courses driven
 In radiant Coaches through the Lists of Heav'n :
 Then mayst thou also number thine own Seed, 1040
 And comprehend their Faith, and plainly read
 Their noble Acts, and of their publike State
 Draw an *Idea* in thine own conceit.
 This, This is Hee, to, and with whom I grant
 Th' eternall Charter of my *Covenant* ;
 Which if he truly keep, upon his Race
 Ile pour an Ocean of my plenteous Grace :

Wf's
 itiness.

promised.

in the Cove-
 ratified.

Ile not alone give him the Fields here seen
 But even from *India* all that flowreth green
 To th' utmost Ocean's utmost sand and shelve ; 1050
 Ile give him Heav'n, Ile give him even my Selfe.
 Hence, hence, the *High & mighty Prince* shal spring Of his line shall
 Sin's, Death's, and Hel's eternall-taming King, come Christ the
 The sacred Founder of Man's sovereign Bliss, Redeemer.
 World's peace, world's ransom, & world's righteousness.
 Th' eternall seem'd then towards Heav'n to hie,
 Th' old-man to follow him with greedy eye.
 The sudden dis-appearing of the Lord,
 Seem'd like to powder, fired on a boord,
 When smoakingly it mounts in sudden flash, 1060
 With little flame, giving a little clash.
 Plenty and Pleasure had o'r-whelm'd the while
Sodom and *Gomor* in all Vices vile :
 So that, already the most ruth-less Rape
 Of tender Virgins of the rarest shape,
 Th' adulterous kiss (which Wedlock's bands unbides)
 Th' incestuous Bed, confounding Kindred's kinde
 (Where Father woecs the Daughter, Sister Brother,
 Th' Uncle the Niece, and ev'n the Son the Mother)
 They did not hate, nor (as they ought) abhor ; 1070
 But rather scorn'd, as sports they car'd not for.
 Forbear (dear Younglings) pray a-while forbear,
 Stand farther from me, or else stop your eare,
 At th' obscene sound of th' unbeseeming words
 Which to my *Muse* this odious place affords :
 Or, if its horror cannot drive you hence,
 Hearing their Sin, pray hear their Punishments.
 These beastly Men (rather these man-like Beasts)
 Could not be fill'd with VENUS' vulgar Feasts ;
 Fair Nature could not furnish their Desire ; 1080
 Some monstrous mess these Monsters did require :
 An execrable flame inflam'd their hearts,
 Prodigiously they play'd the Women's parts :
 Male hunted Male ; and acted, openly,
 Their furious Lusts in fruitless Venery.
 Therefore, to purge Ulcers so pestilent,
 Two Heav'nly Scowts the Lord to *Sodom* sent ;
 Whom (deeming Mortals) *Lot* importunates
 To take his Lodging, and to taste his Cates.
 For, Angels, being meer Intelligences 1090
 Have (properly) no Bodies, nor no Senses :
 But (sacred Legats of the *Holy-One*)
 To treat with us, they put our Nature-on ;
 And take a body fit to exercise
 The Charge they have, which runnes, and feeds, and
 flies ;
 Dures during their Commission ; and, that past,
 Turns t' Elements, whence first it was amasst.
 A simple Spirit (the glittering Childe of Light)
 Unto a bodie doth not so unite,
 As to the Matter Form incorporates : 1100
 But, for a season it accomodates,
 As to his Tool the quaint Artificer,
 (That at his pleasure makes the same to stir)
 Yet in such sort that th' instrument (we see)
 Holds much of him that moves it actively.

Prosperity
 plungeth the
 Sodomites in all
 manner of
 abominations.

Their most
 execrable sinne.

Two Angels sent
 downe, received
 and gusted by
Lot.

Of the nature and
 essence of Angels.

	But alwaies in some place are Angels : though Not as all-filling (God alone is so, The Spirit which all good spirits in spirit adore, In all, on all, with-out all evermore). Nor as inviron'd (That alone agrees To bodies bounded with extremities Of the next substance ; and whose superface Unto their place proportionable is) But rather, as sole-selvy limited, And joyn'd to place, yet not as quantiti'd ; But by the touch of their live efficacy Containing Bodies which they seem t' embrace : So, visibly those bodies move, and oft By word of Mouth bring arrands from aloft, And eat with us ; but, not for sustentation, Nor naturally, but by meer dispensation. Such were the sacred Guests of this good Prince : Such, courteous ABRAM feasted in his Tents, When, seeing three, he did adore but one ; Which, comming down from the celestial Throne, Fore-told the sad and sudden Tragedy, Of these loose Cities, for their Luxurie.	1110	
Exhortation to hospitality.	You that your Purse do shut, and doors do bar Against the cold, faint, hungry Passenger ; You little think that all our life and age Is but an Exile and a Pilgrimage : And that in earth whoso hath never given Harbour to strangers, shall have none in Heav'n, Where solemn <i>Nuptials</i> of the <i>Lamb</i> are held, Where Angels bright and souls that have excell'd, All clad in white, sing th' <i>Epithalamy</i> , Carousing <i>Nectar</i> of Eternitie.	1130	
The lustfull Sodomites inflamed with the beauty of the Angels, mutiny against <i>Lot</i> for harbouring them.	Sans <i>Hospitality</i> , the Pilgrim poor For Bed-fellow might have a Wolf or Boar : What e'er is given the Strange and Needy one, Is not a gift (indeed) but 't is a Loan, A Loan to God, who payes with interest ; And (even in this life) guerdons even the least. For, alms (like leaven) make our goods to rise, And God his own with blessings plentifulies. O Hosts, what know you, whether (charitable) When you suppose to feast men at your Table, You guest God's Angels in Men's habit hid, (Heav'n-Citizens) as this good <i>Hebrew</i> did ? Who supped them : & when the time grew meet To go to bed, he heard amid the street A wrangling, jangling, and a murmur rude, Which great, grew greater through night's solitude. For, those that first these two bright stars sur- veyed, Wilde, Stalion-like, after their beauties neigh'd ; But, seeing them by the chaste Stranger sav'd, Shame-less and sens-less up and down they rav'd, From House to House knocking at every doore, And beastly-brute, thus, they rayle and roare ; Brethren, shall we endure this Fugitive, This stranger <i>LOT</i> , our pleasures to deprive ? O Cowardise ! to suffer in our sights An exile here t' usurp our choyce delights,	1140 1150 1160	
	T' embrace a brace of Youths so beauteous (Rather two Gods com-down from Heav'n to us) ? Shall it be said that such an old cold stock Such rare young minions in his bed should mock, While wretchéd we, unto our selves make mone ? And (Widow-like) wear out our sheets alone ? Let's rather break his doors, and make him know, Such dainty morsels hang not for his Mow. Even as at Bathe, down from the neighbour hills, After a Snowe, the melting Crystall trails Into the Avon (when the Pythian Knight Strips those steep Mountains of their shirts so white) Through hundred Valleys gushing Brooks & Tor- rents, Striving for swiftnesse in their sundry Currents, Cutting deep Chanels where they chance to run, And never rest till all do meet in one : So, at their cry from every corner through Unto <i>LOT</i> 's house, Men, Children, old and young. For, common was this execrable sin, With blear-ey'd Age, as nusled long therein ; With Youth, through rage of lust ; with infancie, Example-led : all through Impunitie. And thus, they all cry out ; Ope, ope the door, Come, open quickly, and delay no more : Let forth that lovely pair, that they may proove With us the pleasures of Male-mingled love. <i>LOT</i> lowly then replies : Brethren and Friends, By all the names that amity commends, By Nature's Rules, and Rites of Hospitality, By sacred Laws, and Lessons of Morality, By all respects of our com-Burgership (Which should our minds in mutuall kindnes keep) I do abjure you all, that you refrain The honour of my harmlesse guests to stain, Nor in your hearts to harbour such a thought Whereby their Vertues may be wrong'd in ought. Base busie Stranger, com'st thou hither thus (Controller-like) to prate and preach to Us ? No (<i>Puritan</i>) thou shalt not here do so ; Therefore dispatch and let thy darlings goe ; Let-forth that lovely Payr, that they may prove With us the Pleasures of Male-mingled love. The horror of this sin, their stubborn rage, His sacred promise given his Guests for gage, Th' old <i>Hebrew</i> 's mind so trouble and dismay, That well he wots not what to doe nor say. For, though we ought not (if God's word be true) Doe any evill that good may ensue : To shun one ill, another ill he suffers, He prostitutes his issue ; and he offers, Lambs to the guard of Wolves : and thus he cries, I have (with that, the tears ran-down his eyes) I have two Daughters that be Virgins both ; Go, take them to you (yet alas full loth) Go, crop the first-fruits to their Bride-grooms due (O ! death to think it) : But let none of you Abuse my chaste Guests with such villany As merits Fire from Heav'n immediately ;	1170 1180 1190 1200 1210 1220	Smile. Let spall faire, and them out for the us his guest Their im- reply. He often own day rescue is

<p>monstrous ency.</p>	<p>A sin so odious that the Name alone Good men abhor, yea even to think upon. Tush : we are glutt'd with all granted loves, And common pleasures nought our pleasure moves ; LOT, our delights (ty'd to no law's conformity) Consist not in the pleasure, but th' inormity, Which fools abhor : and, saying so they rush, Some upon LOT, some at his gates do push. O curséd City ! where the agéd Sire, 1230 Un-able thus to doe, doth thus desire ; And younglings, yet scarce weaned from their nurse Strive with their Elders whether shall be worse ; Full is the measure of thy monstrous sin : Thy Canker now o'r all thy bulk hath bin.</p>	<p>And all things fresh'd with a pleasant ayr, 1280 To thrive, and prove more lively, strong and fair : But in this sink of Sin, this stinking Hell, A rain of Salt, of Fire, and Brimstone, fell. Salt did consume the pleasant fruitfulness, Which serv'd for fuell to their Wantonnesse : Fire punishéd their beastly Fire within : And Brimston's stink the stench of their foul Sin. So, as their Sin was singular (of right) Their punishment was also exquisite : Here open Flames, and there yet hidden Fires 1290 Burn all to ashes, sparing neither Spires Of brick nor stone, nor Columns, gates, nor arches, Nor bows, nor Towrs, nor even their neighbour- marches.</p>	<p>stone from heaven, and the reason therof.</p>
<p>ence in sin- doubles the of sin.</p>	<p>God hates all sin : but, extreme Impudence Is even a greater sin then the Offence : The sweet kinde Kisses of chaste Man and Wife Although they seem by God and Nature (rife) Rather commanded then allow'd, and grac't 1240 In their sweet fruits (their issue choicely-chaste) With law's large priviledge ; yet evermore (As Modesty and Honesty implore) Ought to be private, and (as things forbidden Unto the sight) with Night's black curtain hidden. Yet these foul monsters in the open street Where altogether all the Town might see't, Most impudent, dare perpetrate a sin Which Hell it selfe before had never seen ; A sin so odious, that the fame of it 1250 Will fright the damnéd in the darksom Pit. But now, the Angels, their celestiall kinde Un-able longer to conceal, strook blinde Those beastly Letchers, and brought safe away LOT and his household by the break of Day. But, O prodigious ! never rose the Sun More beautifull, nor brighter shin'd upon All other places (for he rose betimes To see such Execution on such Crimes) : And yet, it lowrs, it lightens, and it thunders 1260 It rores, it rains (O most unwonted wonders !) Upon this Land ; which 'gainst th' Omnipotent Had warr'd so long with sins so insolent : And 'gainst the pride of those detested livers, Heav'n seems to empty all his wrathfull Quivers. From <i>Acheron</i> even all the Furies hie, And all their Monsters them accompany, With all their tortures and their dismall terrors, And all their <i>Chaos</i> of confuséd Horrors ; All on the guilty strand of <i>Jordan</i> storm, 1270 And with their Fire-brands all to <i>Sodom</i> swarm ; As thick as Crows in hungry shoals do light On new-sow'n lands ; where stalking bold upright, As black as Jet they jet about, and feed On Wheat, or Rye, or other kinde of seed ; Kaaking so loud, that hardly can the Steer The whistling Goad-man's guiding language hear.</p>	<p>In vain the-while y^e People weep & cry, To see their wrack, and know no remedy : For, now the Flame in richest Roofs begun, From molten gutters scalding Lead doth run, The Slat's and Tyles about their ears do split, The burning Rafters Pitch and Rosin spet : The whirling Fire re-mounteth to the Skie, 1300 About the fields ten thousand sparks do flie ; Half-burnéd houses fall with hideous fray, And VULCAN makes Mid-night as bright as day : Heav'n flings down nought but flashing Thundershot, Th' Ayr's all a-fire, Earth's exhalations hot Are spewing <i>ÆTNAS</i> that to Heav'n aspire : All th' Elements (in brief) are turn'd to fire. Here, one perceiving the next Chamber burning, With suddain leap towards the window turning, Thinks to cry <i>Fire</i> : but instantly the smoke 1310 And flame without, his with-in Voice do choke : Another sooner feels then sees the Fire. For, while (O horror !) in the stinking mire Of his foul Lust he lies, a Lightning flash Him and his Love at-once to dust doth dash : Th' abhorréd Bed is burnt ; and they, aswell Coupled in Plague as Sin, are sent to Hell. Another yet on tops of Houses crawls : But his foot slips, and down at last he fals. Another feeling all his clothes a-fire, 1320 Thinking to quench them yer it should oom nigher, Leaps in a Lake : but all the Lake began To boyl and bubble like a seething Pan, Or like a Caldron that top-full of oyl, Environ'd round with fume and flame doth boyl, To boyl to death some cunning counterfeit That with false stamp some Princes Coyn hath beat. Another, seeing the City all in Cinders, Himselfe for safety to the field he renders : But flakes of fire, from Heav'n distilling thick, 1330 There th' horror of a thousand deaths do strike. Through <i>Adamah's</i> and <i>Gomer's</i> goodly Plains, <i>Sodom</i> and <i>Seboim</i> not a soul remains : Horse, Sheep, and Oxen, Cows and Kids partake In this revenge, for their vile Masters' sake. Thus hath the hand of the Omnipotent Inroll'd the <i>Deed</i> of their drad Punishment,</p>	<p>The same most lively represented.</p>
<p>e their fear- struction, ngels bring d his family ut of the</p>	<p>It rain'd indeed ; but, not such fertile raine As makes the Corn in Summer sprout amain ;</p>		
<p>manner of punishment e and brim-</p>			

	<p>With Diamant in Pen, on Plates of Brasse, With such an Ink as nothing can deface : The moulten Marble of these cindred Hills, 1340 <i>Asphaltis</i> Lake, and these poor mock-fruit Fields Keep the <i>Record</i> ; and cry through every Age, How God detesteth such detested Rage.</p>	<p>Set by some shepherd near the Copse's side, The more it struggles is the faster ty'd. And, as the venom of an eating Canker From flesh to flesh runs every day the ranker, 1400 And never rests, untill from foot to head O'r all the body his fell poyson spread :</p>	Simile
	<p>O chastisement most dradly-wonderfull ! Th' Heav'n-cindred Cities a broad standing Pool O'r-flowes (yet flows not) whose infectious breath Corrupts the Ayr, and Earth dis-fertileth : A Lake, whose back, whose belly, and whose shore, Nor Bark, nor Fish, nor Fowl hath ever bore. The pleasant Soyl that did (even) shame yer-while 1350 The plenteous beauties of the banks of <i>Nile</i>, Now scarr'd, and collow'd, with his face and head Cover'd with ashes is all dry'd and dead ; Voyd of all force, vitall, or vegetive ; Upon whose brest nothing can live or thrive : For, nought it bears save an abortive suit Of seeming-fair, false, vain and fainéd fruit : A fruit that feeds the eye, and fills the hand, But to the stomach in no stead doth stand ; For, even before it touch the tender lips, 1360 Or Ivorie teeth, in empty smoak it slips, So vanishing : onely the nose receives A noysome savour, that (behinde) it leaves.</p>	<p>This Vce creeps-up, and ceaseth not to num, Till ev'n the marrow hard as bones become, The brain be like the skull, and bloud convert To Alablaster over every part ; Her pulse doth cease to beat, and in the ay The windes no more can wave her scattered hair : Her belly is no belly, but a Quar Of <i>Cardon</i> Rocks, and all her bowels are 1410 A precious Salt-mine, supernaturall ; Such, as (but Salt) I wot [not] what to call ; A Salt, which (seeming to be fall'n from Heav'n) To curious Spirits hath long this Lesson giv'n, Not to presume in Divine things to pry, Which sev'n-times seal'd, under nine Locks do ly. She weeps (alas !) and as she weeps, her tears Turn into Pearls fro'm on her thinckling hairs ; Fain would she speak : but (forced to conceal) In her cold throat, her guilty words congeal ; Her mouth yet open, and her arms a-crosse, 1420 Though dumb, declare both why, & how she was Thus <i>Metamorphos'd</i> : for, Heav'n did not change Her last sad gestures in her sudden <i>Change</i>.</p>	1410
<p>Exhortation to Travellers that have scene, and to others that shall read or hear these fearefull monuments of God's severe Justice, to make right use of this fearefull example.</p>	<p>Here, I adjure you vent'rous Travellours, That visit th' horror of these curséd shores, And taste the venom of these stinking streams, And touch the vain fruit of these witheréd stems : And also you that doe behold them thus, In these sad Verses pourtray'd here by us, 1370 To tremble all, and with your pearly tears To showr another Sea ; and that your hairs Staring upright on your affrighted head Heave up your Hats ; and in your dismall dread, To thinke, you hear like Sulph'ry Stormes to strike On our new Monsters for offences like. For, the Almighty's drad all-danting arme Not onely strikes such as with <i>Sodom</i> swarme In these foul sins ; but such as sigh or pity <i>Sodom's</i> destruction, or so damn'd a Citie, And cannot constant with dry eyes observe 1380 God's judgements just on such as such deserve.</p>	<p>No gorgeous Mausole, grac't with flatt'ring verse, Eternizeth her Trunk, her House, and Herse ; But, to this Day (strange will it seem to some) One and the same is both the Corps and Tomb. Almighty Father ! Gracious God and Just ! O ! what hard-heartednesse, what brutish Lust, Pursueth man, if thou but turn thy face, 1430 And take but from us thy preventing grace ; And, if provokéd for our past offences, Thou give us up to our Concupisences ? O <i>Harran's</i> Neeces, you (<i>LOT's</i> daughters) saw <i>SODOM</i> consumed in that Sulph'ry flaw : Their Hills and Forrests calcined (in fine) Their liberall fields sow'n with a burning brine, Their stately houses like a Coale-pit smoaking. The Sun it self with their thick vapours choking : So that within a yard for stinking smother 1440 The Labourers cold hardly know each other ; Their flowring valley to a Fen exchange'd : And your own Mother to a Salt-stone chang'd : Yet all (alas !) these famous Monuments Of the just rigour of God's Punishments Cannot deterre you : but ev'n <i>Sodom</i>-like Incestiously a holy-man you seeke : Even your own Father, whom with wine you fill ; And then by turns intice him to your will Conceiving so (O can Heav'n suffer it !) 1450 Even of that seed which did your selves beget : Within your wombs you bear for nine months' time Th' upbraiding burden of your shame-lesse Crime ;</p>	<p>Man's p to fall w support gracious</p>
<p><i>Lot's wife</i> <i>Meta-</i> <i>morphosed.</i></p>	<p><i>LOT</i> hies to <i>SEGOR</i> : but his Wife behinde <i>Laggéd</i> in body, but much more in minde : She weeps and wayls (O lamentable terror ! O impious Pietie ! O kinde-cruell error !) The dire destruction of the smoaking Cities, Her Sons-in-Law (wch should have bin) she pities, Grieves so to leave her goods, and she laments To lose her Jewels and habilliments : And (contrary to th' Angels' Words precise) 1390 Towards the Town she turns her wofull eyes. But instantly, turn'd to a whitely stone, Her feet (alas !) fast to the ground be grown. The more she stirs, she sticks the faster in : As silly Bird caught in a subtile gin,</p>	<p>Even your own Father, whom with wine you fill ; And then by turns intice him to your will Conceiving so (O can Heav'n suffer it !) 1450 Even of that seed which did your selves beget : Within your wombs you bear for nine months' time Th' upbraiding burden of your shame-lesse Crime ;</p>	<p><i>Lot</i> drav daughters drunken commit both of t</p>
<p>Simile.</p>			

And troubling Kindred's names and Nature quite,
 You both become, even in one very night,
 Wives to your Fathers, Sisters to your Sons,
 And Mothers to your Brothers all at once ;
 All under colour that thus living sole,
 Sequestered thus in an unhaunted hole,
 Heav'n's envie should all ADAM'S race have reft, 1460
 And LOT alone should in the World be left.
 Had 't not been better, never to have bred,
 Then 't have conceivéd in so foul a bed ?

Had 't not been better never 't have been Mothers,
 Then by your Father, to have born your brothers ?
 Had 't not been better to the death to hate,
 Then thus 't have lov'd him that you both begate ?
 Him, so much yours, that yours he mought not be ?
 Sith of these Rocks God could immediately
 Have rais'd LOT Son-in-lawes ; or, striking but 1470
 Th' Earth's solid bosom with his brazen foot,
 Out of the dust have rearéd sudden swarms
 Of People, stay'd in Peace, and stout in Arms ?

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 12, 'every'—misprinted 'overy' in the original. L. 13, 'lists' = bounds, as of a race-course. L. 18, 'Sops-in-wine' = pinks as a species of gillyflowers. Nares describes it as a fanciful name ; but it was given from its being used to flavour wine and beer. L. 29, 'Hulling'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, for a full note. L. 55, 'Squire' = square—a frequent contemporary spelling without *rhythmica causa*. L. 67, 'compile' = compose. L. 80, 'hard-ruled' = hard-to-be-ruled. L. 118, 'contempling' = contemplating. L. 119, 'Seeling' = ceiling. L. 121, 'Treen' = trees, wood. L. 125, 'lists'—See on l. 13: *ib.*, 'reans' = reins. L. 170, 'Lad-age' = age-of-a-lad, youth. L. 181, 'Runagate' = runaway. L. 207, 'limber' = pliant, flexible. L. 238, 'Grooms' = servants. L. 288, 'Cask' = helm or helmet. L. 298, 'White' = mark—as for arrows. L. 301, 'enter-split' = inter-split. L. 333, 'affronting' = confronting or facing. L. 335, 'Moattings'—diminutive of 'motes.' L. 336, 'cipres' = gauzy. L. 341, 'all-senting' = all-scenting. L. 360, 'Mew' = close place, as Spenser:—

'Forth coming from her darksome mew.'—F. Q., i. v. 20.

L. 384, 'Morriions' = morions, *i.e.* a steel cap or helmet: *ib.*, 'Pouldrons' = armour for neck and shoulders—probably from epaule (Nares, *s.v.*): *ib.*, 'Vant-brace' = vant or vam-brace, *i.e.* defensive armour for the arm. So Shakespeare:—

'And in my vant-brace put this wither'd brawn.'
 (Troilus & C. i. 3.)

L. 387, 'reeking' = reckoning. L. 403, 'Boarws' = boughs. L. 408, 'topsi-turvi'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, and l. 744. L. 417, 'train' = to mislead by stratagem, as substantively in Macbeth (iii. 4):—

————— 'Devilish Macbeth
 By many of these trains hath sought to win me.'

So Spenser, F. Q., i. iii. 24. L. 448, 'Fauchin' = falchion. See l. 746. L. 469, 'damage' = damage. L. 520, 'novels' = news: *nouvelle* (French). This is an apter example than Todd quotes from our Sylvester. L. 526, 'wons' = dwells. L. 531, 'deceitfull' = deceiving? L. 532, 'Groom-land'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.* L. 536, 'Port' = gate. L. 538, 'chamlet' = a parti-coloured stuff. L. 548, 'Chante-cleer'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.* L. 562, 'Gladiol's' = gladiolus. L. 589, 'Lob-like' = clown-like. L. 602, 'Orque' = a marine mythical animal. L. 606, 'Humber' = hummer. L. 615, 'charming' = using a 'charm.' L. 718, 'Furbush' = furbish. L. 748, 'Post' = in post-haste. L. 768, 'passados' = fencing term. L. 769, 'foyns' =

to push in fencing: *ib.*, 'stramasos' = direct descending cut of a sword. L. 796, 'thrill' = pierce. See l. 860: *ib.*, 'stocados' = thrust in fencing. L. 799, 'Ethnick' = heathen. L. 801, 'Bards'—usually corrupted into 'barbed'—barde or barred, armed. L. 807, 'Pie'—bird so named—a graphic if somewhat grotesque metaphor. L. 833, 'bouge' = budge. L. 835, 'pashes' = crushes. L. 852, 'Wormly brave'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.* L. 857, 'slent' = slain. L. 868, 'lin' = cease. L. 870, 'Cast' = a flight. L. 918, 'mell' = mingle. L. 935, 'Hoasts'—noticeable verb-form. L. 986, 'Nephews' = descendants generally, 'seed.' L. 989, 'gage' = pledge. So l. 1207. L. 1014, 'Rivers'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*: *ib.*, 'Jacks' = jackets. L. 1019, 'slicing nimbleness'—a peculiarly felicitous descriptive word, as all will allow who have watched the swallow on the wing. L. 1034, 'contempe' = contemplate. L. 1096, 'Dures' = endures. L. 1119, 'arrands' = errands. L. 1148, 'guest.' Cf. on l. 935. L. 1150, 'supped' = suppered. L. 1167, 'minions' = associates, in a bad sense. L. 1171, 'Mow' = mouth, used in the Nursery still: *Scottic* 'moo.' L. 1173, 'trils' = trickles. L. 1174, 'Pythian Knight'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.* L. 1183, 'nuzled' = nuzzled, nursed. L. 1194, 'com-Burgership' = common citizenship. L. 1298, 'Slats' = slates. L. 1338, 'Diamant' = diamond. L. 1352, 'collow'd' = blackened—a fine example. See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, for a full note. L. 1354-5. The vulgar notion ; but I myself saw a jungle of vegetation on the shore, and storks and cranes and other birds among the reeds, and sea-birds rocking on the crystal-clear water and flocks flying all round. I also gathered some pretty little flowers within a gunshot of the beach. But I looked in vain for any shellfish. It is now admitted that the doomed cities were on the mountain-sides and plains, not on the site of the Dead Sea. Holy Scripture gives no real warrant for this popular notion. L. 1361, 'in empty smook it slips'—I found the so-called 'Dead Sea fruit' abundant in the Sinaitic desert—pale yellow with a touch of pink as on cheek of a peach, and when fully ripe the interior, when you broke through the shell-like rind, was black and ashy. They were not plentiful at the Dead Sea ; but a few were met with near Jericho. There is enough of truth in the thing to give ground for the now familiar illustration of the text. L. 1408, 'Quar' = quarry. L. 1411—I have filled in an omitted 'not.' L. 1417, 'fro'rn' = froary: *ib.* 'thinkling' = tinkling. L. 1424, 'Mausole' = mausoleum. L. 1425, 'Trunk' = body. L. 1468, 'mought' = might. L. 1471, 'brusen foot' = brass-strong foot—the reference is to the old classic myth.—G.



The Fathers.

A PART OF THE
SECOND PART
OF THE THIRD DAY
OF THE II. WEEKE.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The famous FATHER of the Faithfull, here
Limn'd to the life, in strife of Faith and Feare :
His Son's sweet Nature, and his nurture such,
Eudeer his TRIALL with a nearer Touch :
REASON's best Reasons are by FAITH refell'd ;
With GOD, th' Affection, for the Action held ;
So, counter-manding His Command (atchiev'd)
The Sire's approv'd, and the Son repriv'd.* 10
*Here (had our Author liv'd to end his Works)
Should have ensu'd the other PATRIARCHS.*

O ! 'Tis a Heav'nly and a happy turn,
Of godly Parents to be timely born :
To be brought-up under the watchfull eyn
Of milde-sharp Master's awfull Discipline :
Chiefly, to be (even from the very first)
With the pure milk of true Religion nurst.
Such hap had *Isaac* : but his Inclination
Exceeds his Birth, excels his Education. 20
His Faith, his Wit, Knowledge, & Judgement sage,
Out-stripping Time, anticipate his age.
For (yet a Childe) he fears th' Eternall Lord,
And wisely waits all on his Father's word ;
Whose steady steps so duly he observes,
That every look, him for a lesson serves ;
And every gesture, every wink and beck,
For a command, a warning, and a check :
So that, his toward Diligence out-went
His father's hopes and holy document. 30
Now, though that *Abram* were a man discreet,
Sober and wise, well-knowing what is meet ;

Though his dear Son sometimes he seem to chide,
Yet hardly can he his affection hide :
For, evermore his love-betraying eye
On 's darling *Isaac* glanceth tenderly :
Sweet *Isaac's* face seems as his Glass it were,
And *Isaac's* Name is musick in his care.
But God, perceiving this deep-settled Love,
Thence takes occasion *Abram's* Faith to prove ; 40
And tempteth him : but not as doth the Divell
His Vassals tempt (or man his Mate) to evill :
Satan still draws us to Death's dismall Path ;
But God directs where Death no entry hath :
Ay Satan aymes our constant Faith to foyl ;
But God doth seal it, never to recoyl :
Satan suggesteth ill ; God moves to grace :
The Divell seeks our Baptisme to deface ;
But God, to make our burning *Zaal* to beam
The brighter ay in his *Jerusalem*.
A Prince, that means effectuall proof to make 50
Of some Man's faith that he doth newly take,
Examins strictly, and with much a-doe,
His words and deeds, and every gesture too ;
And, as without, within as well to spy-him,
Doth carefully by all means sift and try-him,
But God ne'r seeks by Triall of Temptation
To sound Man's heart and secret cogitation
(For, well he knowes Man, and his eye doth see
All thoughts of Men yer they conceiv'd be) : 60
But this is still his high and holy drift,
When through Temptation he his Saints doth sift,
To leave for pattern to his Church's seed
Their stedfast Faith, and never-daunted Creed. —

Yet, out of season God doth never try
 His new-converted Children, by and by ;
 Such novices would quickly faint and shrink,
 Such ill-rigg'd ships would even in lanching sink ;
 Their Faith's light blossoms would with every blast
 Be blown away and bear no fruit at last ;
 Against so boystrous strokes they want a shield ; 70
 Under such weight their feeble strength would yield.
 But when his Word's dear seed, that he hath sown
 Within their hearts, is rooted well and grown :
 And when they have a broad thick Breast-plate on,
 High peril-proof against affliction ;
 Such as our *Abram* : Who, now wexen strong
 Through exercise of many trials long,
 Of Faith, of Love, of Fortitude and right.
 Who, by long weary wandrings day and night,
 By often Terrors, *Lot's* imprisonment, 80
 His Wife's twice taking, *Ismael's* banishment,
 Being made invincible for all assaults
 Of Heav'n and Earth, and the infernall Vaults ;
 Is tempted by the voyce which made all things,
 W^{ch} sceptereth Shepherds, and un-crowneth Kings.
 Give me a Voyce, now, O Voyce all-divine !
 With sacred Fire inflame this breast of mine ;
 Ah ! ravish me, make all this Universe
 Admire thine *Abram* pourtray'd in my Verse.
 Mine *Abram*, said the Lord, dear *Abraham*, 90
 Thy God, thy King, thy Fee, thy Fence *I am* :
 Hie straight to *Salem*, and there quickly kill
 Thine owne Son *Isaac* ; on that sacred Hill
 Heaw him in pieces, and commit the same
 In sacrifice unto the ragefull Flame.
 As he, that slumbring on his carefull Bed,
 Seems to discern some Fancie full of dread ;
 Shrinks down himselfe, and fearfull hides his face,
 And scant draws breath in half an bower's space : 100
 So *Abraham*, at these sharp-sounding words
 (W^{ch} wound him deeper then a thousand swords)
 Seized at once with wonder, griefe, and fright,
 Is well nigh sunk in Death's eternall night ;
 Death's ash-pale Image in his eyes doth swim,
 A chilling Yce shivers through every lim ;
 Flat on the ground himselfe he groveling throwes,
 A hundred times his colour comes and goes ;
 From all his body a cold deaw doth drop,
 His speech doth fail, and every sense doth stop.
 But, self-return'd, two sounding sobs he cast, 110
 Then two deep sighs, then these sad words at last ;
 Cruell command, quoth He, that I should kill
 A tender Infant, innocent of ill ;
 That in cold bloud I (barbarously) should murder
 My (fear-less, fault-less) faithful friend ; nay (further)
 Mine own dear Son : and what dear Son ? Alas !
 Mine onely *Isaac* (whose sweet Vertues passe
 The lovely sweetnesse of his Angel-face)
Isaac, sole pattern of now-Vertue known,
Isaac, in years young, but in wisdom grown ; 120
Isaac, whom good men love, the rest envie ;
Isaac, my heart's heart, my life's life, must dye.

That I should stain an execrable Shrine
 With *Isaac's* warm bloud, issued out of mine.
 O ! might mine serve 't were tolerable losse,
 'T were little hurt ; nay, 't were a welcom crosse.
 I bear no longer fruit : the best of Mee
 Is like a fruit-lesse, branch-lesse, sap-lesse Tree,
 Or hollow Trunk, which onely serves for stayes 130
 To crawling Ivie's weak and winding spraiies.
 But, losing *Isaac*, I not onely leese
 My life withall (which Heav'ns have linkt to his)
 But (O !) more millions of Babes yet un-bore,
 Then there be sands upon the *Libyan* shore.

Canst thou mine Arm ? O ! canst thou, cruell arm,
 In *Isaac's* breast thy bloody weapon warm ?
 Alas ! I could not but even dye for griefe,
 Should I but yeeld mine Age's sweet reliefe
 (My blisse, my comfort, and mine eyes' delight) 140
 Into the hands of hang-men's spare-lesse spight :
 But, that mine own selfe (O extremest Rigour !)
 What my selfe formed, should, my selfe, disfigure :
 That I (alas !) with bloody hand, and knife,
 Should rip his bosome, rend his heart and life :
 That (odious Author of a Precedent
 So rarely ruth-lesse) I should once present,
 Upon a sacred Altar, an Oblation
 So barbarous (O brute abomination !)
 That I should broil his flesh, and in the flame 150
 Behold his bowels crackling in the same ;
 'Tis horrible to think and hellish too,
 Cruell to wish, impossible to doe.

Doe't he that lists, and that delights in bloud ;
 I neither will nor can become so wood,
 T' obey in this : God, whom we take to be
 Th' eternall Pillar of all verity,
 And constant faith ; will he be faith-lesse now ?
 Will he be false, and from his promise bow ?
 Will he (alas !) undoe what he hath done ?
 Mar what he makes, and lose what he hath won ? 160
 Sail with each winde ? and shall his promise, then,
 Serve but for snares t' intrap sincerest men ?
 Sometimes, by his eternall self he swears,
 That my Son *Isaac's* number-passing Heirs
 Shall fill the Land, and that his fruitfull Race
 Shall be the blessed leaven of his Grace ;
 Now he commands me his dear life to spill,
 And in the Cradle my Health's Hope to kill,
 To drown the whole World in the bloud of him ;
 And at one stroke, upon his fruitfull stem, 170
 To strike off all the heads of all the flock
 That should hereafter his drad Name invoke,
 His sacred nostrils with sweet smels delight,
 His ears with prayes, with good deeds his sight.
 Will God impugn himselfe ? and will he so
 By his command his Cov'nant overthrow ?
 And shall my faith my faith's confounder be ?
 Then faith, or doubting, are both one to me.
 Alas ! what sayst thou, *Abram* ? pause thou must.
 He that revives the *Phenix* from her dust, 180

And from dead Silk-worms' Tombs (their shining Clews)
 A living Bird with painted wings renews ;
 Will he forget *Isaac* the onely stock
 Of his chaste spouse (his Church, and chosen Flock)?
 Will he forget *Isaac* the onely Light
 Of all the World, for Vertue's lustre bright?
 Or, can he not (if 't please him) even in death
 Restore him life, and re-inspire him breath?

But mark, the while thou bringest for defence
 The All-proof Towr of his Omnipotence, 190
 Thou shak'st his Justice. This is certain (too)
 God can do all, save that he will not doe.
 He loves none ill : for when the wreakfull Waves
 Were all return'd into their wonted Caves ;
 When all the Meads, and every fruitful Plain,
 Began with joy to see the Sun againe ;
 So soon as *Noah* (with a gladsome heart)
 Forth of his floating Prison did depart,
 God did forbid Murder : and nothing more
 Then Murder doth his *Majestie* abhor. 200

But (shallow man) sound not the vaste Abyss
 Of God's deep Judgements, where no ground there is :
 Be sober-wise : so, bound thy frail desire :
 And, what thou canst not comprehend, admire.
 God our Law-maker (just and righteous)
 Maketh his Laws, not for himselfe, but us.
 He frees himselfe ; and flees with his Powr's wing,
 No where, but where his holy will doth bring :
 All that he doth is good : but not therefore
 Must he needs doe it 'cause 't was good before : 210
 But good is good, because it doth (indeed)
 From him (the Root of perfect good) proceed :
 From him, the Fountain of pure righteousness :
 From him, whose goodness nothing can expresse.

Ah profane thoughts ! O wretch ! & thinkst thou
 then
 That God delights to drink the bloud of men ?
 That he intends by such a strange impiety
 To plant his service ? You, you forgéd deity
 Of *Molech*, *Milchom*, *Camosh*, *Astaroth*,
 Your damnéd shrines with such dire *Orgies* blot : 220
 You Tyrants you delight in sacrifice
 Of slaughtered Children : 't is your bloody guise
 (You cruell Idols) with such *Hecatombs*
 To glut the rage of your outrageous dooms :
 You hold no sent so sweet, no gift so good,
 As streaming Rivers of our luke-warm bloud :
 Not *Abram's* God (ay gracious, holy, kinde)
 Who made the World but onely for Mankinde :
 Who hates the bloody hands ; his Creatures loves ;
 And contrue hearts for sacrifice approves. 230
 You, you, disguis'd (as Angels of the light)
 Would make my God Author of this despight,
 Supplant my Faith on his sure promise built,
 And stain his Altars with this bloody guilt.

No, no, my Joy, my Boy, thrice-happy borne
 (Yea, more then so, if furious I, forlorn,
 Hurt not thy Hap) a Father shalt thou bee
 Of happy People that shall spring from thee.

Fear not (dear Childe) that I, unnaturall,
 Should in thy bloud imbrue my hand at all : 240
 Or by th' exploit of such detested deed
 Commend my name to them that shall succeed.
 I will, the Fame that of my name shall ring
 In time to come shall flee with fairer wing.

The lofty Pine, that's shaken to and fro 250
 With Counter-puffs of sundry windes that blow,
 Now, swaying Southwards, tears som root in twain,
 Then bending North-wards, doth another strain,
 Reels up and down, tost by two Tyrants fell,
 Would fall, but cannot ; neither yet can tell 250
 (Inconstant Neuter, that to both doth yeeld)
 Which of the two is like to win the Field ;
 So *Abraham*, on each side set-upon
 Betwixt his Faith and his Affection ;
 One while his Faith, anon Affection swaies ;
 Now wins Religion, anon Reason waighs ;
 Hee's now a fond, and then a faithfull, Father :
 Now resolute, anon relenting rather ;
 One while the Flesh hath got the upper hand :
 Anon the Spirit the same doth countermand. 260
 Hee's loth (alas !) his tender Son to kill ;
 But much more loth to break his Father's will.
 For thus (at last) He saith, Now sure I know,
 'T is God, 't is God ; the God that loves me so,
 Loves, keeps, sustains : whom I so oft have seen :
 Whose voyce so often hath my comfort been.
 Illuding Sathan cannot shine so bright,
 Though Angellis'd : No, 't is my God of Might.
 Now feel I in my Soule (to strength and stir-it)
 The sacred Motions of his sacred Spirit. 270
 God, this sad Sacrifice requires of me ;
 Hap what hap may, I must obedient be.

The sable Night dis-lodg'd, and now began
Aurora's Usher with his windy Fan
 Gently to shake the Woods on every side,
 While his fair *Mistresse* (like a stately Bride)
 With Flowrs, and Gems, & *Indian* Gold, doth
 spangle
 Her lovely locks, her Lover's looks to tangle ;
 When gliding through the Ayre in Mantle blew,
 With silver fring'd, she drops the pearly dew. 280
 With her goes *Abram* out ; and the third day,
 Arrives on *Cedron's* Margents greenly gay,
 Beholds the sacred Hill, and with his Son
 (Loaden with sacred Wood) he mounts anon.
 Anon, said *Isaac* ; Father, here I see
 Knife, fire and fagot, ready instantly :
 But where's your *Hoste* ? O ! let us mount, my Son.
 Said *Abram* : God will soon provide us one.
 But, scant had *Isaac* turn'd his face from him
 A little faster the steep Mount to climbe, 290
 Yer *Abram* changéd cheer ; and, as new Wine,
 Working a-new, in the new Cask (in fine) 300
 For being stopt too-soon, and wanting vent,
 Blows up the Bung, or doth the vessell rent,
 Spews out a purple stream, the ground doth stain
 With *Bacchus* colour, where the Cask hath lain :

So now the Tears (which manly fortitude
 Did yerst as captive in the Brain include)
 At the dear names of Father and of Son,
 On his pale cheeks in pearly drops did run : 300
 His eyes' full vessels now began to leake ;
 And thus th' old *Hebrew* muttering 'gan to speak
 In submisse voyce, that *Isaac* might not hear
 His bitter griefe, that he unfoldeth here.
 Sad spectacle ! O now my hap-lesse hand,
 Thou whetst a sword, and thou dost teend a brand ;
 The brand shal burn my hart, the sword's keen blade
 Shall my bloud's bloud, and my life's life, invade :
 And thou poor *Isaac*, bearest on thy back
 Wood that shall make thy tender flesh to crack ; 310
 And yeeld'st thee (more for mine than thine amiss)
 Both Priest and Beast of one same Sacrifice.
 O hap-lesse Son ! O more than hap-lesse Sire !
 Most wicked wretch ! O what mis-fortune dire
 In-gulfs us here ! where miserable I,
 To be true godly, must God's Law deny :
 To be true faithfull, must my faith transgresse ;
 To be God's Son, I must be nothing lesse
 Than *Isaac's* Sire ; and *Isaac* (for my sake)
 Must Soile, and Sire, and Life, and all forsake. 320
 Yet on he goes, and soon surmounts the Mount ;
 And, steel'd by Faith, he cheers his mournfull
 Front :
 (Much like the *Delian Princesse*, when her Grace
 In *Thetis'* Waves hath lately washt her face)
 He builds his Altar, layes his Wood there-on,
 And tenderly binds his dear Son anon.
 Father, said *Isaac*, Father, Father deare
 (What? doe you turn away, as loth to heare ?
 O Father, tell me, tell me what you mean :
 O cruelty unknown ! Is this the mean 330
 Whereby my loynes (as promised long since-is)
 Shall make you Grandsire of so many Princes ?
 And shall I (glorious) if I here do dye,
 Fill Earth with Kings, with shining stars the Skie ?
 Back, *Phabus* : blush, go hide thy golden head ;
 Retire thy Coach to *Thetis'* watery Bed :
 See not this savage sight. Shall *Abraham's* minde
 Be milde to all, and to his Son unkinde !
 And shall great *Abram* doe the damnéd deed
 That Lions, Tigers, Boars and Bears would dread ! 340
 See how (incenst) he stops his ear to mee,
 As dreaming still on's bloody Mysterie.
 Lord, how precise ! see how the Paricide
 Seems to make conscience in lesse sins to slide :
 And he, that means to murder me (his Son)
 Is scrupulous in smaller faults to run.
 Yet (Father) heare me ; not that I desire
 With sugréd words to quench your Anger's fire :
 In God's Name reap the Grain your self have sow'n,
 Come take my life, extracted from your own, 350
 Glut with my bloud your blade, if you it please
 That I must dye ; welcome my death (mine ease) :
 But, tell me yet my fault (before I dy)
 That hath deserv'd a punishment so high.

Say (Father) have I not conspir'd your death ?
 Or, with strong poyson sought to stop your breath ?
 Have I devis'd to short my Mother's life ?
 Or, with your Foes ta'en part in any strife ?
 O thou Æthereall Palace Crystalline
 (God's highest Court) if in this heart of mine 360
 So damnéd thoughts had ever any place,
 Shut-up for ever all thy Gates of Grace
 Against my Soule ; and suffer not, that I
 Among thy wingéd Messengers do fly.
 If none of these, *Abram* (for I no more
 Dare call thee Father) tell me furthermore
 What rests besides, that damnéd I have done,
 To make a Father butcher of his Son ?
 In memorie, that fault I fain would have,
 That (after God's) I might your pardon crave 370
 For such offence ; and so, th' Attonement driv'n,
 You live content, that I may dye forgiv'n.
 My Son, said he, thou art not hither brought
 By my fell furie, nor thine own foul fault ;
 God (our God) cals thee, and he will not let
 A Pagan sword in thy dear bloud be wet ;
 Nor burning plague, nor any pining pain
 With langour turn thy flesh to dust again ;
 But sacrific'd to him (for sweet perfume)
 Will have thee here within this fire consume. 380
 What? Fears my Love, my Life, my Gem, my Joy ?
 What God commands, his servants must obey,
 Without consulting with frail flesh and blood,
 How he his promise will in time make good ;
 How he will make so many Scepters spring
 From thy dead dust : How He (All-wise) wil bring,
 In his due season, from thy sense-lesse Thighes,
 The glorious Son of righteousness to rise
 Who shall the Mountains bruise with yron Mace,
 Rule Heav'n and Earth, and the Infernall place. 390
 For he that (past the course of Nature's Kinde)
 First gave thee birth, can with his sacred Winde
 Raise thee again out of the lowest dust,
 Ten thousand means he hath to save the Just :
 His glorious wisdom guides the World's societie
 With equal reans of Power and of Pietie.
 Mine own sweet *Isaac*, dearest of my seed
 (Too-sweet alas ! the more my griefe doth bleed,
 The more my loss ; the more with ease-less anguish
 My vexéd Bowels for thy lack shall languish). 400
 Adieu, dear Son (no longer mine, but His
 Who cals thee hence) let this unhappy kisse
 Be the sad seal of a more sad Farewell
 Than wit can paint, or words have powr to tell. —
 Sith God commands, and (Father) you require
 To have it so, Come death (no longer dire,
 But glorious now) come gentle death, dispatch :
 The Heav'ns are open, God his arms doth reach
 T' imbrace my Soule : O ! let me bravely fly
 To meet my Lord, and death's proud darts defe. 410
 What, Father? weep you now? Ah ! cease those
 shows
 Weep not for me ; for I no more am yours :

<p>I was the Lord's yer I was born, you know ; And he but lent me for a while to you : Will you recoil, and (Coward) lose the Crown So neer your head, to heap you with renown ? Shall we so dare to dally with the Lord ? To cast his yoke, and to contemn his Word ? Where shall we fly his hand? Heav'n is his Throne : The Earth his foot-stool : and dark <i>Acheron</i> 420 (The Dungeon where the damnéd soules be shut) Is of his Anger evermore the Butt. On him alone all our good hap depends : And he alone from dangers us defends. Ah ! weep no more ; This sacred Turf doth crave More bloud then tears : let's so our selves behave, That, joynd in zeal, we yeeld us willingly To make a vertue of necessity. Let 's testifie, we have a time abod ; I, in your School ; you, in the School of God : 430 Where we have learnéd, that his sacred Word (Which made of nothing all that ever stirr'd : Which all sustains, and all directeth still) To divers ends conducts the good and ill. Who loves not God more then all Kinn's respect, Deserves no place among his dear Elect ; And who doth once God's Tillage under-take, Must not look back, neither his Plough forsake. Here-with, th' old <i>Hebrew</i> cheerfuller became, And (to himselfe) cries, Courage <i>Abraham</i> : 440 The World, the Flesh, <i>Adam</i>, are dead in thee ; God, Spirit, and Faith, alone subsisting be. Lord, by thy Spirit unto my spirit annex So lively Faith, that still mine eyes may fix On thy true <i>Isaac</i>, whose sharp (sin-lesse) Suffering Shall purge from Sin me and my sinfull Offering. Scarce had he drawn his Sword (in resolution) With heavéd hand for instant execution, When instantly the thundring Voyce of God Staid heart, and hand, and thus the fact forbod ? 450 <i>Abram</i>, enough ; hold, hold thy hand (said he) Put-up thy sword ; thine <i>Isaac</i> shall not dye ; Now, of thy Faith I have had perfect proof ; Thy Will for Deed I doe accept : Enough. Glad <i>Abram</i>, then, to God gives thanks & praise, Unbindes his Son, and in his room he layes A Lamb (there strangely hamp'red by the head) And that to God devoutly offeréd. Renownéd <i>Abraham</i>, Thy noble Acts Excell the Fictions of <i>Heroik</i> Facts : 460 And that pure law a Son of thine should write, Shall nothing else but thy brave deeds recite. Extoll who list thy wisdom's excellence, Victorious Valour, frank Beneficence, And Justice too (which even the <i>Gentiles</i> honor) : Ill dares my <i>Muse</i> take such a task upon-her. Onely thy Faith (not all, with all th' effects) Onely one fruit of thousand she selects, For glorious subject : which (to say the right) I rather love to wonder-at, then write. 470 Goe <i>Pagans</i>, turn, turn-over every Book ; Through all Memorials of your Martyrs look :</p>	<p>Collect a Scroule of all the Children Slain On th' Altars of your gods : dig-up again Your lying <i>Legends</i> : Run through every Temple : Among your Offerings choose the best example (Among your Offerings which your fathers past Have made, to make their names eternall last) Among them all (fondlings) you shall not finde Such an example, where (unkindly-kinde) 480 Father and Son so mutually agree To shew themselves, Father nor Son to be : Where man's deep zeal, & God's dear favour strove For Counter-conquest in officious love. One, by constraint his Son doth sacrifice : Another means his name t' immortalize By such a Fact : Another hopes to shun Some dismall Plague, or dire Affliction ; Another, onely that he may conform To (Tyrant) Custom's aw-lesse, law-lesse Form. 490 Which blears our eyes, and blurs our senses so That Lady <i>Reason</i> must her seat forgoe ; Yea, blindes the judgement of the World so far, That <i>Vertue</i>'s oft arraign'd, at <i>Vice</i>'s Bar. But, un-constrain'd, our <i>Abram</i>, all alone, Upon a Mountain, to the guise of none (For it was odious to the <i>Jews</i> to doe) And in a time of Peace and Plenty too, Fights against Nature (prickt with wondrous zeal) And, slaying <i>Isaac</i>, wars against his Weale. 500 O sacred Muse ! that on the double Mount, With withering Baies bind'st not thy Singers' Front ; But, on Mount <i>Sion</i> in the Angels' Quire, With Crowns of glory dost their brows attire ; Tell (for, thou know'st) what sacred mystery Under this shadow doth in secret lie ? O Death, Sin, Satan, tremble ye not all, For hate and horror of your dreadfull Fall So lively figur'd ? To behold God's Bow So ready bent to cleave your heart in two ? 510 To see young <i>Isaac</i>, Pattern of that Prince Who shall Sin, Satan, Death and Hell, convince ? Both onely Sons, both sacred Potentates, Both holy Founders of two mighty States, Both sanctifi'd, both Saints' progenitors, Both bear their Crosse, both Lamb-like Sufferers, Both bound, both blame-lesse, both without reply, Both by their Fathers are ordain'd to dye Upon Mount <i>Sion</i> : which high glorious Mount Serves us for Ladder to the Heav'ns to mount, 520 Restores us <i>Eden</i>'s key (the key of <i>Eden</i>, Lost through the eating of the fruit forbidden, By wretched <i>Adam</i> and his weaker Wife) And blesséd bears the holy Tree of life. Christ dies indeed : but <i>Isaac</i> is repriv'd (Because Heav'n's Councell otherwise contriv'd) For, <i>Isaac</i>'s bloud was no sufficient price To ransom soules from Hell to Paradise : The Leprosie of our contagious sin More power-full Rivers must be purgéd in. 530</p>
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FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 67, '*lanching*' = launching.

- .. 153, '*lists*' = chooses.
- .. 154, '*wood*' = mad.
- .. 172, '*drad*' = dread.
- .. 181, '*Clews*' = balls—as a 'clew' or ball of wool.
- .. 204, '*admire*' = wonder, adore.
- .. 224, '*dooms*' = judgments, sentences.
- .. 257, '*fond*' = foolish.
- .. 282, '*Margents*' = margins, banks, *i.e.* of the
'brook' Kedron, which I heard murmuring quite distinctly beneath the *ddris*

of the valley, and traced miles beyond
Jerusalem.

Line 306, '*teend*' = kindle.

- .. 311, '*amiss*' = mis-doing, sin.
- .. 323, '*Delian Princesse*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.n.*
- .. 396, '*reans*' = reins.
- .. 422, '*Butt*' = mark, as of arrows.
- .. 449, '*forbod*' = forbade.
- .. 460, '*Facts*' = deeds, exploits. Cf. l. 487.
- .. 512, '*convince*' = overcome.

G.



The Law.
 THE
 THIRD PART OF
 THE
 THIRD DAY OF
 THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Envy in Pharao, seeks to stop the Cause
 Of Jews' increase : Moses escapes his claws ;
 Out of a Burning (unburnt) Bush, a Voyce
 For Jacob's Rescue doth of Him make choice ;
 Sends him (with Aaron) to th' Egyptian King :
 His Hardning, PLAGUING, small Ruining
 In the Red Sea. Israel ingrate for all :
 Christ-Typing Manna, Quails, Rock-waters fall :
 The glorious LAW : the golden Calfe : strange Fire : 10
 Coré in-gulft : MOSES prepar'd t' expire.*

Arm-Arming Trumpets, lofty Clarions,
 Rock-batt'ring Bumbards, Valour-murdering
 Guns,

Thinke you to drown with horror of your Noise
 The choice sweet accents of my sacred Voyce ?
 Blow (till you burst) roar, rend the Earth in sunder ;
 Fill all with Fury, Tempest, War, and Thunder :
 Dire Instruments of Death, in vain yee toyl,
 For, the loud Cornet of my long-breath'd stile
 Out-shrills yee still ; and my *Stentorian* Song, 20
 With warbled Echoes of a silver Tongue,
 Shall brim be heard from *India* even to *Spain*,
 And then from thence even to the *Artick* Wain.

Yet, 'tis not I, not I in any sort ;
 My side's to weak, alas ! my breath's too-short ;
 It is the spirit-inspiring Spirit, which yerst
 On th' eldest Waters mildely movéd first,
 That furnishes and fils, with sacred winde,
 The weak, dull Organs of my *Muse* and minde.

So still good Lord, in these tumultuous times, 30
 Give Peace unto my Soule, soule to my Rimes :

Let me not faint amid so faire a course ;
 Let the World's end be th' end of my Discourse :
 And while in *FRANCE* fell *MARS* doth all devour,
 In lofty stile (Lord) let me sing thy Power.

ALL-CHANGING Time had cancell'd and sup-
 prest

JOSEPH's Deserts : his Master was deceast,
 His Sons were dead ; when currish *Envie's* strife
 Lays each-where ambush for poor *ISRAEL's* life :
 Who, notwithstanding, doth far faster spread 40 *Compari*
 And thicker spring, then in a fruitfull Mead
 Moted with Brooks, the many-leavéd locks
 Of thriving Charvel ; which the bleating Flocks
 Can with their daily hunger hardly mow
 So much as daily doth still newly grow.

This *Monster* wuns not in the Cell she wont,
 Sh' hath rear'd her Palace on the steepest Mount, 50
 Whose snowie shoulders with her stony pride
 Eternally doe *Spain* from *France* divide ;

It hath a thousand loop-holes every-way, 50
 Yet never enters there one sunny ray :
 Or if that any chance so far to passe,
 'Tis quickly quenched by her cloudy face ;
 At every Loop, the Work-man wittily

Hath plac't a long, wide, hollow Trunk, where-by
 Prattling *Renowne* and *Fame* with painted wing,
 News from all corners of the World do bring.

Buzzing there-in : as in a Summer Even, 60
 From clefts of Meadows that the Heat hath riven,
 The Grasse-hoppers, seeming to fain the voyces
 Of little Birds, chirp-out ten thousand noyses

It fortun'd *now* that a swift-flying *Fame*,
 Which (lately but) from stately *Memphis* came,

40 *Compari*

Descript
Palace o

50

Simile

60

To what
 reports /
 prosperit

Sweating, and dusty, and nigh breath-lesse, fils
 With this report one of her listening Quils :
 O curious *Nymph* (lives there a Wit with us,
 Acute and quick, that is not curious ?)
 Most wakefull Goddesses, Queen of mortall hearts,
 Consort of *Honour*, *Wealth*, and *High-deserts* ;
 Do'st thou not know, that happy ISRAEL 70
 (Which promiseth the Conqueror of Hell,
 That twice-born King, here-after to bring-forth,
 Who dead shall live again ; and by his worth
 Wipe-out Man's Forfeit, and God's Law fulfill,
 And on his Crosse th' envie of *Envie* kill)
 Doth (even in sight) abundantly increase ?
 That Heav'n and Earth conspire his happiness ?
 That seventy Exiles, with un-hallowed Frie
 Cover the face of all the World well-nigh ?
 And, drunk with wealth, weigh not thy force a jot ? 80
Envie, thou seest it, but fore-seest it not.

incenseth
use to oppress
 Swoln like a Toad, between her bleeding jawes
 Her hissing Serpents' wriggling tails she chawes :
 And, hasting hence, in ISIS form she jets :
 A golden vessell in one hand she gets,
 In th' other a sweet Instrument ; her hood
 Was Peacocks' feathers mixt with Southernwood ;
 A silver crescent on her front she set,
 And in her bosome many a fost'ring teat ;
 And, thus disguis'd, with pride and impudence 90
 She presses-in to the *Bubastick* Prince ;
 Who, slumbring then on his un-quiet Couch,
 With ISRAEL's greatnesse was disturbéd much :
 Then she (the while, squinting upon the lustre
 Of the rich Rings which on his fingers glisten ;
 And, snuffing with a wrythéd nose the Amber,
 The Musk and Civet that perfum'd the Chamber)
 'Gan thus to greet him : Sleep'st thou ? sleep'st thou,
 son ?
 And seest thou not thy selfe and thine undon,
 While cruell Snakes, wch thy kinde brest did warm, 100
 Sting thee to death, with their ungratefull swarm ?
 These Fugitives, these out-casts doe conspire
 Against rich *Egypt*, and (ingrate) aspire
 With odious Yoke of bondage to debase
 The noble PHARAOHS, God's immortal Race.
 With these last words, into his brest she blowes
 A banefull ayre, whose strength unfeltly flowes
 Through all his veins ; and, having gain'd his heart,
 Makes *Reason* stoope to *Sense* in every part :
 So th' Aspick pale (with too-right ayne) doth spet 110
 On his bare face that comes too-neer to it,
 The froth that in her teeth to bane she turns ;
 A drowzy bane, that inly creeps, and burns
 So secretly, that without sense of pain,
 Scar, wound, or swelling, soon the Partie's slain :
 What shall I farther say ? This Sorrow's-Forge,
 This Rack of Kings, Care's fountain, Courtier's scourge,
 Besides her sable poyson, doth inspire
 With *Hate* and *Fearre* the Prince's fell desire.
 Hence-forth therefore, poor ISRAEL hath no peace, 120
 Not one good day, no quiet nap, no ease ;

Still, still opprest, Tax upon Tax arose ;
 After Thefts, Threats, & after threats com blowes.
 The silly wretches are compell'd som-while
 To cut new chanel for the course of *Nile* ;
 Somtimes some Citie's ruins to repaire,
 Somtimes to build huge Castles in the ayre ;
 Somtimes to mount the *Parian* Mountains higher
 In those proud Towrs that after-worlds admire ;
 Those Towrs, whose tops the Heav'ns have terrifi'd ; 130
 Those Towrs, that 'scuse th' audacious *Titan's* pride
 (Those Towrs, vain Tokens of a vast expence,
 Tropheis of Wealth, Ambition's Monuments)
 To make with their own sweat & bloud their mortar ;
 To be at-once Brick-maker, Mason, Porter ;
 They labour hard, eat little, sleeping lesse,
 No sooner layd, but thus their Task-Lords presse ;
 Villains, to work ; what ? are ye growne so sloth ?
 Wee 'll make yee yeeld us wax and hony both.
 In briefe, this Tyrant, with such servitude, 140
 Thought soon to waste the *sacred multitude* ;
 Or at the least, that overlayd with woe,
 Weakned with watching, worn with toyling so ;
 They would in time become lesse service-able
 In VENUS' Battails, and for breed lesse able
 (Their spirits disperst, their bodies over-dri'd,
 And *Cypris'* sap un-duly qualifi'd) :
 But, when he saw this not succeed so well,
 But that the Lord still prosper'd ISRAEL ;
 Inhumane, he commands (on bloody Pain)
 That all their male babes in their birth be slain :
 And that (because that charge had done no good)
 They should be cast, in CAIRO's silver Floud.
 O Barbarisme, learned in Hell below !
 Those, that (alas !) nor steel nor stream do know,
 Must die of steel or stream : cruell Edicts !
 That, with the Infant's bloud, the Mother's mix ;
 That, Childe and Mother both at once cut-off ;
 Him with the stroke, her with the griefe thereof ;
 Wth two-fold tears *Jews* greet their Native Heav'n : 160
 The day that brings them life their life hath reav'n.
 But, JOCHEBED would fain (if she had durst)
 Her deer son MOSES secretly have nourc't :
 Yet thinking better her sweet Babe forgoe,
 Then Childe and Parents both to hazzard so,
 At length she layes it forth ; in Rush-boat weaves it,
 And to God's Mercy and the Flood's, she leaves-it.
 Though Rudder-lesse, not Pilot-lesse this Boat
 Among the Reeds by the Floud's side did float ;
 And saves from wrack the future *Legislator*, 170
 Lighting in hands of the King's gracious Daughter :
 Who op'ning it, findes (which with ruth did strike-
 her)
 A lovely Babe (or little Angel, liker)
 Which with a smile seem'd to implore the ayde
 And gentle pity of the Royall mayd.
 Love, and the Graces, State and Majesty,
 Seem round about the Infant's face to flie ;
 And on his head seem'd (as it were) to shine
 Presagefull rayes of som-what more divine.

Slavery of the Israelites.
 140 Pharaoh his vain policy.
 150 His cruell Edict against the male children.

His Daughter finding *Moses* exposed, causeth him to be princely brought up.

Two Similes.	<p>She takes him up and rears him royall-like, 180 And his quick Spirit, train'd in good Arts, is like A well-breath'd Body, nimble, sound, and strong, That in the Dance-school needs not teaching long : Or a good Tree set in as good a soyl, Which growes a-pace without the Husband's toyl.</p>	<p>It flames and burns not, cracks and breaks not in, Kisses, but bites not, no not even the skin ; True figure of the Church, and speaking Signe 240 Which seemeth thus to, of it selfe, define :</p>
God's providence in his preserva- tion.	<p>In time he puts in <i>Practise</i> what he <i>knowes</i> : With courteous <i>Mildnesse</i>, manly <i>Courage</i> showes : H' hath nothing vulgar : with great happinesse, In choyse discourse he doth his minde expresse ; And as his Soul's-type his sweet tongue affords, 190 His gracefull Works confirm his gracious Words : His Vertues make him even the Empire's heir : So means the Prince ; such is the people's pray'r.</p>	<p>What (<i>Amram's</i> son !) Doth <i>Jacob's</i> bitter Teen Dismay thee so ? Behold, this <i>Haw-thorn</i> green Is even an Image of thine ISRAEL, Who in the Fire of his Afflictions fell Still flourishes ; on each side hedged round With prickly Thorns, his hatefull Foes to wound : This Fire doth seem the Spirit Omnipotent, Which burns the wicked, tries the Innocent : Who also addeth to the sacred Signe, 250 The more to move him, his owne Word Divine.</p>
Moses' affection and duty toward his Parents, and care of his Brethren.	<p>Thus, while o're-whelm'd with the rapid course Of Mischiefe's Torrent (and still fearing worse) ISR'EL seems help-lesse, and even hope-lesse too Of any help that Mortall hand can doe : And, while the then-Time's hideous face and form Boads them (alas !) nothing but wrack and storm, Their <i>Castor</i> shines, their Saviour's sav'd : and Hee 200</p>	<p>I AM <i>that I am</i>, in me, for me, by me ; All Beings Be not (or else un-selfy be) But, from my Being, all their Being gather ; Prince of the World, and of my Church the Father :</p>
He flies out of Egypt.	<p>That with high hand shal them from bondage free, Scourging with Plagues, scarring wth endless shame Th' <i>Egyptian</i> Court, is rais'd by the same. For, though him there they as a God adore, He scorns not yet his friends and kindred poor : He feels their Yoke, their mournings he laments : His word and sword are prest in their defence ; And, as ordain'd for their Deliverance, And sent expresse by Heav'n's pre-ordnance, Seeing a <i>Pagas</i> (a proud Infidell, 210 A <i>Patagon</i>, that tasted nought so well As ISRAEL's bloud) to ill-intreat a <i>Jew</i>, Him bold incouters, and him bravely slew.</p>	<p>Onely Beginning, Midst, and End of all ; Yet sans Beginning, Midst, and End at all : All in my selfe compris'd, and all comprising That in the World was, is, or shall be rising : Base of this Universe ; th' uniting Chain 260 Of th' Elements ; the Wisedome Sovereigne :</p>
God talketh to him in the Wildernesse.	<p>But fearing then lest his inhumane Prince Should hear of it, young MOSES flies from thence : And hard by <i>Horeb</i>, keeping JETHRO's sheep, He Fasts and Prayes ; with Meditations deep His vertuous zeal he kindles more and more, And prudently he layes-up long before Within his Soule (his spirituall Armory) 220 All sacred Weapons of <i>Sobriety</i> ; Where-with t' incounter, conquer, and suppress All Insurrections of Voluptuousnesse. Also, not seldome some deep <i>Dream</i> or <i>Transe</i> Him suddainly doth even to Heav'n advance ; And Hee, that whilom could not finde the Lord On plenteous shores of the <i>Pelusian</i> Foord, In wall'd Cities with their Towr'd Ports, In learn'd Colledges, nor sumptuous Courts ; In <i>Desart</i> meets him ; greets him face to face, And on his brows bears tokens of his Grace. 230</p>	<p>Each-where, in Essence, Powr and Providence ; But in the Heav'ns, in my Magnificence : Fountain of Goodnesse ; ever-shining Light ; Perfectly Bles't ; the One, the Good, the Bright : Self-simple Act, working in frailest matter ; Framer of Forms : of Substances, Creator : And (to speak plainer) even that God I AM Whom so long since religious <i>Abraham</i>, <i>Isaac</i>, and <i>Jacob</i>, and their Progenies 270 Have worshipp'd and pray'd in humble wise.</p>
Moses' vision of the flaming bush.	<p>For, while he past his sacred Prentiship ; (In Wildernesse) of th' <i>Hebrews'</i> Shepheardship ; In driving forth to kisse-cloud SINA's foot His fleecy Flock, and there attending to 't ; He sudden sees a <i>Bush</i> to flame and fume, And all a-fire, yet not at all consume ;</p>	<p>My sacred ears are tyréd with the noyse Of thy poor Brethren's just-complayning voyce ; I have beheld my people's burdens there : MOSES, no more, I will, nor can, forbear ; Th' have groan'd (alas !) and panted all too-long Under that Tyrant's un-renting wrong. Now their <i>Deliverer</i>, I authorize thee, And make thee Captain of their Colony ; A sacred Colony, to whom (as mine) 280 I have so oft bequeath'd rich <i>Palestine</i>. Therefore from me command thou PHARAO That presently he let my people goe Into the <i>Dry-Arabian</i> Wildernesse ; Where far from sight of all profane excesse On a new Altar they may sacrifice To ME the LORD, in whom their succour lies ; Haste, haste (I say) and make me no excuse On thy Tongue's rudenesse (for the want of use) Nor on thy weaknesse, nor unworthinesse 290 To under-goe so great a Businesse ; What ? cannot He that made the lips and tongue, Prompt Eloquence and Art (as doth belong) Unto his Legat ? and, who every thing Of Nothing made, and all to nought shall bring ;</p>

Th' Omnipotent, who doth confound (for his
 By weak the strong ; by what is not, what is :
 (That in his wondrous Judgments, men may more
 The Work-man then the Instruments adore)
 Will he forsake, or leave him un-assisted, 300
 That in his service duly hath insisted?
 Sith faithfull Servant, to do well affected,
 Can by his Master never be rejected.
 No sooner this, the *Divine Voyce* had ended,
 And up to Heav'n the bushy Flame ascended,
 But MOSES, with (his fellow in Commission)
 His Brother AARON, wends with expedition
 First to his People, and to PHARAO then,
 The King of *Egypt* (cruellest of Men) ;
 And inly fill'd with a zealous flame, 310
 Thus, thus he greets him in th' Almighty's name ;
 Great NILUS' Lord, thus saith the Lord of Hoasts,
 Let goe my people out of all the Coasts ;
 Mine ISRAEL (PHARAO) forth-with release,
 Let them depart to HOREB'S Wilderness ;
 That unto me, without offence or fear,
 Their Hearts and Heifers they may offer there.
 Base Fugitive, proud slave (that art return'd
 Not to be whipt but rather hang'd, or burn'd)
 What Lord said PHARAO? ha ! what Sovereigne? 320
 O seven-horn'd *Nile* ! O hundred-pointed Plain !
 O Citie of the Sun ! O *Thebes* ! and Thou
 Renown'd *Pharos*, doe ye all not bow
 To us alone? Are ye not onely Ours?
 Ours at a beck? Then, to what other Powers
 Owes your great PHARAO homage or respect?
 Or by what *Lord* to be controul'd and checkt?
 I see the Drift. These off-scums all at once
 Too idly pampred, plot Rebellions :
 Sloth marrs the slaves ; and under fair pretence
 Of *new Religion* (Traytours to their Prince)
 They would Revolt. O Kings ! how fond are we
 To thinke by Favours and by Clemency,
 To keep men in their duty ! To be milde,
 Makes them be mad, proud, insolent, and wilde?
 Too-much of Grace, our Scepters doth dis-grace,
 And smooths the path to Treason's plots a-pace.
 The dull Asse, numbers with his stripes his steps ;
 Th' Ox, over-fat, too-strong, and resty, leaps
 About the Lands, casteth his yoke, and strikes ; 340
 And wexen wilde, ev'n at his keeper kicks.
 Well ; to enjoy a People, through their skin
 With scourges slyc't, must their bare bones be seen ;
 We must still keep them short, & clip their wings,
 Pare neer their nayles, and pull out all their stings ;
 Load them with Tribute, and new Toll, and Tax,
 And Subsidies, untill we break their backs ;
 Tire them with travell, flay-them, pole-them, pil-
 them,
 Suck bloud and fat, then eat their flesh, & kil-them.
 'Tis good for Princes, to have all things fat, 350
 Except their Subjects : but beware of that.
 Ha, Miscreants ! ha, rascall excrements,
 That lift your heel against your gracious Prince ;

(accom-
 i with his
 r Aaron)
 rward in
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nd's proud
 s.

me Ana-
 of a Tyrant.

Hence-forth you get of wood or straw no more,
 To burn your Bricks as you have had before ;
 Your selves shall seek it out ; yet shall you still
 The number of your wanted task fulfill.
 I have Commission from the King of kings,—
 Maker, Preserver, Ruler of all things,—
 Replies the *Hebrew* ; that (to know the Lord) 360
 Thou feel his hand, unlesse thou fear his word.
 In th' instant, AARON on the slippery sand
 Casts down his Rod ; and boldly thus began :
 So shall thy golden Scepter down be cast,
 So shall the Judgements of the Lord at last
 (Now deem'd dead) revive, to daunt thy pow'r :
 So ISRAEL shall *Egypt's* wealth devour,
 If thou confesse not God to be the Lord ;
 If thou attend not, nor observe his Word :
 And if his people thou doe not release, 370
 To go and serve him in the Wilderness.
 Before that AARON this discourse had done,
 A green-gold-azure had his Rod put-on ;
 It glist'ed bright ; and in a fashion strange,
 Into a Serpent it did wholly change ;
 Crawling before the King, and all along
 Spetting and hissing with his forked tongue.
 The *Memphian* Sages then, and subtile Priests,
 T' uphold the Kingdome of their OSIRIS,
 Upbraid them thus : Alas ! is this the most 380
 Your God can doe, of whom so much you boast ?
 Are these his Wonders? Goe, base *Monte-banks*,
 Go shew els-where your sleights & juggling pranks.
 Such tricks may blear some vulgar innocents,
 But cannot blinde the Councell of a Prince ;
 Who, by the gods instructed, doth contain
 All Arts' perfection in his sacred brain.
 And, as they spake, out of their curs'd hands
 They all let-fall their strange-inchanted Wands ;
 Which instantly turn into Serpents too, 390
 Hissing and spetting, crawling to and fro.
 The King too much admires their cunning Charms :
 The place with Aspicks, Snakes, & Serpents,
 swarms ;
 Creeping about : as an ill-Huswife sees
 The Maggots creeping in a rotten Cheese.
 You, you are Jugglers, th' *Hebrew* then repli'd ;
 You change not Nature, but the bare out-side
 And your Enchantments onely doe transform
 The face of things, not the essential form.
 You, Sorcerers, so mock the Prince's eye, 400
 And his Imagination damnifie ;
 That common Sense to his externall, brings
 (By re-percussion) a false shape of things.
 My Rod's indeed a Serpent, not in show,
 As here in sight your selves by proof shall know.
 Immediately his *Dragon* rear'd his head,
 Rowl'd on his brest ; his body wriggell'd
 Sometimes aloft in length ; sometimes it sunk
 Into it selfe, and altogether shrunk :
 It slides, it sups the ayre, it hisses fell : 410
 Instead of eyes, two sparkling Rubies swell :

Moses' reply.

360

Aaron casteth
 down his Rod,
 which im-
 mediately turns
 into a Serpent.

370

The Magicians
 of *Egypt* coun-
 terfeit that
 miracle, and be-
 witch the eyes of
 the King.

380

390

Simile.

400

410

<p><i>Moos' rod-Serpent devoureth the Serpents of the Egyptians.</i></p>	<p>And all his deadly baens, intrenchéd strong Within his trine Teeth and his triple Tongue, Call for the Combat : and (as greedy) set With sudden rage upon those counterfeit, Those seeming-Serpents, and them all devour : Even as a <i>Sturgeon</i>, or a <i>Pike</i>, doth scour The Creeks, and Pills in Rivers where they lie, Of smaller Fishes and their feeble Fry.</p>	<p>But (as in Heav'n there did no Justice reign) The King's repentance endeth with his pain. Hee is re-hardned : like a stubborn Boy That plies his Lesson (Hypocritely-coy) While in his hand his Master shakes the Rod : But if he turn his back, doth flout and nod. Therefore the Lord, this Day, with loathsome <i>Lice</i> Plagues poor and rich, the nastie and the nice, Both Man and Beast : For, AARON with his wand Turns into <i>Lice</i> the dust of all the Land.</p>	<p>470 The King out of his penitence is againe hardned</p>
<p><i>Pharaoh & his people hardned : Therefore God plagued Egypt.</i></p>	<p>But at high Noon, the Tyrant wilfull-blind, 420 And deaf to his own good, is more inclin'd To Satan's tools : the people, like the Prince, Prefer the Night before Light's excellence. Wherefore the Lord, such proud contempts to pay : <i>Ten</i> sundry <i>plagues</i> upon their Land doth lay : Redoubling so his dreadful strokes, that there, Who would not love him milde, him rough should fear.</p>	<p>The morrow after, with huge swarms of <i>Flies</i>, 480 <i>Hornets & Wasps</i>, hee hunts their Families From place to place, through Meadows, Fens and Flouds, Hills, Dales, and Desarts, hollow Caves and Woods.</p>	<p>The third: The fore Egypt is plagued with <i>Lice</i>.</p>
<p>The first Plague: By turning their Waters into blood.</p>	<p>Smiting the Waves with his Snake-wanded wood, AARON anon converts the <i>Nile</i> to blood ; So that the stream, from fruitfull <i>MEROE</i>, 430 Runs red and bitter even unto the Sea. The Court re-courst to Lakes, to Springs, & Brooks ; Brooks, Springs, & Lakes had the like taste & looks : Then to the Ditches ; but, even to the brink There flow'd (alas !) in stead of Water, Ink : Then to the likeliest of such weeping ground Where, with the Rush, pipe-opening <i>Fern</i> is found : And there they dig for Water ; but (alas !) The wounded soyl spets blood into their face. O just-just Judgement ! Those proud Tyrants fell, 440 Those bloody Foes of mourning ISRAEL ; Those that delighted, and had made their game In shedding blood, are forc't to drink the same ; And those, that ruth-les had made <i>Nile</i> the slaughter Of th' <i>Hebrew</i> Babes, now die for want of Water.</p>	<p>Tremble therefore (O Tyrants) tremble aye, Poor worms of Earth, Proud Ashes, Dust and Clay : For, how (alas !) how will you make defence 'Gainst the tri-pointed wrathfull violence Of the drad dart, that flaming in his hand, Shall pash to powder all that him withstand ? And 'gainst the rage of flames eternall-frying, 490 Where damnéd soules lie ever-never-dying : Sith the least <i>Flies</i>, and <i>Lice</i>, and <i>Vermine</i> too Out-brave your braves, and triumph over you.</p>	<p>The fourth: in <i>Flies</i> &c.</p>
<p>The second: By covering their Land with <i>Frogs</i>.</p>	<p>Anon, their Fields, Streets, Hals & Courts he loads With foule great Frogs aud ugly croking Toads ; Which to the tops of higheſt Towns do clamber Even to the Presence, yea the privie Chamber ; As starry <i>Lezards</i> in the Summer time 450 Upon the wals of broken houses clime. Yea, even the King meets them in every dish Of Privie-dyets, be it Flesh or Fish : As at his Boord, so on his royall Bed ; With stinking Frogs the silken quilts be spred.</p>	<p>Gallop to <i>Anian</i>, sail to <i>Jucatan</i>, Visit <i>Botangas</i>, dive beyond the <i>Dane</i> : Well may you fly, but not escape him there ; Wretches, your halters still, about, you bear. Th' Almighty's hand is long, and busie still ; Having escap't his Rod, his Sword you feel : He seems sometimes to sleep and suffer all, 500 But calcs at last for Use and Principall ; With hundred sorts of shafts his Quiver's full, Some passing keen, some som-what sharp, som dull, Some killing dead, som wounding deep, som light, But all of them doe always hit the White, Each after other. Now th' Omnipotence At <i>Egypt</i> shoots his shafts of Pestilence :</p>	<p>Man cannot hit him from the hand of God, or avoyd his vengeance.</p>
<p>The Magicians counterfeit the same, but their deceipts are vain.</p>	<p>The Priests of PHARAOH seem to doe the same ; AARON alone in the Almighty's Name, By Faith almighty ; They for Instruments Use the black Legions of the <i>Stygian</i> Prince : Hee by his Wonders labours to make known 460 The true God's glory ; onely they their own : He seeks to teach ; they to seduce awry : Hee studies to build up ; they to destroy : He striking Strangers, doth His People spare ; They spoyl their owne, but cannot hurt a hair Of the least <i>Hebrew</i> : they can onely wound, He hurts, and heals : He breaks, and maketh sound : And so, when PHARAOH doth him humbly pray, Re-cleers the Flouds, and sends the Frogs away.</p>	<p>Then, Rain, and Hail, and flaming Fire among Spoyl all their fields : their Cattell great wth young All brain'd wth hail-stones : Trees wth tempest cleft, Rob'd of their boughs, their boughs of leaves bereft. And, from Heav'n's rage, all, to seek shelter, glad ; The Face of <i>Egypt</i> is now dradly-sad : The <i>Soln</i> Virgins tear their Beantie's honour ; Not for the waste, so much as for the manner. For, in that Country never see they Cloud, Wth weight of Snowes their trees are never bow'd, They know no Yce : and though they have (as we) The Yeare intire, their Seasons are but three : They neither Rain-bowe, nor fat Deaws expect, Which from else-where <i>Sol's</i> thirsty rayes erect :</p>	<p>The fifth: With the Plague of Pestilence.</p>
		<p>Anon he covers Man and Beast with cores Of angry Biles, Botches, and Scabs, and Sores ; Whose ulcerous venoms, all-inflaming, spread O'r all the body from the foot to head.</p>	<p>The sixth: With <i>Virgins</i> and <i>peevish</i> <i>Solns</i> & <i>Mercuries</i>.</p>
		<p>Then, Rain, and Hail, and flaming Fire among Spoyl all their fields : their Cattell great wth young All brain'd wth hail-stones : Trees wth tempest cleft, Rob'd of their boughs, their boughs of leaves bereft. And, from Heav'n's rage, all, to seek shelter, glad ; The Face of <i>Egypt</i> is now dradly-sad : The <i>Soln</i> Virgins tear their Beantie's honour ; Not for the waste, so much as for the manner. For, in that Country never see they Cloud, Wth weight of Snowes their trees are never bow'd, They know no Yce : and though they have (as we) The Yeare intire, their Seasons are but three : They neither Rain-bowe, nor fat Deaws expect, Which from else-where <i>Sol's</i> thirsty rayes erect :</p>	<p>The seventh: With <i>Hail</i> and <i>Fire</i> from the ven.</p>
		<p>Then, Rain, and Hail, and flaming Fire among Spoyl all their fields : their Cattell great wth young All brain'd wth hail-stones : Trees wth tempest cleft, Rob'd of their boughs, their boughs of leaves bereft. And, from Heav'n's rage, all, to seek shelter, glad ; The Face of <i>Egypt</i> is now dradly-sad : The <i>Soln</i> Virgins tear their Beantie's honour ; Not for the waste, so much as for the manner. For, in that Country never see they Cloud, Wth weight of Snowes their trees are never bow'd, They know no Yce : and though they have (as we) The Yeare intire, their Seasons are but three : They neither Rain-bowe, nor fat Deaws expect, Which from else-where <i>Sol's</i> thirsty rayes erect :</p>	<p>The eighth: The <i>Egyptians</i> amazed at the extraordinary scourge.</p>
		<p>Then, Rain, and Hail, and flaming Fire among Spoyl all their fields : their Cattell great wth young All brain'd wth hail-stones : Trees wth tempest cleft, Rob'd of their boughs, their boughs of leaves bereft. And, from Heav'n's rage, all, to seek shelter, glad ; The Face of <i>Egypt</i> is now dradly-sad : The <i>Soln</i> Virgins tear their Beantie's honour ; Not for the waste, so much as for the manner. For, in that Country never see they Cloud, Wth weight of Snowes their trees are never bow'd, They know no Yce : and though they have (as we) The Yeare intire, their Seasons are but three : They neither Rain-bowe, nor fat Deaws expect, Which from else-where <i>Sol's</i> thirsty rayes erect :</p>	<p>The ninth: The <i>Egyptians</i> amazed at the extraordinary scourge.</p>

Rain-lesse their soyl is wet, and Cloud-lesse, fat ;
 Itself's moist bosome brings in this and that :
 For, while else-where the River's roaring pride 530
 Is dryéd-up ; and while that far and wide
 The *Palistine* seeks (for his thirsty Flock)
Jordan in *Jordan*, *Jabboc* in *Jabboc* ;
 Their floud o'reflowes, and parchéd *Misrdim*
 A season seems in a rich Sea to swim,
Nile's billows beat on the high-dangling Date ;
 And Boats do slide, where Ploughs did slice of late.
 Steep snowy Mounts, bright Stars' *Etesian* gales,
 You cause it not : no, those are Dreams and Tales ;
 Th' Eternall-Trine who made all compassly, 540
 Makes th' under waves, the upper, wants supply ;
 And *Egypt's* Womb to fill with Fruits and Flowrs,
 Gives swelling *Nile* th' office of heav'nly Showrs.
 Then the *Thrice-Sacred* with a sable Cloud
 Of hornéd *Locusts* doth the Sun be-cloud,
 And swarmeth down on the rebellious Coast
 The *Grass-hoppers* lean, dam-devouring Hoast,
 Which gleans what *Hail* had left, & (greedy) crops
 Both night and day the Husband's whole-year's
 hopes.
 Then, gross thick *Darknes* over al he dight, 550
 And three fair Dayes turns to one fearful Night :
 Wth Ink-like Rheum the dull Mists' drouzy vapours
 Quench their home Fires, & Temple-sacred Tapers.
 If hunger drive the Pagans from their dens,
 One, 'gainst a settle breaketh both his shins ;
 Another grooping up and down for bread,
 Fals down the stayrs, and there he lies for dead.
 But though these works surmount all Nature's might,
 Though his own Sages thē of guil acquight,
 Though th' are not casual (sith the holy-man 560
 Fore-tels prefixly What, and Where, and When)
 And though that (living in the midst of His)
 The *Israelites* be free from all of This,
 Th' incensed Tyrant (strangely obstinate)
 Retracts the leave he granted them of late.
 For, th' *Ever-One*, who with a mighty hand
 Would bring his people to the plenteous Land
 Of *Palistine* : Who providently-great,
 Before the eyes of all the World would set
 A Tragedy, where wicked Potentates 570
 Might see a Mirroure of their owne estates :
 And, who (most just) must have meet Arguments,
 To show the height of his Omnipotence ;
 Hardens the King, and blinding him (seife-blinde)
 Leaves him to Lusts of his own vicious minde.
 For, God doth never (ever purely bent)
 Cause sin as sin ; but, as Sin's Punishment.
 For, the last Charge, an Angel in one Night
 All the first-born through all the Land doth smite :
 So that from *Sues* Port to *Birdens* Plain, 580
 There's not a House, but hath somebody slain,
 Save th' *Israelites*, whose doors were markt before,
 With sacred *Passé-Lamb's* sacramentall gore.
 And therefore ever-since on that same day,
 Yearly, the *Jews* a Yearling Lamb must slay ;

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A token of that *Passage*, and a Type
 Of th' *Holy-Lamb*, which should (in season ripe)
 By powring-forth the pure and plenteous Floud
 Of his most precious Water-mixéd Bloud ;
 Preserve his People from the drad *Destroyer*, 590
 That fries the wicked in eternall fire.
 Through all the Land, all in one instant crle,
 All for one cause, though yet all know not why.
 Night heaps their horrors : & the morning showes
 Their private griefs, and makes them publick woes.
 Scarce did the glorious Governour of Day
 O're *Memphis* yet his golden tresse display,
 When from all parts, the Maidens and the Mothers,
 Wives, Husbands, Sons, & Sires, Sisters, & Brothers,
 Flock to the Court, where with one common voice 600
 They all cry-out, and make this mournfull noise :
 O stubborn stomach ! (cause of all our sadnesse)
 Dull Constancy ! or rather, desp'rate Madnesse !
 A Floud of Mischiefs all the Land doth fill ;
 The Heav'ns still thunder ; th' Air doth threaten still :
 Death, ghastly death, triumpheth every-where,
 In every house ; and yet, without all fear,
 Without all feeling, we despise the Rod,
 And scorn the Judgements of the mighty God.
 Great King, no more bay with thy wilfullings 610
 His Wrath's dread Torrent. He is King of kings ;
 And in his sight, the greatest of you all
 Are but as Moats that in the Sun do fall ;
 Yeeld, yeeld (alas !) stoop to his powfull threat ;
 He's warn'd enough that hath been ten-times beat.
 Goe, get you gone : hence, hence, unlucky Race :
 Your eyes bewitch our eyes, your feet this place,
 Your breath this Ayre : why haste you not away ?
Hebrews, what lets you ? wherefore doe you stay ?
 Step to our houses (if that ought you lack) 620
 Choose what you like, and what you like goe take,
 Gold, Plate, or Jewels, Ear-rings, Chains, or Ouches,
 Our Girdles, Bracelets, Carkanets, or Brouches ;
 Bear them unto your gods, not in the sands
 Where the Heav'n-kissing Cloud-brow'd *Sina* stands ;
 But much, much farther ; and so far, that here
 We never more your odious news may hear ;
 Goe, *Hebrews*, goe, in God's Name thrive amain ;
 By losing you, we shall sufficient gain.
 With the King's leave, then th' *Hebrew's* Prince 630
 collects
 His Legions all, and to the Sea directes.
 Scarce were they gone, when *Pharaok* doth retract,
 And arms all *Egypt* to goe fetch them back ;
 And, camping near them, execrably rude,
 Threatens them Death or end-lesse Servitude.
 Even as a Duck, that nigh some crystall brook
 Hath twice or thrice by the same hawk bin strook, 640
 Hearing aloft her gingling silver bels
 Quivers for fear, and looks for nothing else
 But when the Falcon (stooping thunder-like)
 With sudden souse her to be ground shall strike ;
 And with the stroke, make on the sense-less ground
 The gut-less Quar, once, twice, or thrice, rebound :

After so many
 grievous plagues,
 the Egyptians cry
 out upon their
 King to let the
 Israelites goe.

They hasten and
 importune them
 to be gone.

After their de-
 parture *Pharaok*
 immediately
 pursues them.

Simile.

The Israelites
fear, and mur-
mur against
Moses.

So *Israel*, fearing again to feel
Pharaoh's fell hands, who hunts them at the heel,
Quivers and shivers for despair and dread ;
And spets his gall against his godly Head.
O base ambition ! This false Politick,
Plotting to Great himselfe, our deaths doth seek ;
He mocks us all, and makes us (fortune-lesse) 650
Change a rich Soyl for a dry Wildernesse ;
Allur'd with lustre of Religious showes,
Poor soules, He sels us to our hatefull Foes ;
For, O ! what strength alas ! what stratagem ?
Or how (good God) shall we encounter them ?
Or who is it ? or what is it shall save-us
From their fell hands that seek to slay, or slave-us ?
Shall we, disarméd, with an Army fight ?
Can we (like Birds) with still-steep-rising flight
Surmount these Mountains ? have we ships at hand 660
To passe the Sea (this halfe a Sea, halfe sand) ?
Or, had we Ships, and Sails, and Owers, and Cable ;
Who knows these Waters to be navigable ?
Alas ! some of us shall with Scythes be slasht ;
Some, with their Horse-feet all to peeces pasht ;
Som, thrill'd wth Swords, or shafts, through hundred
holes

Shall ghastly gasp-out our untimely soules.
Sith dye we must, then dye we voluntary ;
Let's run, our selves, where others would us carry ;
Come, *Israelites*, come, let us dye together, 670
Both men and women : so we shall (in either)
Prevent their rage, content their avarice,
And yeeld (perhaps) to MOSES even his Wish.

Moses his in-
struction to encour-
age them, with
assured confi-
dence in God.

Why, Brethren ? know ye not (their Ruler saith)
That in his hand God holdeth life and death ?
That he turns Hills to Dales, and Seas to Sands ?
That he hath prest a thousand wingéd Bands
'T assist his Children, and his Foes t' assall ?
And that he helps not, but when all helps fail ?
See you this mighty Hoast, this dreadfull Camp, 680
Which dareth Heav'n, & seems the Earth to damp ;
And all inrag'd, already chargeth ours,
As thick or thicker then the Welkin pours
His candi'd drops upon the ears of Corn,
Before that *Ceres'* yellow locks be shorn ?
It all shall vanish, and of all this Crew
(Which thinks already to have swallow'd you)
Of all this Army, that (in Armour bright)
Seems to out-shine the Sun, or shame his light ;
There shall to-morrow not a man remaine : 690
Therefore be still ; God shall your side sustaine.

Simile.

Calling upon
God, hee parts
the Red Sea, so
that the people
passe thorough as
on dry land.

Then (zealous) calling on th' immortal God,
He smote the Sea with his dead-living Rod ;
The Sea obey'd, as bay'd : the Waves controul'd,
Each upon other up to Heav'n doe fold ;
Between both sides a broad deep Trench is cast,
Dri'd to the bottom with an instant blast :
Or rather, 'tis a Valley pavéd (else)
With golden sands, with Pearle, and Nacre-shels ;
And on each side is flankéd all along 700
With walls of Crystall, beautifull and strong.

This flood-lesse Foord the Faithfull Legions passe,
And all the way their shoe scarce moisted was.
Dream we, said they ? or is it true we try ?
The Sea start at a stick ? The Water dry ?
The Deep a Path ? Th' Ocean in th' Ayr suspending ?
Bulwarks of Billows, and no drop descending ?
Two Walls of Glasse, built with a word alone ?
Africk and *Asia* to conjoyn in one ?
Th' all-seeing Sun new bottoms to behold ? 720
Children to run where Tunnies lately roul'd ?

The *Egyptian* Troups pursue them by the track ;
Yet waits the patient Sea, and still stands back ;
Till all the Hoast be marching in their ranks
Within the lane between his crystall banks.
But, as a wall, weakned with mining-under,
The Piles consum'd fall suddenly asunder,
O'r-whelmeth all that stand too neer the breach,
And with his Ruines fils-up all the ditch :
Even so God's finger, which, these Waters bay'd, 730
Being with-drawn, the Ocean swell'd and sway'd ;
And, re-conjoyning his conjealéd Flood,
Swallows in th' instant all these Tyrants wood.

The Eg-
yptians
see and
the Sea.

Simile.

Here, one by swimming thinks himselfe to save :
But with his scarfe tangled about a Nave,
He's strangled straight ; and to the bottom sinking,
Dies ; not of too-much drink, but for not drinking ;
While that (in vain) another with loud lashes
Scours his proud Coursers through the scarlet *Washes* :
The streams (whereon more Deaths then Waves do
swim) 730

Bury his Chariot ; and his Chariot, him :
Another, swallowed in a Whirl-Whale's womb,
Is laid a-live within a living Toomb :
Another, seeing his Twin-brother drowning ;
Out of his Coach, his hand (to help him) downing ;
With both his hands grasping that hand, his Twin
Unto the bottom hales him head-long in :
And instantly the water covers either ;
Right Twins indeed ; born, bred and dead, together.

Nile's stubborn Monarch, stately drawn upon 740
A curious Chariot, chac't with pearle and stone ;
By two proud Coursers, passing Snow for colour ;
For strength, the Elephant's ; Lion's for valour ;
Curseth the Heav'ns, the Ayr, the Windes & Waves ;
And, marching up-ward, still blasphemés & braves :
Here, a huge Billow on his Targe doth split :
Then comes a bigger, and a bigger yet,
To second those : The Sea grows ghastly great ;
Yer stoutly still he thus doth dare and threat :
Base roguing Juggler, think'st thou wth thy charms 750
Thou shalt prevail against our puissant arms ;
Think'st thou, poor shifter, with thy Hel-spels thus
To crosse our Counsels, and discomfit Us ?
And, O proud Sea ! false, trayterous Sea, dar'st thou,
Dar'st thou conspire 'gainst thine own *Neptune* now ?
Dar'st thou presume 'gainst Us to rise and roar ?
I charge thee cease : be still, I say : no more :
Or, I shall clip thine arms in marble stocks,
And yoke thy shoulders with a Bridge of Rocks :

Pharaoh:
finely his
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leaving I
and the S
now-which
drowned ;
rest.

Or banish thee from *Etham* far, for ay, 760
 Through some new Chanell to goe seek thy way.
 Here-at the Ocean, more then ever, frets,
 All topsie-turvie up-side-down it sets ;
 And a black billow, that aloft doth float
 With salt and sand, stops his blasphemous throat.
 What now betides the Tyrant? *Waters* now
 Have reft his neck, his chin, cheeks, eyes and brow,
 His front, his fore-top : now there 's nothing seen
 But his proud arm, shaking his Fauchin keen :
 Wherewith he seems, in spight of Heav'n and Hell, 770
 To fight with Death, and menace *Israel*.
 At last he sinks all under water quite,
 Spurning the sand : again he springs upright ;
 But, from so deep a bottom to the top,
 So clogg'd with arms, can cleave no passage up :
 As the poor Partridge, cover'd with the net,
 In vain doth strive, struggle, and bate, and beat ;
 For, the close meshes, and the Fowler's craft,
 Suffer the same no more to whurre aloft.
 I to your selves leave to conceive the joy 780
 Of *JACOB*'s heirs thus rescu'd from annoy ;
 Seeing the Sea to take their cause in hand,
 And their dead Foes shuffled upon the sand ;
 Their shields, and staves, and chariots (all-to-tore)
 Floating about, and flung upon the shore ;
 When thus th' Almighty (glorious God most high)
 For them without them, got the Victory,
 They skip and dance ; and, marrying all their voices
 To Timbrels, Hawboys, and loud Cornets' noises,
 Make all the shores resound, and all the coasts 790
 With the shrill Praises of the Lord of Hostes.
 Eternal issue of eternal Sire,
 Deep Wisdome of the *Father*, now inspire
 And shew the sequell that from hence befell,
 And how he dealt with his dear *Israel*,
 Amid the Desert, in their Pilgrimage
 Towards the *Promis'd* plenteous *Heritage* :
 Tell, for (I know) thou know'st : for, compass aye
 Wth Fire by Night, & wth a Cloud by Day,
 Thou (my soule's hope) wert their sole Guide and 800
 Guard,
 Their Meat and Drink in all their Journey hard.
 Marching amid the *Desart*, nought they lack :
 Heav'n still distils an Ocean (for their sake)
 Of end-lesse good : and every Morn doth send
 Sufficient food for all the day to spend.
 When the Sun riseth, and doth haste his Race
 (Halfe ours, halfe theirs that underneath us pase)
 To re-behold the beauty, number, order,
 And prudent Rule (preventing all mis-order,
 Of th' awfull Hoast lodg'd in the Wildernesse, 810
 So favour'd by the Sun of Righteousnesse ;
 Each comes but forth his Tent, and at his doore
 Findes his bread ready (without seeking more) :
 A pleasant bread, which from his plenteous Cloud,
 Like little Hail, Heav'n's wakefull Steward strow'd.
 The yellow sands of *Elim*'s ample Plain
 Were heaped all with a white sugred grain :

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gives them
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Sweet Corianders ; Junkets, not to feed
 This Hoast alone, but even a World (for need).
 Each hath his part and every one is fed 820
 With the sweet morsels of an un-bought bread.
 It never rains for a whole year at-once,
 But daily for a day's provisions :
 To th' end, so great an Hoast, so curbéd straight,
 Still on the Lord's wide open hand should wait,
 And every dawning have new cause to call
 On him their Founder, and the Fount of all ;
 Each, for his portion hath an *Omer* full ;
 The sur-plus rots, moulds, knead it how they will.
 The Holy-One (just Arbitrer of wrong) 830
 Allows no lesse unto the weak then strong :
 On *Sabbath's* Eve, he lets sufficient fall
 To serve for that day, and the next withall :
 That on his *Rest*, the sacred Folk may gather,
 Not Bodie's meat, but spirituall *Manna* rather.
 Thou, that from Heav'n thy daily White-bread hast
 Thou, for whom Harvest all the year doth last,
 That in poor Desarts rich abundance heap'st,
 That sweat-lesse eat'st, and without sowing reap'st,
 That hast the Ayre for farm, and Heav'n for field 840
 (Which, sugred Mel, or melléd sugar yeeld)
 That, for taste-changing dost not change thy cheer,
 God's Pensioner, and Angel's Table-peer :
 O *Israel!* see in this Table-pure,
 In this fair glasse, thy Saviour's portrature,
 The Son of God, *MESSIAS* promiséd,
 The sacred seed, to bruise the Serpent's head :
 The glorious Prince, whose Scepter ever shines,
 Whose Kingdom's scope the Heav'n of Heav'ns con-
 fines :
 And, when He shall (to light thy sin-ful load) 850
 Put *Man-hood* on, dis-know him not for *God*.
 This grain is small, but full of substance though :
CHRIST strong in working, though but weak in show.
Manna is sweet : *CHRIST* as the hony-comb.
Manna from high : & *CHRIST* from Heav'n doth come.
 With that, there fals a pleasant pearly deaw :
CHRIST coming down doth all the Earth be-strew
 With spirituall gifts. That, unto great and small,
 Tastes to their tastes : and *CHRIST* is all to all :
 (Food to the hungry, to the needy wealth, 860
 Joy to th' afflicted, to the sickly health ;
 Pardon to those Repent, Prop to the bow'd,
Life's savour to the Meek, *Death's* to the Proud)
 That 's common good : and *Christ* communicate.
 That 's purely white : and *Christ* immaculate.
 That gluts the wanton *Hebrews* (at the last)
Christ and his *Word* the World doth soon distaste.
 Of that, they eat no lesse that have one measure,
 Then who have hundred : and in *Christ* his treasure
 Of Divine *Grace*, the faith-full *Proselyte* 870
 Hath no lesse part, then Doctors (deep of sight.)
 That's round : *Christ* simple and sincerely round.
 That in the *Ark* : *Christ* in his *Church* is found.
 That doth (with certain) stinking worms become :
Christ (th' *Ever-Word*) is scandall unto some.

It is given from
 day to day.

It is a lively
 figure of *Christ*
 the true bread of
 life.

The same demon-
 strated by parti-
 cular conference.

	That raineth not, but on the sacred Race : <i>Christ</i> to his Chosen doth confine his Grace. That 's broken, every Grain <i>Christ</i> (Lamb of God) Upon his <i>Crosse</i> -presse is so torn and trod, That of his <i>Bloud</i> the pretious Floud hath puri'd 880 Down from Mount <i>Sion</i> over all the World.			
The people lust for flesh.	Yet glutted now with this <i>ambrosiall</i> Food, This Heav'nly bread, so holy and so good, Th' <i>Hebrews</i> do lust for flesh : a fresh South-winde Brings shoals of Fowls to satisfie their minde ; A Cloud of <i>Quails</i> on all the Camp is sent, And every one may take to his content ; For, in the Hoast, and all the Country by, For a day's-journey, Cubit-thick they lie.			
God sends them Quails.	But, though their Commons be thus delicate, 890 Although their eyes can scarce look out for fat, Although their bellies strut with too-much meat, Though (<i>Epicures</i>) they vomit as they eat, Yet still they howl for hunger : & they long For <i>Memphian</i> hotch-potch, Leeks, and Garlick strong : As Childe-great Women, or green Maids (that miss Their Terms appointed for their flourishes) Pine at a Princely feast, preferring far, Red-Herrings, Rashers, and (some) sops in Tar ; Yea, coals, and clowts, sticks, stalks, & dirt, before 900 Quail, Pheasant, Partridge, and a hundred more ; So, their fantastick wearisom disease Distastes their tastes, and makes them strange to please.			
They long for the Garlick and Onions of Egypt. Simile.	But, when the Bull, that lately tost his horn In wanton Pride, hangs down his head, forlorn For lack of Water, and the Souldier bleak Grows (without Arms) for his own weight too-weak : When fiery Thirst through all their veins so fierce Consumes their bloud, into their bones doth pierce, Supps-up their vitall humour, and doth dry 910 Their whilom-beauties to <i>Anatomy</i> ; They weep and wail, and but their voyce (alas !) Is choakt already that it cannot passe, Through the rough <i>Straights</i> of their dry throats they would			
They murmur for want of water with grievous imputation to their good guide.	Roar-out their grief, that all men hear them should. O Duke ! (no <i>Hebrew</i> , but a <i>Ethnick</i> rather) Is this (alas !) the gerdon that we gather For all the service thou hast had of us ? What have we done, that thou betray'st us thus ? For our obedience, shall we evermore 920 With Fear and Want be haunted at our door ? O windy words ! O perjurd promises ! O gloze, to gull our honest simplenesse ! Escap't from Hunger, Thirst doth cut our throat : Past the <i>Red-Sea</i> , here up and down we float On firm-lesse sands of this vaste Desart here, Where, to and fro we wander many a year : Looking for Liberty, we finde not Life ; No, neither Death (the welcom end of strife). Envie not us dear Babes : we envie you, 930 You happy ones, whom <i>Egypt's</i> Tyrant slew ; Your birth and death came hand in hand together, Your end was quick, nay 't was an Entry rather			
	To end-lesse Life : wee wretches, with our age Increase our Woes in this long Pilgrimage : We hope to Harbour where we may take breath : And life to us is a continuall Death. You blessed live, and see the Almighty's face ; Our Dayes begin in tears, in toys they passe, And end in dolours (this is all we doe) ; 940 But Death concludes tears, toys, and dolours too. Stiff-necked People, stubborn Generation, <i>Egypt</i> doth witnesse (in a wondrous fashion) God's goodnessse (to thee) : all the Elements Expound unto thee his Omnipotence ; And dost thou murmur still ? and dar'st thou yet BlaspHEME his promise, and discredit it ? Said <i>MOSES</i> then ; and gave a sudden knock With his dear Scepter on a mighty Rock ; From top to toe it shakes, and splits with-all, 950 And wel-nigh halfe unto the ground doth fall, As smit with Lightning : then, with rapid rush, Out of the stone a plenteous stream doth gush, Which murmurs through the Plain ; proud, that his glass, Gliding so swift, so soon re-youngs the grass ; And, to be gas'd-on by the wanton Sun, And through new paths so brave a course to run. Who hath not seen (far up within the Land) 960 A shoal of Geese on the dry-Summer sand In their hoarse language (sometimes lowly-loud) Suing for succour to some moist-full cloud ; How, when the Rain descends, their wings they beat, (With the first drops to cool their swelting heat) Bib with their Bil, bouse with their throats, & suck, And twenty times unto the bottom duck ? Such th' <i>Hebrews</i> glee : one, stooping down, doth sup The clear quick stream ; another takes it up In his bare hand ; another in his hat ? This, in his buskin ; in a bucket, that (Well-fresht himselfe) bears some unto his Flock ; 970 This filis his pitcher-full ; and that, his Crock : And other-some (whose Thirst is more extreme) Like Frogs lie paddling in the crystall stream. From <i>Rephidim</i> , along the <i>Desart</i> Coast, Now to Mount <i>Sina</i> marcheth all the Hoast ; Where, th' everlasting GOD, in glorious wonder, With dreadfull voyce his fearfull LAW doth thunder ; To show, that His rev'rend, Divine <i>Decrees</i> (Whereto all hearts should bow, & bend all knees) Proceed not from a <i>Politick</i> Pretence, 980 A wretched Kingling, or a petty Prince (Nymph-prompted <i>NUMA</i> , or the <i>Spartan's</i> Lord, Or him that did <i>Cecropian</i> strifes accord) Nor from the mouth of any mortall man ; But from that King, who at his pleasure can Shake Heav'n, and Earth, and Ayre, and all therein ; That <i>ISRAEL</i> shall finde him (if they sin) As terrible with Vengeance in his hand, As dreadfull now in giving the <i>COMMAND</i> : And that the Text of that drad <i>Testament</i> , 990 Grav'n in two Tables for us impotent,	Most express them, and min the Rock for whence issue plenty of Water	Sink.	They March toward Mount Sina, where to delivereth the his LAW

Hath in the same a sadder load compris'd,
 And heavier yoke, then is the yoke of *Christ*.
 That, that doth show us Sin, threats, wounds and kills :
 This offers Grace, Balm in our sores distills.
 Redoubled Lightnings dazle th' *Hebrews' eyes* ;
 Cloud-sund'ring Thunder roars through Earth and
 Skies,
 Louder and louder in careers and cracks,
 And stately SINA's massie centre shakes,
 And turneth round, and on his sacred top 1000
 A whirling flame round like a Ball doth wrap :
 Under his rocky ribs, in Coombs below,
 Rough-blust'ring BOREAS nurst with *Riphean snow*,
 And blub-cheekt AUSTER, puft with fumes before,
 Met in the midst, justling for room, do roar :
 A cloak of clouds, all thorough-lin'd with thunder,
 Muffles the Mountain both aloft and under :
 On PHARAN now no shining PHARUS shoes.
 A Heav'nly Trump, a shrill *Tantara* blowes,
 The winged Windes, the Lightning's nimble flash, 1020
 The smoaking storms, the whirl-fire's crackling clash,
 And deafning Thunders, wth the same do sing
 (O wondrous consort !) th' everlasting King
 His glorious Wisdome ; who doth give the *Law*
 To th' Heav'nly Troops, and keeps them all in awe.
 But, as in Batell we can hear no more
 Small Pistol-shot, when once the Canons roar :
 And as a Cornet soundeth cleer and rife
 Above the warbling of an *Almain Fife* ;
 A drader voyce (yet a distincter voyce) 1020
 Whose sound doth drown all th' other former noyse,
 Roars in the Vale, and on the sacred Hill,
 Which thrills the ears, but more the heart doth thrill
 Of trembling *Jacob* : who, all pale for fear,
 From God's own mouth these sacred words doth bear ;
 Hark, *Israel* : O *Jacob*, hear my *Law* :
 Hear it, to keep it (and thy selfe in awe.)
 I am JEHOVAH, I (with mighty hand)
 Brought thee from bondage out of *Egypt Land* :
 1 Decalogue. ADORE ME ONELY for thy God and Lord, 1030
 With all thy heart in every Deed and Word.
 MAKE THEE NONE IMAGE (not of any sort)
 To thy own Works My Glory to transport ;
 USE NOT MY NAME without respect and fear,
 Never Blaspheme, neither thy selfe for-swear.
 SIX DAYES, WORK for thy food : but then (as I)
 REST ON THE SEVENTH, and to my Temple hye.
 TO THOSE that gave thee life, due REVERENCE give,
 If thou desire long in the Land to live.
 IMBRUE thou NOT THY HAND IN HUMANE BLOOD. 1040
 STAIN NOT another's BED. STEAL NO MAN'S GOOD.
 BEAR NO FALSE WITNES. COVET NOT to have
 Thy Neighbour's Wife, his Oxe, his Asse, his Slave,
 His House, his Land, his Cattell, or his Coyne,
 His Place, his Grace, or ought that is not Thine.
 Eternall Tutor, O Rule truly-right
 Of our frail life ! our foot-steps' Lanthorn bright :
 O Soule's sweet rest ! O biting curb of Sin !
 Which Bad despise, the Good take pleasure in :

Reverend EDICTS upon Mount SINA giv'n, 1050
 How-much-fold sense is in few words contriv'n !
 How wonder-ful, and how exceeding far !
 How plain, how sacred, how profound you are !
 All Nations else, a thousand times (for cause)
 Have writ, & ras't, & chop't, & chang'd their Laws ;
 Except the *Jews* : but they, although their State
 With every Moon almost did innovate
 (As somtimes having Kings, and somtimes none)
 In all their changes kept their Law still one.
 What resteth at this day of *Salaminian* ? 1060
Laconian LAWS, or of the *Carthaginian* ?
 Yea *Rome*, that made even all the World one City,
 So strong in Arms, and in State's-Art so witty !
 Hath in the Ruines of her Pride's rich *Babels*,
 Left but a Relique of her *Twice-Six-Tables*.
 But, since in *Hebels* the High-Thundring ONE
 Pronounc't This *Law*, three-thousand times the
 Sun
 Hath gallopt round Heav'n's golden Bandeleer,
 Imbost with Beasts, studded with stars so cleer :
 And yet one tittle hath not Time bereft ; 1070
 Although the People unto whom 'twas left,
 Be now no People, but (expulst from home)
 Through all the corners of the World do roam :
 And though their State, through every Age almost,
 On a rough Sea of Mischiefs hath been tost.
 A Butt, a Brook, a Torrent doth confine
 All other Lawes : *Megarian* Discipline
 Hath nought of th' *Attick* : nor the *Coroman*
 Of *Theban* Rites : nor *Thebes* of *Cadmean* :
 But, this set-LAW, given JACOB'S Generations, 1080
 Is the true Law of Nature and of Nations ;
 Which (sacred) sounds where-ever (to descry)
 Th' all-searching Sun doth cast his flaming eye.
 The *Turks* imbrace, the *Christians* honour it,
 And *Yves* with fear do even adore it yet.
 I onely, I (Great GOD) thy LAWS do spurn,
 With my foule feet, I do thy Statutes scorn :
 Puft in my Soule with extreme *Pride*, before,
 Nay in thy stead, I do my selfe *Adore*.
 I *Serve* no wooden gods, nor *Kusel* to Stones ; 1090
 But *Covetous*, I worship golden ones.
 I Name thee not, but in vain *Blasphemie*,
 Or (*ACHAB*-like) in sad *Hypocrisie*.
 I *Rest* the Sabbath : yet I break thy LAW,
 Serving (for thee) mine idle Mouth and Maw.
 I *Reverence* Superiours, but in show ;
 Not out of Love, but as compelléd so.
 I *Murther* none, yet doth my *Tongue* too-rife
 Wound others' Fame, & my Hearts-hate their life.
 I *Civilize*, lest that I seem *Obscene* : 1100
 But Lord (Thou know'st) I am *Unchaste*, unclean.
 I seem no *Theef* : yet tempted with my *Want*,
 I take too oft the Fruit I did not plant.
 I speak not much : yet in my little Talk,
 Much *Vanity*, and many *Lies* do walk.
 I *Wish* too-earnest and too-oft (in fine)
 For others' Fortunes, male-content with mine.

h what dread-
 Majesty it
 delivered.

ile.

ile.

1 Decalogue.

excellency of
 Law of God.

1060 The inconstancy
 and vanity of
 Humane Lawes.

Stability &
 Authority of the
 Law of God.

1070

1080

How all men
 transgresse the
 same in every
 part.

1090

1100

Remedie for all
our sinnes.

Here lye I naked : loe th' *Anatomy*
Of my foule Heart, O *Humane-Deity!*
O *Christ!* th' Almighty's like, All-mighty *Word,* 1110
O put-me-on Thy *Robe!* as whilom (Lord)
Thou put'st on Mine : me in Thy Bloud be-lave ;
And in my Soule thy sacred *Lawes* ingrave.

While with the Duke, th' Eternall did devise,
And to his inward sight did modulize
His *Tabernacle's* admirable Form,
And prudently him (faithfull) did inform
In a new *Rubrick* of the *Rites Divins,*
To th' end the Heirs of promis'd *Palestine*
After their fancie should not worship him, 1120
Nor (Idol-prone) example leading them,
Into his sacred *TEMPLE* introduce
The *Sacrifices* that the *Heathen* use ;
But, by their *Rites* to guide their spirituall eye
To *Christ,* the Rock on whom their hopes should lie ;

In *Moses'* absence
Aaron makes the
golden *Calf.*

Behold (alas !) frail *Aaron,* Deputi'd
During his absence, all the Flock to guide,
Dumb coward *Curr,* barks not against their ill ;
But giving way to the mad People's will,
Casteth a *Golden Calf,* and sets it up, 1130
For them to worship, and unto it stoop :
Gold, Rings and Jewels, which the Lord of Heav'n
Had (as Love-tokens) lately to them given,
Are cast into a Mould ; and (which is worse)
Jacob, to wed a *Calf,* doth *God* divorce.
Those feet that dry-shod past the *Crimsin Gulfe,*
Now daunce (alas !) before a Molten *Calf:*
That *Voyce* which late on *ETHAM* sands had rung
Th' Almighty's glory, now to Satan sung.

Moses sharply
reproves *Aaron,*
breaks the *Idol,*
and punisheth the
Idolaters.

The zealous Prophet, with just fury mov'd, 1140
'Fore all the Hoast, his Brother sharp reprov'd :
And pulveriz'd their *Idol* ; and eft-soons,
Flankt by old *LEVIE's* most religious Sons,
Throgs through the Camp, & eachwhere strows his
way

Simile.

With blood and slaughter, horror & dismay :
As halfe a score of Reapers nimbly-neat,
With cheerfull eye choosing a plot of *Wheat,*
Reap it at pleasure, and of *Ceres'* locks
Make hand-fuls sheaves, & of their sheaves make shocks ;
And through the Field from end to end do run 1150
Working a-vie, till all be down and don.

Simile.

Or, as so many *Canons* shot at-once
A-front a Camp ; th' Earth with the *Thunder* grones ;
Here flies a broken arm, and breaks another ;
There stands th' one halfe of a halv'd body, th' other
Fals-down a furlong thence : here flies a shield ;
And deep-wide windowes make they in the field.

Aaron and *Mary*
(or *Miriam*)
murmur against
Moses.

All these sure signes of God's dear estimate
Cannot confirm the *Hebrew* Magistrate
In his Authority : even *AARON* spites-it, 1160
And *MIRIAM* (his sister) too back-bites-it.
But suddenly, on her in his Defence,
Foul *Leprosie* did punish this Offence.

His Nephews, scorning his Command, aspire
Before the Lord to offer forrain Fire :

But on them soon a Heav'nly Flame down-falling
(As in the Summer some hot-dry *Exhaling,*
Or *Blazing-Star* with sudden flash doth fall
At *Palmer's* feet, and him affright with-all :
Fires instantly their beards and oyléd hair, 1170
And all the sacred vestiments they wear ;
Exhales their blood, their Bodies burns to ashes,
Their *Censers* melts with heat of *Lightning* flashes,
Their coals are quenched all, and sacred Flame
Th' unhallow'd Fire devour'd & overcame.

Nadab and *Abiu*
for offering of
strange *Incense*,
are kill'd by *Fire* in
Heaven.

His Kins-man *CORÉ* then (with *DATHAN* joynd
And with *ABIRAM*) murmur'd and repin'd :
O see, saith he, how many a subtile ginne
The Tyrant sets to snare our Freedoms in !
How we abus'd with *Oracles* most vain, 1180
(Which *MOSES* and his brother *AARON* fain)
For idle hopes of promis'd *Signories,*
Do simply lose our sweetest Liberties !
See, how they do ingross between them two
Into one House, *SCEPTER* and *EPHOD* too ;
See, how they dally and with much delay
Prolong their Journey to prolong their *Sway* :
And (to conclude) see how slie Course they take,
To build their Greatness on our grievous wrack.

Cora, *Dathan*
and *Abiram,*
their companions

Hear'st thou me (*MOSES*) if thou chiefly joy 1190
To see thy Brethren's torments and annoy,
'Twere good to walke us yet for ten years more
About these Mountains in these Desarts poor :
Keep us still Exiles ; Let us (our Desire)
Languish, wax-old, and in these Sands expire,
Where cruell serpents haunt us still at hand,
A Fruit-less, Flood-less, yea a Land-less Land.
If rear'd from Youth in Honour, thine ambition
Cannot come down to private men's condition,
Be Captain, Duke & King : for, God approves-thee, 1200
Thy vertue's guard, the People fears & loves-thee.
But as for *AARON,* What is his desert ?
What High Exploit, what Excellence, what Art
Gain'd him th' *High-Priesthood* ? O good God, what
shame ?

Alas ! hath he for any thing got fame
But *HOBBE'S* Horn-God ? for despising thee,
And thy Commands ; and for conspiracie ?

The morrow-next, before the *Sacred Tent*
This Mutiner with sacred *Censer* went
Adorn'd, selfe-gazing, with a lofty eye, 1210
His faction present ; *AARON* also by.

Lord shield thy cause, approve thee veritable,
Let not thy Name be to the lewd a Fable :
Oynt thine *Anointed* publikely : by *Miracle,*
Show whom thou hast selected for thine *Oracle,*
Said *MOSES* then ; and even as yet he spake,
The groaning Earth began to reel and shake,
A horrid Thunder in her bowels rumbles,
And in her bosom up and down it tumbles,
Tearing her rocks, untill she *Yawn* away 1220
To let it out, and to let-in the Day :
Heav'n sees to Hell, and Hell beholdeth Heav'n,
And Divels dazled with the glistring leav'n

Their dreadful
punishment

Of th' ancient Sun, yet lower fain would dive ;
 But chain'd to th' Centre all in vain they strive.
 CORÉ, round compast with his Rebel friends,
 Offers to BELZEBUB and to the *Fiends* :
 His bodie's batter'd with Rocks falling down,
 And Arms of Trees there planted up-side-down :
 He goes with Noyse down to the *Silent Coast*, 1230
 Intoom'd alive, without all Art or cost.
 And all the rest that his proud side assum'd,
 Scaping the Gulf, with Lightning are consum'd.
 And AARON's Office is confirm'd by God,
 With wondrous *Signes* of his oft-quickned Rod,
 Which dead, re-buds, re-blooms, & Almonds bears :
 When all his Fellows have no life in theirs.

Now, shall I sing through MOSES' prudent Sway,
 How ISRAEL doth AMALEC dismay,
 ARAD and OG (that of huge Giants springs) 1240
 Proud HESEBON, and the five *Madian* Kings,
 With the false Prelat, who profanely made
 Of *Prophets' gifts*, a sacrilegious trade ;
 Who false, sayes true ; who striving (past all shame)
 To force the Spirit, is forcéd by the same :
 Who, snaring th' *Hebrews* with frail beautie's
 graces,
 Defiles their bodies, more their soules defaces ?
 Doubtless his Deeds are such, as would I sing
 But half of them, I under-take a thing
 As hard almost, as in the *Gangic Seas* 1250
 To count the Waves, or Sands in *Euphrates* ;
 And, of so much, should I a little say,
 It were to wrong him, and his praise betray.

His Noble Acts we therfore here suspend,
 And skip unto his sweet and happy End :
 Sith, th' End is it whereby we judge the best
 (For either life) how Man is Curs't or Blest.
 Feeling his vigour by degrees to waste,
 And, one Fire quencht, another kindling fast,
 Which doth his Spirit re-found, his Soule refine, 1260
 And raise to Heav'n, whence it was sent divine :
 He doth not (*Now*) study to make his *Will*,
 T' *Entail* his Land to his *Male-Issue* still :
 Wisely and justly to divide his Good,
 To Sons and Daughters, and his neerest blood :
 T' assigne his Wife a *Dowry* fair and fit,
 A hundred times to adde, and alter it :
 To quittance Friendships with frank Legacies :
 To guerdon Service with *Annuities*,
 To make *Executors*, to *Cancel* some, 1270
 T' appoint himself a Palace for a *Toomb*.
 I praise a care to settle our estate :
 But, when Death threatens us, then it is too-late.
 A seemly Buriall is a sacred Rite :
 But let the living take that charge of right.
 He (lifting higher his last thoughts) besides
 The Cõmon-Weale's care, for the Church provides,
 And graving his discourse with voyce devout,
 Bids thus farewell to all that stand about :

O JACOB's seed (I might say, my deer sons) 1280
 Y' are sense-less more then metals, stocks or stones,

war's charge is
 irmed by
 icle.

dry victories
 as Israelites,
 or the conduct
 direction of
 us.

erving the
 s for another
 ource, our
 t hasteth to
 death of
 us.

his example
 are warned
 to difer to
 is their
 I till it be
 late to be
 bled with the
 nesse of this
 rid.

pronounceth
 blessing and
 curses written

If y' have forgot the many-many Miracles
 Where-wth the Lord hath seal'd my sacred *Oracles* ;
 And all the Favours (in this savage Place)
 In forty yeares receivéd of his grace.
 Therefore (O ISRAEL) walk thou in his fear,
 And in thy heart's-heart (not in Marble) bear
 His ever-lasting LAW : before him stand,
 And to his service consecrate thy hand.
 If this thou doe, thy Heav'n-blest fleecie Flocks 1290
 Shall bound about thy Pastures, Downs and Rocks ;
 As thick as skip in Summer, in a Mead,
 The Grass-hoppers, that all with Deaw are fed :
 Thy fruitfull Eaws, fat Twins shall bring thee ever,
 And of their Milk shall make a plenteous River :
 Th' old Tyrant loads not with so many loans,
 Toules, Taxes, Succours, Impositions,
 The panting Vassals to him Tributary,
 As thy rich fields shall pay thee voluntary :
 Thy children, and thy children's children, set 1300
 About thy Table side by side at meat,
 Shall flourish like a long and goodly rowe
 Of pale-green Olives that uprightly growe
 About a ground, and (full of Fruit) presage
 Plenty of Oyle unto their Master sage :
 Sons of thy sons shall serve thy reverend Eld :
 Thou shalt dye quiet, thou shalt live unquell'd,
 Blesséd at home, and blesséd in the Plain :
 The blesséd God shall send thee timely Rain,
 And wholsom windes, & with his keyes of grace 1310
 Open Heav'n's storehouse to thy happy Race :
 Thy proud fell Foes with Troops of arméd men
 Shall charge thee one way, but shall fly thee ten ;
 The peace-plant Olive, or Triumphant Bay
 Shall shade thy gates ; Thy valour shall dismay
 And daunt the Earth ; and with his sacred aw
 Thy Saviour-King shall give the World the Law.

If otherwise ; the Megrin, Gowt, and Stone,
 Shall plague thee fell with thousand pangs in one ;
 Thy numbry Flocks in part shall barren be, 1320
 In part shall bring abortives unto thee ;
 Accurst at home, accurséd in the Plain,
 Thy labour boot-less, and thy care in vain :
 Thy Field shall be of steel, thy Heav'n of brass,
 Thy Fountains dry : and God displeas'd (alas !)
 Instead of wholsom showrs, shall send down flashes
 Of Lightning, Fire, Hail, Sulphur, Salt, and Ashes :
 Thou shalt reap little where thou much hast shed,
 And with that little shall thy Foe be fed ;
 He shall the fattest of thy Heard devour 1330
 Before thy face, and yet thou must not lowr :
 Thou shalt build fair, another have thy Place :
 Thou wed a wife, another 'fore thy face
 Shall lose her *Bride-belt* : God with rage shall
 smite
 Thy stubborn heart, with blindness and affright ;
 So that a wagging leaf, a puff, a crack,
 Yea, the least crack shall make thee turn thy back :
 Thou never shalt thine adverse Hoast surway,
 But to be beaten, or to run away.

in Levit. 26. &
 Deut. 28. where-
 unto the people
 say, Amen.

Blessings on those
 that obey.

1300

1310

Curses on the
 disobedient.

1320

1330

The SONG OF
MOSES.

A People stout, for strength and number ample, 1340
Which th' *Eagle* hath for *Ensigne* and *Example*,
With a new Wall thine ancient Wall shall dam,
And make thee (Famisht) thy voyd bowels cram
With thine own bowels, and for want of meat
Thine own deer children's trembling flesh to eat.
And then, thy Remnant (far disperst from home)
O'r all the corners of the Earth shall roam :
To shew their Curse, they shall no Country ow'ne,
And (which is worse) they shall not be their Own.
AMEN, said all the Hoast. Then (like the Swan) 1350
This dying Song, the Man of GOD began :

SITH ISRAEL (O wil-full !) will not hear ;
Hearken O Heav'ns, and O thou Earth give ear
Unto my voyce, and Witness (on my part)
Before the Lord, my zeal, and their hard heart.

O Heav'n and Earth attend unto my Song,
Hear my Discourse, which sweetly slides along ;
As silver shows on the dry Meads do trill,
And honey Deaws, on tender grass distill.

God grant (I pray) that in their hearts my Verse 1360
(As water on the wither'd Lawns) may pierce :
And that the honey dropping from my tongue
May serve the old for rain, for deaw the young.

I sing th' Eternall : O let Heav'n and Earth
Come praise him with me, sound his glory forth,
Extoll his Powr, his perfect Workes record,
Truth, Goodness, Greatness, Justice of the Lord.

But, though for ever He have shown him such ;
His children yet (no Children, rather much 1370
A Bastard Race) full of malicious sin,
All kinde of vice have foulely wallowed in.

O foolish People ! dost thou thus requite
His Father-care, who fenc't thee day and night,
As with a Shield ? Who chose thee as his heir ?
Who made thee, of so foule a mass, so fair ?

Un-winde the bottom of old Times again,
Of Ages past un-reel the snarléd skain :
Ask of thy Parents, and they shall declare ;
Thine Elders and they 'l tell the Wonders rare.

They 'l tell thee, how, when first the Lord had 1380
spred
Men on the Earth, and justly levelléd
His strait long Measure, th' All-Ball to divide,
He did for thee plenteous Land provide :

For his deer JACOB, whom his favour then
Seem'd t' have sequestred from the rest of men,
To th' end his *Blesst Seed* (in future age)
Should be his care, Love, Lot, and Heritage.

They 'l tell thee too, how through the sandy horror 1390
Of a vast *Desart*, Den of ghastly terror,
Of Thirst and Hunger, and of Serpents fell,
He by the hand conducted ISRAEL :

Yea, (of his goodness) to direct him still,
By Word and Writ show'd him his sacred Will ;
Under his wings' shade hid him tenderly,
And held him deer, as apple of his eye.

As is the Royall *Eagle's* sacred wont,
When she would teach her tender Birds to mount,
To fly and cry about her Nest, to cheer-them ;
And when they faint on her wing'd back to bear-them :

God (without ayd of other gods or *Graces*) 1400
Safe guide, hath made him mount the highest places,
Such Oyl and Honey from the Rocks distilling,
In plenteous Land wth pleasant Fruits him filling.

He gave him Milk and Butter for his meat,
Kid, Lamb, and Mutton, with the flowr of Wheat ;
And for his Drink, a most delicious Wine
(The sprightfull blood of the broad-spreading Vine)

But, wexen fat, he lifts his wanton heel
Against his God (to whom his soule should kneel)
Forsakes his Maker, and contemns the Same 1410
That savéd him from danger, death, and shame.

Then, hee inflam'd the fury of the Lord,
With profane bowing to false Gods abhord :
With serving *Idols*, and with sacrificing
To Fiends, and Phansies of his own devising.

For vain false gods, gods un-renown'd, and new,
Gods that his Fathers nor he never knew ;
He hath forgot the true eternall BEING,
The God of whom he holds his bliss and being.

God saw it well, and jealousy a-fire 1420
Against his Children, thus he threatens his ire :
No ; I will hide the brightnesse of my face,
Ile take from them the treasures of my grace.

Then let us see what will of them become,
But, what but mischief can unto them come,
That so perverse with every puff let fly
Their faith, sole constant in inconstancy ?

Th' have made me jealous of a God, no god :
Ile make them jealous, I will Wed (abroad)
A People (yet) no people : And their brest 1430
Shall split, for spight, to see the *Nations* blest.

Devouring Fire, that from my heart doth fume,
Shall fiercely burn and in my wrath consume
The deep of Deeps, the middle Downs, and Fields,
And strong foundations of the steepest Hills.

Ile spend on them my store of punishments,
And all mine Arrows ; Famine, Pestilence,
Wilde Beasts, and Worms that basely crawling are,
Without remorse shall make them end-lesse War.

Abroad, the Sword their strong men shal devour, 1440
At home, through Fear, the Virgin in her flowr,
The fresh young Youth, the sucking children small,
And hoary head, dead to the ground shall fall.

Yea, even already would I quite deface
And clean destroy them, I would JACOB race ;
Raze his memoriall from the Earth for ay,
But that I fear the *Heathen* thus would say :

We have prevail'd, we by our strength alone
Have quell'd this People, and them overthrow'n :
'Twas not their God that did it for their Sins ; 1450
No, he himselfe is vanquisht with his Friends.

Ha ! sottish blocks, voyd of all sense and sight ;
Could one man put a thousand men to flight :
And two, ten thousand, if the God of Arms
Had not even sold their troupes & bound their arms ?

For God, our God, doth all their gods surpasse ;
They know it well : but, their Wine springs (alas !)
From SODOM's Vine, and grew in GOMOR's fields,
Which Gall for Grapes, for Raysons Poyson yeelds.

It is no Wine : no, the black bane it is, 1460
The killing vomit of the Cockatrice ;
'Tis bitter venom, 'tis the same that coms
From the fell ASPICK's foul infecting gums.

Doe not I know it ? keep not I account
(In mine Exchequer) how their sins do mount ?
Vengeance is mine : I will (in fine) repay
In my due time : I will not long delay.

Their ruin posteth : then th' Omnipotent
Shall Judge for JACOB : then will I repent
To quite destroy mine own beloved people, 1470
Seeing their strength all fail'd and wholly feeble.

'Twill then be said, Where are their gods becom
(Their deaf, dull Idols, sent-lesse, sight-lesse, dumb)
To whom they lift their hearts, and hands, & eyes,
And (as their Guards) so oft did sacrifice ?

Now let those trim Protectors them protect ;
Let them rise quickly and defend their Sect,
Their *Fires* and *Allars* ; and come stand before,
To shield the Fondlings that their *Fanes* adore.

Know therefore, Mortals, I th' IMMORTAL am, 1480
There's none like *Me*, in or above this *Frame* :
I wound, I heal ; I kill, I fetch from Grave,
And from my hands none can the Sinner save.

Ile lift my hand tow'rd th' arched heav'ns on high
And swear with-all by mine Eternity
(Which onely *Being*, gives to all to *Been*)
That if I whet my Sword of Vengeance keen :

If once (I say) as Sovereain King alone,
I sit me down on my high Justice Throne,
Ile venge me roughly on mine Enemies, 1490
And guerdon justly their iniquities :

My hart-thril darts I will make drunk with blood,
Ile glut my sword with slaughter ; all the brood
Of Rebell Nations I will raze (in fine)
To recompence the blood and death of mine.

O Gentiles, then his People praise and fear,
Sith to the Lord it is so choicely dear :
Sith hee 'l avenge his Cause ; and, beating down
His enemies, will mildly cheer his Own.

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 4, '*Jacob's Rescue*' = Israel or the descendants of Jacob. L. 13, '*Bombards*' = bombarding machines—see Glossarial Index, s.v. L. 22, '*brim*' = full! but see Glossarial Index, s.v. L. 43, '*Charvel*' = Carmel! L. 45, '*wons*', i.e. wons, dwells. L. 84, '*jets*' = prances, shows of. L. 91, '*Bombastick*' = bombastic! but see Glossarial Index, s.v. L. 107, '*unfelly*' = unfelt, r.g. L. 115, '*Partie*' = individual. L. 153, '*Cairo's silver Floud*' = the Nile. L. 185, '*Husband's*' = husbandman's. L. 203, '*raised*' = exalted, praised. L. 211, '*Patagon*' = giant (from Patagonian). L. 228, '*Port*' = gates. L. 249, '*Tern*' = rage, hatred. L. 253, '*unwofly*'—see Glossarial Index, s.v. L. 301, '*insisted*' = persevered. L. 321, '*hundred-pointed Plasm*'—qu., covered with a hundred obelisks? L. 330, '*fond*' = foolish. L. 348, '*gold*' = poll; *ibid.* '*fil*' = pile—both = plunder. L. 382, '*Monte-banks*'—see Glossarial Index, s.v. L. 418, '*Pills*'—qu. = plunders? but see Glossarial Index, s.v. L. 435, '*alas*' = a mere interjection, not as now necessarily meaning regret or sorrow. L. 501, '*Use*' = interest. L. 505, '*Whide*' = mark as in an arrow-target. L. 547, '*dam-deavouring*'—see Glossarial Index, s.v. L. 550, '*disht*'—*ibid.* L. 555, '*settles*' = seat. L. 561, '*professly*' = foreordained? L. 580, '*Sues*' = Suez—but see Glossarial Index, s.v., and under '*Birdens*'. L. 610, '*hey*' = bark, defy (like a baying dog). L. 619, '*lets*' = hinders. L. 643, '*Quare*'—see Glossarial Index, s.v. L. 660, '*Owers*' = cars. L. 665, '*facht*' = dashed. L. 694,

'*hey'd*'—see Glossarial Index, s.v. L. 699, '*Nacre-shells*'—*ibid.* L. 723, '*wood*' = mad. L. 725, '*Nave*' = of a chariot-wheel. L. 732, '*Whirl-Whale*' = a whirlpool-making whale—an odd way of referring to Jonah's whale. L. 735, '*downing*' = down-going. L. 746, '*Large*' = target. L. 779, '*whurrie*' = whirl. L. 784, '*all-to*'—see Glossarial Index, s.v. L. 818, '*Yunkets*' = dainties. L. 830, '*Arbitrer*' = arbitrator or arbiter. L. 841, '*Mel*' = honey. L. 871, '*Doctors*' = learned men. L. 892, '*stroat*'—see a full note in Glossarial Index, s.v. L. 895, '*hotch-potch*'—*ibid.* L. 916, '*Ethnick*' = heathen. L. 955, '*re-youngs*'—noticeable verb-form. L. 964, '*Bib*' . . . *bonus*—see Glossarial Index, s.v. L. 971, '*Crook*'—a kind of domestic vessel—see Glossarial Index, s.v. L. 981, '*Kingling*' = diminutive of 'King'. L. 982, '*Numa*' . . . '*Spartan's Lord*' . . . '*Cecropian stripes*'—see Glossarial Index, s.v. L. 990, '*drad*' = dread—as frequenter. L. 1002, '*Coons*' = ridge. L. 1004, '*blub-checkt*' = swollen. L. 1008, '*Pharon*' = Paron; *ibid.* '*Pharnus*' = pharos, i.e. light-house. L. 1019, '*Almain*' = German. L. 1024, '*Jacob*' = Israel, r.g. L. 1068, '*Bandeler*' = broad belt. L. 1076, '*Butt*' = arrow-mark or target. L. 1114, '*Duke*'—see Glossarial Index, s.v., for a full note. L. 1151, '*a-vie*'—*ibid.* L. 1206, '*Horn-God*'—*ibid.* L. 1207, '*Toules*' = tolls. L. 1320, '*numbry*' = numerous? L. 1347, '*Eagle*' = Roman symbol. L. 1358, '*trill*' = trickle—and see Glossarial Index, s.v. L. 1448, '*racc*' = raze, as in next line. L. 1486, '*Born*' = be, r.g.—G.



The Captains.

THE FOURTH PART OF THE THIRD DAY OF THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Just-Duked JOSUAH *cheers the* Abramides
To CANAAN'S *Conquest*: Jordan *self-divides* :
Re-Circumcision, what, and where, and why :
Sacks Jericho : Hai *won (so Achan die)* :
 Gibeonites' *guile* : strange Hail : *the Sun stands still* :
 Nature *repines*. Jews (*Guide-lesse*) *prone to ill*.
 Adoni-Bezec, Sangar, DEBORA,
 Barac and Jahel *conquer* SISERA.
 Samuel *succeeds* : Jews *crave a KING* : *a vis* 10
Of People-Sway : States-Rule : and MONARCHY.

Canaan saluted.

H All *holy* JORDAN, and you *blessed* Torrents
 Of the pure Waters, of whose *crystall* Currents
 So many *Saints* have sipt : O *Wals*, that rest
 Fair monuments of many a famous Guest :
 O *Hils*, O *Dales*, O *Fields* so flowry sweet,
 Where *Angels* oft have set their sacred feet :
 And thou, O *sacred Place*, which wert the *Cradle*
 Of th' onely MAN-God, and his happy *Swadle* :
 And thou, O *Soil*, which drank'st the *crimson shower* 20
 That (for our health) out of his veins did pour :
 And you, fat *Hillocks* (which I take as giv'n
 For a firm pledge of the full joyes of Heav'n)
 Where Milk and Honey flow ; I see you all,
 Under the conduct of my Generall,
 NUN's valiant *Son* : and under GEDEON's *Sway*,
 SANGAR, and SAMSON, BARAC, DEBORA.

For, here (brave *Heroes*) your high Feats I sing ;
 Thrice sacred Spirit, thy speedy succour bring :
 O Spirit, which wert their guide, guard, strength &
 stay, 30
 Let not my Verse their Vertue's praise betray.
 JOSUAH, by favour, nor by Bribes, obtains
 A higher Rank then Royall Sovereigns.
 (Who buys in grosse, he by retail must sell :
 And who gives Favour, Favour asks as well) :
 He gets it not by Fortune (she is sight-lesse) :
 Neither by force (for, whoso enters (Right-lesse)
 By Force, is forcéd to go out with shame) :
 Nor sudden climbs he (raw) unto the same
 (For, to high Place, who mounts not step by step, 40
 He coms not down, but headlong down doth leap) :
But, even as that grave-gracefull Magistrate,
Which (now) with Conscience, Law doth Moderate,
Was first a Student (under others' aw)
Then Barister, then Counsellor at-Law,
Then Queen's Solicitor, then Roules-Arbitrer,
And then Lord-Keeper, now LORD CHANCELLOR ;
 He com's to 't by degrees : and having first
 Shown Himselfe wise in spying *Canaan* yerst,
 Faithfull to MOSES in his Ministrings, 50
 And *Stout* in fight against the Heathen Kings ;
 God makes him CAPTAIN, and the sacred Priests
 Pronounce him so, the people pleas'd is.
 But in his State yer he be stall'd (almost)
 Set in the mid'st of God's beloved Hoast,

Argument
Tract.

Formed his
authority
the people
Israel.

Stable.

50

His first C
to the part

He thus delates : O happy Legions dear,
Which sacred Arms under Heav'n's Ensigns bear.
Feare not that I, yet forty years again
Your wandring Troupes in these vast sands should train
'Twixt Hope and Fear : th' unhallowed Offerings, 60
The proud revolts, blasphemous Murmurings
Of your stiffe Fathers, have with-holden rather
Then whole with-drawn, th' ayd of your heavenly
Father :

God tenders it in time, and (pacifi'd)
Nils the set Term without effect should slide.
Serve him therefore, now take him at his word
And now to *Canaan* march with one accord,
And bravely shew that th' Hoast of ISRAEL,
In valour, far doth his drad fame excell.

Courageous JACOB, ARAD's stoutest hearts 70
And strongest Holds have prov'd thy pikes & darts ;
The *Madianites* have thine Arm's thunder known,
Th' hast razed *Basan*, ransackt *Hesebon*,
Scap't scaly Serpents (in these Desarts vast)
Crost the *Red-Sea*, and Heav'n-prop *SINA* past,
And sent to Hell thy dradest Foes : Lo, now
God offers thee the Crown, accept it thou.

Then turning him to RUBEN and to GAD,
And to MANASSES, who their portion had
By MOSES' grant on *Jordan's* Eastern verge ; 80
War-eloquent, he thus proceeds to urge :

Can you (my hearts) finde in your hearts to leave
Your Ranks, and us thus of your ayds bereave ?
Will you lie wrapped in soft beds a-sleep,
While in cold Trenches your poor Brethren keep ?
Will you sit washing (when your Feasts be done)
In sweet Rose-water, while that *Orion*
His cloudy store in storm-full furie pours,
And drowns your Brethren with continual showrs ?
Will you goe dance and dally to and fro, 90
While in the Field they march to charge the Foe ?
Will you expect a part with them in gain,
While they the blowes and all the brunt sustain ?
God shield, you should dishonour so your Blood :
Nay rather (leaving on this side the Floud
Your Wives, and Children, and (unfit for Battell)
Your agéd Parents, and your Heards of Cattell)
Come arm your selves, t' advance our Victories,
And share with us in Perill, as in Prize.

O noble Prince (then all the Hoast reply'd) 100
March-on a God's Name ; and good Hap betide :
Were *Canaan* turn'd another Wildernesse,
Were there before us yet more crimson Seas,
Were *Horeb*, *Carmel*, and Mount *Sin* set
Each upon other (up to Heav'n to get)
We'll follow thee through all ; and ouely th' end
Of our own lives shall our brave Journey end.

After the *Ark*, then march they in array
Direct to *Jordan*, praising all the way
That living God, whose matchlesse mighty hand 110
Parted the Sea, that they might passe by Land.

Hoar-headed *Jordan* neatly lodgéd was
In a large Cave, built all of beaten Glasse ;

Whose wavéd Seeling, with exceeding cost,
The *Nymphs* (his Daughters) rarely had imbost
With Pearls and Rubies, and in-layd the rest
With *Nacre cheeks*, and Corall of the best ;
A thousand Streamlings that n'er saw the Sun,
With tribute silver to his service run ;
There, IRIS, AUSTER, and Clouds blewly black 120
Continually their liquor leave and take ;
There th' agéd Floud layd on his mossie bed,
And pensive leaning his flag-shaggie head
Upon a Tuft, where th' eating waves incroach,
Did gladly wait for ISRAEL's approach :
Each hair he had is a quick flowing stream,
His sweat the gushing of a storm extream,
Each sigh a Billow, and each sob he sounds
A swelling Sea that over-floues his bounds :
His weak gray eyes are alwayes seen to weep, 130
About his loyns a rush-Belt wears he deep,
A Willow wreath about his wrinkled brows ;
His Father NEREUS his complexion shoues.

So soon as He their welcome rumour heard
His frosty head above the Waves he rear'd ;
With both his hands strook back behinde his ears
The waving Tresses of his weeping hairs :
And then perceiving JACOB's Army stay'd
By his proud streams, he chid them thus, and said :
Presiptuous Brook, dar'st thou (ingrateful Torrent) 140
Lift-up thy horn, lash-out thy swelling Current
Against the Lord, and over-flow thy bound
To stop his passage ? Shall the Flouds profound
Of the proud *Ocean* to his Hoast give-way ?
Shall *Egypt's* honour, shall that Gulfe (I say)
That long large Sea, w^{ch} with his plenteous waves
A third or fourth part of the World be-laves ;
Shall that yeeld humbly at his Servant's beck ?
And thou, poor Rill, or gutter (in respect)
Resist himselfe (his glorious selfe) that Inns 150
Here in his *Ark*, between the Cherubins ?
And saying so, he on his shoulder flung
His deep wide Crock that on his hip had hung ;
And down his back pours back-ward all his
course.

The stream returns towards his double source ;
And leaving dry a large deep lane betwixt,
The fearfull waves in heapéd Hills were fixt,
To give God place, and passage to his Hoast,
Towards their *Promis'd* and appointed Coast.

So, dry they passe (after the sacred *Oracle*) 160
And leave Memorials of that famous Miracle
Upon Mount *Gilgal* : and their flesh anon
They seal with *Signe* of their Adoption.
For, the All-guiding God, the Almighty Prince,
To give to His some special difference,
Will'd that all Males of *Abram's* Progenies
With sacred Razor should them *Circumcise* ;
And ever-more, that *Isaac's* blessed Race
Should in their *Fore-skin* bear his gage of Grace.

But, why (sayst thou) should ancient ISRAEL 170
In such a secret place Record and Seal

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A curious question, why it was appointed in such a place.	Th' <i>Act of the Covenant</i> : and with bloudy smart Ingrave their glory in a shamefull part ? Who blushes at it, is a grace-lesse Beast ; Who shames to see the <i>Signe of Grace</i> imprest In shamefull part, he is asham'd of CHRIST Born of that Race, and selfly <i>Circumcis'd</i> .	There sadly sinks, or sudden stops the way 250 Of some swift Torrent hasting to the Sea.
A sharp and sober answer.	A hundred subtil Reasons from the Writs Of <i>Rabbins</i> could I bring : but, sober Wits Rest satisfied, conceiving that th' incision 180 Of th' obscene <i>Fore-skin</i> , signifies th' abscission, Or sacred cutting-off of foul Affects, Beseeming those whom God for His elects ; That God the Fruits of flesh, and bloud doth hate : And that through CHRIST we must regenerate.	Boast you, O Bombards, that you Thunder drown : And vaunt you, Mines, that you turn up-side down Rampires and Towrs, and Walls the massie-most ; Yet, your exploits require both time and cost : You make but a small breach, but a rough way, And (by mischance) oft your own side betray. But, th' <i>Hebrews</i> with a sudden showt and cry, A whole great Town dis-mantle instantly, And (unresisted) entring every-where, 240 They exercise all hostile vengeance there. And, as a sort of lusty Bill-men, set In Wood-sale time to fell a Cops, by great ; Be-stir them so, that soon with sweating pain, They turn an Oak-grove to a field of grain : So th' <i>Hebrew</i> Hoast, without remorse or pittie, Through all sad corners of the open City, Burn, break, destroy, bathe them in bloud, and toy! To lay all levell with the trampled soyl ; The Idol's Temples, and the delicate 250 Prince-Palaces are quickly beaten flat ; The fire loud-crackling, w th the Clouds doth meet, A bloudy Torrent runs through every street, Their venge-full sword spares neither great nor small ;
The passeover.	Now, th' <i>Hebrews</i> kept their <i>Passe-over</i> ; and go (By Heav'n's addresse) to mighty <i>Jericho</i> ; Besieging so the City round about, That fear got in, but nothing could get out.	In Wood-sale time to fell a Cops, by great ; Be-stir them so, that soon with sweating pain, They turn an Oak-grove to a field of grain : So th' <i>Hebrew</i> Hoast, without remorse or pittie, Through all sad corners of the open City, Burn, break, destroy, bathe them in bloud, and toy! To lay all levell with the trampled soyl ; The Idol's Temples, and the delicate 250 Prince-Palaces are quickly beaten flat ; The fire loud-crackling, w th the Clouds doth meet, A bloudy Torrent runs through every street, Their venge-full sword spares neither great nor small ;
The siege of Jericho after a strange manner.	Souldiers (said then th' undaunted Generall) 190 Prepare no Mattocks, Ladders, nor Rams at all, To mine, or scale, or batter-down these Towrs ; The great, the high, the mighty God of Powrs Will fight himselfe alone ; and then he bod (As first himselfe had been inform'd by God) That daily once they all should march the Round About the City with horn-Trumpets sound ; Bearing about, for onely Banneret, The light-full <i>Ark</i> , GOD's sacred Cabinet ; Their swords un-drawn, not making any noyse ; 200 Threat-lesse their brows, and without braves their voice ; No shaft to shoot, no sign of war, no glance ; And even their March doth rather seem a Dance. What childre-spel ? what may-game have we here ? What ? dare you (Gallants) dare you come no neer ? Is this your brave assault ? is this your fight ? Ween you to scar-crows us (like birds) to fright ? (Said the besieged) get you som-where else (Poor sots) to shew your Bug-bears and your spels ; Cease your hoarse musick, leave the stage alone : 210 Fools draw the Curten, now your Play is done.	So th' <i>Hebrew</i> Hoast, without remorse or pittie, Through all sad corners of the open City, Burn, break, destroy, bathe them in bloud, and toy! To lay all levell with the trampled soyl ; The Idol's Temples, and the delicate 250 Prince-Palaces are quickly beaten flat ; The fire loud-crackling, w th the Clouds doth meet, A bloudy Torrent runs through every street, Their venge-full sword spares neither great nor small ; Neither the Child that on his hands doth crawl, Nor him that wears snow on his shaking head, Yce in his heart ; not the least Beast they bred. A deed (indeed) more worthy th' <i>Heseline</i> , Then th' holy <i>Hebrews</i> ; had the voyce Divine Not charg'd them so, and choicely armed them 260 'Gainst <i>Jericho</i> , with his own* <i>Anathem</i> ; Reserving onely for his <i>Sacred place</i> , The Gold and Silver, th' Iron and the Brasse. Yet sacrilegious <i>Achan</i> dar'd to hoord Some precious Pillage : which incenst the Lord Against the Camp, so that he let them fly For this Offence before their enemy. For, when three thousand chosen <i>Israelites</i> Were sent to <i>Hai t'</i> assault the <i>Canaanites</i> , The Town all armes : their prince the forwardest 270 (No lesse-brave Souldier then proud Atheist) Arms the broad Mountain of his hayrie breast With horrid scales of <i>Nilus'</i> greedy beast ; His brawny arms and shoulders, with the skin Of the dart-darting wily <i>Porcupin</i> ; He wears for Helm a Dragon's ghastly head, Where-on for plume a huge Horse-tail doth spread ; Not much unlike a Birch-tree bare below Which at the top in a thick tuft doth grow ; Waving with every winde, and made to kisse 280 Th' Earth, now on that side, and anon on this : In Quiver made of <i>Lezard's</i> skins he wears His poysoned Arrows ; and the Bow he bears, Is of a mighty Tree, strung with a Cable ; His shaft a Lever, whose keen head is able To pierce all proof, stone, steel, and Diamant. Thus furnishéd, the Tyrant thus doth vaunt :
The Citizens deride it.	No shaft to shoot, no sign of war, no glance ; And even their March doth rather seem a Dance. What childre-spel ? what may-game have we here ? What ? dare you (Gallants) dare you come no neer ? Is this your brave assault ? is this your fight ? Ween you to scar-crows us (like birds) to fright ? (Said the besieged) get you som-where else (Poor sots) to shew your Bug-bears and your spels ; Cease your hoarse musick, leave the stage alone : 210 Fools draw the Curten, now your Play is done.	Neither the Child that on his hands doth crawl, Nor him that wears snow on his shaking head, Yce in his heart ; not the least Beast they bred. A deed (indeed) more worthy th' <i>Heseline</i> , Then th' holy <i>Hebrews</i> ; had the voyce Divine Not charg'd them so, and choicely armed them 260 'Gainst <i>Jericho</i> , with his own* <i>Anathem</i> ; Reserving onely for his <i>Sacred place</i> , The Gold and Silver, th' Iron and the Brasse. Yet sacrilegious <i>Achan</i> dar'd to hoord Some precious Pillage : which incenst the Lord Against the Camp, so that he let them fly For this Offence before their enemy. For, when three thousand chosen <i>Israelites</i> Were sent to <i>Hai t'</i> assault the <i>Canaanites</i> , The Town all armes : their prince the forwardest 270 (No lesse-brave Souldier then proud Atheist) Arms the broad Mountain of his hayrie breast With horrid scales of <i>Nilus'</i> greedy beast ; His brawny arms and shoulders, with the skin Of the dart-darting wily <i>Porcupin</i> ; He wears for Helm a Dragon's ghastly head, Where-on for plume a huge Horse-tail doth spread ; Not much unlike a Birch-tree bare below Which at the top in a thick tuft doth grow ; Waving with every winde, and made to kisse 280 Th' Earth, now on that side, and anon on this : In Quiver made of <i>Lezard's</i> skins he wears His poysoned Arrows ; and the Bow he bears, Is of a mighty Tree, strung with a Cable ; His shaft a Lever, whose keen head is able To pierce all proof, stone, steel, and Diamant. Thus furnishéd, the Tyrant thus doth vaunt :
On the seventh day their wals of themselves fall down.	Six dayes together had the <i>Hebrews</i> thus't About the Town, seven-times the Seventh they must ; When sacred <i>Levites</i> sound more loud and high Their horny Trumps : then all the People cry, Come, come (great God) come, batter, batter down These odious wals, this Idol-wedded Town. It cracks in th' instant, the foundation shrinks, The mortar crumbles from the yawning chinks ; Each stone is loose, and all the Wall doth quiver 220 And all at once unto the ground doth shiver With hideous noise ; and th' <i>Heathen</i> Garrison Is but immur'd with Clouds of dust alone ; So shall you see a Cloud-crown'd Hill somtime, Torn from a greater by the waste of Time ; Dreadly to shake, and bounding down to hop, And roaring, here it roules tall Cedars up ; There agéd Oaks ; it turns, it spurns, it hales The lower Rocks into th' affrighted Vales ;	Yet sacrilegious <i>Achan</i> dar'd to hoord Some precious Pillage : which incenst the Lord Against the Camp, so that he let them fly For this Offence before their enemy. For, when three thousand chosen <i>Israelites</i> Were sent to <i>Hai t'</i> assault the <i>Canaanites</i> , The Town all armes : their prince the forwardest 270 (No lesse-brave Souldier then proud Atheist) Arms the broad Mountain of his hayrie breast With horrid scales of <i>Nilus'</i> greedy beast ; His brawny arms and shoulders, with the skin Of the dart-darting wily <i>Porcupin</i> ; He wears for Helm a Dragon's ghastly head, Where-on for plume a huge Horse-tail doth spread ; Not much unlike a Birch-tree bare below Which at the top in a thick tuft doth grow ; Waving with every winde, and made to kisse 280 Th' Earth, now on that side, and anon on this : In Quiver made of <i>Lezard's</i> skins he wears His poysoned Arrows ; and the Bow he bears, Is of a mighty Tree, strung with a Cable ; His shaft a Lever, whose keen head is able To pierce all proof, stone, steel, and Diamant. Thus furnishéd, the Tyrant thus doth vaunt :
Simile.	So shall you see a Cloud-crown'd Hill somtime, Torn from a greater by the waste of Time ; Dreadly to shake, and bounding down to hop, And roaring, here it roules tall Cedars up ; There agéd Oaks ; it turns, it spurns, it hales The lower Rocks into th' affrighted Vales ;	He wears for Helm a Dragon's ghastly head, Where-on for plume a huge Horse-tail doth spread ; Not much unlike a Birch-tree bare below Which at the top in a thick tuft doth grow ; Waving with every winde, and made to kisse 280 Th' Earth, now on that side, and anon on this : In Quiver made of <i>Lezard's</i> skins he wears His poysoned Arrows ; and the Bow he bears, Is of a mighty Tree, strung with a Cable ; His shaft a Lever, whose keen head is able To pierce all proof, stone, steel, and Diamant. Thus furnishéd, the Tyrant thus doth vaunt :

Sirs, shall we suffer this ignoble Race,
 Thus shamefully us from our Own to chase?
 Shall they be Victors yer they overcome? 290
 Shall our Possessions and our Plenty come
 Among these Mongrels? Tush: let Children
 quake
 At dreams of ABRAM: let faint Women shake
 At their Drad God, at their Sea-drying Lord;
 I know no Gods, above my glittering Sword.
 This said, he sallies and assaults the Foe
 With furious skirmish; and doth charge them so,
 As stormy billows rush against a Rock:
 As boystrous winds (that hath their prison broke)
 Roar on a Forrest: as Heav'n's sulph'ry Flash 300
 Against proud Mountains' surly brows doth dash.
 The sacred Troups (to conquer alwayes wont)
 Could not sustain his first tempestuous brunt,
 But turn their backs: and, as they fly amain,
 Foure lesse then forty of their band were slain.
 The son of NUN then (with th' *Isacian* Peers)
 Before the *Ark* in prostrate wise appears.
 Sack on his back, dust on his head, his eyes
 Even great with tears, thus to the Lord he cries:
 O! what alas? what have we done, O Lord?
 The People destin'd to thy People's sword,
 Conquers thy People? and the *Canaanites*
 (Against thy Promise) chase the *Israelites*.
 O Lord, why did not *Jordan's* rapid Tyde
 Still stay our Hoast upon the other side?
 Sith here, in hope to get the *Promis'd* more,
 We hazard all that we had won before.
 Regard and guard us; nay, regard thy Name:
 O! suffer not the seed of *Abraham*
 (Almighty Father, O thou God most high!) 320
 To be expos'd to *Heathen's* Tyrannie!
 Much lesse thy sacred *Ark*, for them to burn:
 And least of all, thy glorious Selve to scorn.
 JOSUAH (said God) let th' Hoast be sanctif'd,
 And let the Church-thief dye, that dar'd to hide
 Th' unlawfull Pillage of that curséd Town
 (The *Mayden* Conquest, prime of thy Renown):
 Then shalt thou vanquish, and the lofty Towns
 Of *HAI* shall fall under thy war-like powrs.
 The morrow next, after the great *Assise*, 330
 ACHAN (convicted, not by bare surmise,
 But by God's Spirit, which undermines our minds,
 And cleerly sees our secretest designes;
 To whom, Chance is no Chance, and Lot no Lot,
 To whom the Dye uncertaine rouleth not)
 Is brought without the Hoast, with all he hath,
 And sacrific'd unto th' Almighty's wrath.
 Now, between *Bethel* and *HAI's* western wall,
 There lies a Valley close inviron'd all
 Between the forking of a hill so high, 340
 That it is hidden from all passers-by:
 Whose hornéd cliffs, below are hollowéd,
 And with two Forrests arbour'd over head:
 'Tis long and narrow; and a rapid Torrent,
 Bounding from rock to rock with roaring Current,

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Deafens the Shepherds: so that it should seem
 Nature fore-cast it for som stratagem.
 Thither the Duke (soon after mid-night) guides 350
 His choycest Bands, and them there war'ly hides;
 Each keeps his place, none speaks, none spets, none
 coughs, 350
 But all as still, as if they march on Moss;
 So fallow Wolves, when they intend to set
 On fearfull flocks that in their Folds do bleat,
 Through silent darknesse secret wayes do groap:
 Their feet are feather'd with the wings of hope,
 They hold their breath, and so still undiscry'd,
 They passe hard by the watchfull Mastie's side.
 Mean-while the howrs op'ned the doors of Day,
 To let out *Titan* that must needs away:
 Whose radiant tresses, but with trailing on, 360
 Began to gild the top of *Libanon*:
 When, with the rest of all his Hoast, the GRAVE
 Marcheth amain to give the Town abrave.
 They straight re-charge him: as in season warm
 The honey-makers busie-buzzing swarm,
 With humming threats throngs from the little gates
 Of their round Towr, and with their little hates
 Fiercely assayl, and wound the naked skins
 Of such as come to rob their curious Inns.
 Why (Cowards) dare you come again for blows? 370
 Or, do you long your wretched lives to lose?
 Com, we are for you; wee'l dispatch you soon:
 And for the many wrongs that you have done
 Unto our Selves, our Neighbours, and our Friends,
 This day our swords shall make us full amends
 (Cry th' *Amorites*): and th' *Hebrew* Captain then 380
 Flies as affraid, and with him all his men
 Disorderly retire: still faining so,
 Till (politick) he hath in-trayn'd the Foe
 Right to his Ambush: then the Souldiers there,
 Hid in the Vale, hearing their noyse so neer,
 Would fain be at them, were they not with-held
 By threatning gestures of Commanding Eld:
 So have I seen on *LAMBORN's* pleasant Downes
 When yelping *Begles* or some deeper Hownds
 Have start a Hare, how milk-white Minks and Lun
 (Gray-bitches both, the best that ever run)
 Held in one leash, have leapt, and strain'd, and whin'd
 To be restrain'd, till (to their Master's minde)
 They might be slipt, to purpose; that (for sport) 390
 Watt might have law neither too-long nor short.
 But, when the *Heathen* had the Ambush past,
 The Duke thus cheers his sacred Troups as fast,
 Sa, sa, my Hearts; turn, turn again upon-them,
 They are your own; now charge and cheerly on them.
 His ready Souldiers at a beck obey,
 And on their Foes courageous load they lay:
 They shoot, they shock, they strike, they stab, they kill 400
 Th' unhallowed Currs, that yet resisted still;
 Untill behinde them a new storm arose
 With horrid noyse, which daunts not onely those,
 But with the furie of it's force doth make
 The Hills and Forrests, and even Hell to quake.

An Ambush.

Simile.

* Signifieth but
 an Earl: but here
 it is usurped for
 the chiefe Cap-
 taine *Josuah*.
 Simile.

A Stratagem.

Simile.

Hai conquered.

Pagans, what will you doe? If here you fly,
 You fall on *Caleb*, where y' are sure to dy:
 If there, on *Josuah*: O unfortunate!
 Your help-lesse gods in vain you invoke.
 Y' are (O forlorn!) like Rabbets round beset
 With wily Hunters' Dogs, and deadly Net:
 With shrill *Sa-haw*, *here-here-ho*, *here-again*, 410
 The Warren rings; th' amazed Game amain
 Runs here and there: but if they scape away
 From Hounds, staves kill them; if from staves, the
 Hay.
 Yeeld, yeeld, and dy then, strive not to retire:
 For, even in death behold your Town a-fire.
 Then *Gibeon*, a mighty City neer,
 That these Exploits of Heav'n's drad hand did hear,
 Sent subtilly, to League with *Israel*.
 No: y' are deceiv'd (said then th' *Arch-Colonel*)
 The *Canaanites* are destin'd long ago 420
 To Fire, and Sword, and utter overthrow;
 From Heav'n's high Judge the Sentence doth proceed:
 Man may not alter what God hath decreed.
 Alas! my Lord (reply'd th' *Embassadors*)
 You may perceive, we are no Borderers
 Upon these Countries: For, our suits, our slops,
 Our hose and shoos, were new out of the shops
 When wee set forth from home; and even that day
 This bread was bakéd when we came away;
 But the long Journey, we have gone, hath wore 430
 Our cloaths to rags, and turn'd our victuals hoar:
 W' abjure thee therefore in the sacred Name
 Of that drad GOD to whom your vows you frame,
 By the sweet aire of this delightfull Coast,
 By the good Angel that conducts your Hoast,
 By deare Embraces of your dearer Wives,
 And by your Babes (even) dearer then your lives;
 By each of these, and all of these together,
 And by your Arms, whose Fame hath drawn us hither;
 T' have pity on us, and to swear unto-us, 440
 To save our lives, and not so to undoe-us,
 As these neer Nations: *Israel* accords,
 And with an Oath confirms the solemn words.
 So I (good Lord) perceiving all the Seed
 Of *Sin-full Adam* unto Death decreed,
 Doom'd to the Vengeance of thy Furie fell,
 And damn'd for ever to the deepest Hell;
 Would fain be free: but, if I should (alas!)
 Come, as I am, before thy glorious face,
 Thou (righteous God) wilt turn thine eyes away; 450
 For, Flesh and Bloud possesse not Heav'n for ay;
 And the strict Rigour of thy *Justice* pure
 Cannot (O Lord) the least of sins endure.
 Oh then! what shall I doe? Ile similize
 These *Gibeonites*: I will my selfe disguise
 To gull thee, Lord (for, even a holy Guile
 Findes with thee grace and favour often-while):
 Ile put-on (crafty) not the cloak of *Pride*
 (For, that was it whereby our Grand-sires di'd:
 And *Lucifer*, with his associates, fell 460
 From Joyes of Heav'n, into the pains of Hell):

Simile.

The *Gibeonites'*
 cunning policy, to
 make League
 with *Israel*.

A sacred applica-
 tion of their pro-
 fane example.

But th' humble *Fleeces* of that sweet sacred *Lamb*
 Which (for our sakes) upon the *Crosse* becam
 So torn and tatter'd; which the most refuse:
 Scorn of the *Gentiles*, Scandall of the *Jews*.
 And, as a piece of Silver, Tin, or Lead,
 By cunning hands with Gold is covered;
 I, that am all but Lead (or drosse more base)
 In fervent Crusible of thy free Grace,
 Ile gild me all with his pure Beautie's Gold; 47
 Born a new man (by Faith) Ile kill mine old:
 In Spirit and Life, *Christ* shall be mine Example,
 His Spirit shall be my Spirit, and I his Temple.
 I being thus in *Christ*, and *Christ* in mee,
 O! wilt thou, canst thou, drive *Vs* far from thee?
 Deprive, from promis'd *new-Jerusalem*,
Christ thine owne *Likeness*; and mee, *like* to him?
 Banish from Heav'n (whose *Bliss* shall never vade)
 Thy *Christ*, by whom & me, for whom 't was
 made?
 But, O presumption! O too rash Designe! 48
 Alas! to *Will* it onely, is not mine:
 And, though I *Would*, my flesh (too-Winter-chill)
 My spirit's small sparkles doth extinguish still.
 O! therefore thou, thou that canst all alone;
 All-sacred Father's like all-sacred Son,
 Through thy deep Mercy daign thou to transform
 Into thy Self, mee sin-full silly worm;
 That so, I may be welcom to my God.
 And live in Peace, not where the *Jews* abode,
 But in Heav'n-*Sion*: and that thou maist be 49
 Th' uniting glew between my God and mee.
 Now, *Eglon's*, *Hebron's*, *Jarmuth's*, *Salem's* Lords,
 And *Lachis* Kingling (after these Accords)
 Wroth, that their Neighbours had betrayéd so
 Their common Country to their common Foe,
 Had made so great a breach, and by the hand
 Led (as it were) th' *Hebrews* into their Land;
 Set-upon *Gibeon*: but th' *Isaacian* Prince,
 As just as valiant, hastes to hunt them thence;
 And, resolute to rescue his Allies, 50
 He straight bids Battell to their Enemies.
 The fight grows fierce; and wingéd *Victory*,
 Shaking her Laurels, rusht confusedly
 Into the midst; she goes, and coms and goes,
 And now she leans to these, and now to those.
Auster the while from neighbour Mountains arms
 A hundred Winters, and a hundred storms
 With huge great Hail-shot, driving fiercely fell
 In the stern visage of the Infidel:
 The roaring Tempest violently retorts 51
 Upon themselves the *Pagans'* whirling darts,
 And in their own breasts, their own Launces bore,
 Wher-with they threatned th' Hoast of God before:
 And (even) as if it envi'd the Renown
 Of valiant *Josuah* (now by *Ganges* known)
 With furious shock, the foremost Ranks it whirr'd
 Upon the next, the second on the third:
 Even as a Bridge of Cards, which Play-full Childe
 Doth in an evening on a Carpet build,

When some Wag by, upon his work doth blow ;	520	<i>Grace</i> still attends ready to doe her honour,	
If one Arch fall, the rest fall all a-row		<i>Riches</i> and <i>Plenty</i> alwayes wait upon her.	
Each upon other, and the Childe he cries		Accoutred thus and thus accompani'd,	580 Prosopopœia.
For his lost labour, and again hee tries.		With thousand sighs thus to the Lord she cri'd :	
If any, resting on his knotty Spear,		Shall it be said a man doth Heav'n command ?	
'Gainst arms and storms, yet stand out stify there,		Wilt thou permit a braving Souldier's hand	
Th' Hail, which the winde full in his face doth		To wrong thine eldest Daughter? Ah! shall I	
yerk,		Have the bare Name, and He th' authority	
Smarter then Racquets in a Court re-jerk		To govern all, and all controul (O Lord)	
Balls 'gainst the Walls of the black-boarded house ;		With the bare winde of his ambitious word?	
Beats out his eyes, batters his nose, and brows.		Shall I (the World's Law) then, receive the Law	
Then turn the <i>Pagans</i> , but without a vail :	530	At others' hands? of others stand in aw?	
For, instantly the stony storm of Hail		If 't be thy pleasure, or thou think it fit,	590
Which flew direct a-front, direct now falls		To have it so or so to suffer it,	
Plumb on their heads, & cleaves their sculs & cauls :		(Pardon me, Father, that I am so free)	
And ever, as they waver to and fro,		I here surrender thy Lieutenancie :	
Over their Hoast the Haily Cloud doth go :		Bestow't on him, put all into his hand :	
And never hits one <i>Hebrew</i> , though between,		Who Heav'n commands, He well may Earth command.	
But a Sword's length (or not so much) be seen :		Why (Daughter) knowst thou not (God answers her)	
A buckler one, another a bright helm		That many times my Mercy doth transfer	
Over his threatned or sick head doth whelm :		Into my Children mine own powr, where-by	
But, the shield broken, and helm beaten in,	540	They work (not seldom) mine own Wonders high ?	
Th' Hail makes the hurt bite on the bloody green.		That th' are my sacred Vice-Royes? and that he,	600
Those, that escape, betake them to their heels ;		Who (stript of flesh) by <i>Faith</i> is joyn'd to me,	The power of a
<i>Josnah</i> pursues, and, though his sweat distils		May remove Mountains, may dry-up the Seas,	steadfast Faith.
From every part, hee wounds, hee kills, hee cleaves.		May make an Ocean of a Wilderneeze ?	
Neither the Fight imperfect so he leaves :		Th' hast seen it, Daughter : therefore, but thou pine	
But, full of faithfull zeal and zealous faith,		In jealousy of this drad arm of mine,	
Thus (O strange language !) thus aloud he saith :		Grudge not at theirs : for they can nothing do,	
Beam of th' Eternall, daye's bright Champion,		But what my spirit inables them unto.	
Spiall of Nature, O all-seeing Sun,		O happy Prince ; I wonder not at all,	
Stay, stand thou still, stand still in <i>Gibeon</i> ;	550	If at thy feet the stout <i>Anachian</i> fall,	JOSUAH, his
And thou O Moon i' th' vale of <i>Ajalon</i> ,		If th' <i>Amorrhite</i> , <i>Hevite</i> , and <i>Canaanite</i> ,	610 victories.
That th' <i>Amorites</i> now by their Hare-like flight		The <i>Pheresite</i> , <i>Hethite</i> , and <i>Jebusite</i> ,	
Scape not my hands under all-hiding Night.		And huge <i>Basanian</i> , by thy daunt-lesse hoast	
As a Caroche, drawn by four lusty Steeds,		Were over-thrown : and if as swift (almost)	
In a smooth way whirling with all their speeds,		As my slow <i>Muse</i> thy sacred Conquest sings,	
Stops suddenly, if 't slip into a slough,		Thou <i>Cam'st</i> , <i>Saw'st</i> , <i>Conquer'dst</i> more then thirty	
Or if it crosse some Log or massie bough ;		kings ;	
The Day-reducing Chariot of the Sun,		Subduing <i>Syria</i> , and dividing it	
Which now began, towards his West to run,		Unto twelve Kindreds in twelve portions fit ;	
Stops instantly, and gives the <i>Hebrews</i> space	560	Sith (O grand Vicar of th' Almighty Lord)	
To rid the <i>Pagans</i> that they have in chase.		With onely summons of thy mighty Word,	
<i>Nature</i> , amaz'd, for very anger shakes :		Thou makest Rivers the most deafly-deep	620
And to th' Almighty her complaint shee makes :		To lobsterize (back to their source to creep) ;	
Seemly she marches with a measur'd pace,		Wals give thee way : after thy Trumpet's charge,	
Choler puts colour in her lovely face ;		Rock-rushing Tempests do retreat, or charge :	
From either nipple of her bosom-twins		<i>Sol's</i> at thy service : and the starry <i>Pole</i>	
A lively spring of pleasant milke there spins ;		Is proud to passe under thy Muster-Roule.	
Upon her shoulders (<i>Atlas</i> -like) she bears		As a blinde man, forsaken of his Guide	Simile.
The frame of All ; down by her side she wears		In some thick Forrest, sad and self-beside,	
A Golden Key, where-with she letteth forth	570	Takes now a broad, anon a narrow path ;	
And locketh up the Treasures of the Earth ;		His groping hand his (late) eyes' office hath :	
A sumptuous Mantle to her heels hangs down,		Here at a stub he stumbles, there the bushes	630
Where-in the <i>Heav'ns</i> , the <i>Earth</i> , and <i>Sea</i> is shown ;		Rake-off his cloak ; here on a Tree he rushes,	
The Sea in <i>Silver</i> woven, the Earth in <i>Green</i> ,		Strayes in and out, turns, this and that way tries,	
The <i>Heav'ns</i> in <i>Assure</i> with <i>Gold</i> threds between :		And at the last fals in a Pit, and dies :	
All-quickning <i>Love</i> , fresh <i>Beauty</i> , smiling <i>Youth</i> ,		Even so (alas !) having their Captain lost,	
And <i>Fruitfulness</i> , each for her favour su'th :		So blindly wanders JACOB's wilfull Hoast,	After his death
			Israel having lost
			his guide, fals
			from his God.

	<p>Contemns the Fountain of God's sacred Law, From Idoll-Puddles poysoning drink to draw ; Forsakes th' old true God, and new false gods fains, And with the <i>Heathen</i> friendship entertains.</p>		
God therefore forsakes him.	<p>Th' Almighty saw it (for, what sees he not ?) And suddenly his furie wexéd hot ; And on their neck, for his sweet yoke, he layd The stranger's yoke that hard and heavie weigh'd.</p>	640	
Simile.	<p>But, as an Infant which the Nurse lets go To goe alone, waves weakly to and fro, Feels his feet fail, cries out, and but (alas !) For her quick hand, would fall and break his face : So JACOB, justly made affliction's thrall, Is never ready in the Pit to fall</p>		
Vpon his repentance God againe receives him to favour.	<p>Of pale Despair, but (if he cry, and crave him) God still extends his gracious hand to save him ; Raising some <i>Worthy</i> that may break in sunder The Gyves and Fetters that he labours under.</p>	650	
The Tyrant <i>Adon-benee</i> taken and intrested as he had handled others.	<p>So then assisted by th' immortal hand, Brave ISRAEL brings under his Command JERUSALEM, LUS, BETHEL, ACCARON, SEBAI, and THOLMAI, GAZA, and ASCALON, And BEZEC too : whose bloody Tyrant, fled, Is caught again, and payd with Cake for Bread :</p>	660	
His complaint.	<p>To selfe-taught Torture he himselfe is put, His sacrilegious Thumbs and Toes be cut : Whereby, more inly prickt, then outly pain'd, God's Vengeance just he thus confest, and plain'd ; O hand, late Scepter-grac't ! O hand, that late EGYPT did dread, and EDOM tremble at ! O hand, that (armed) durst even MARS defie, And couldst have pull'd proud JUPITER from high ! Now, wherto serv'st thou, but t' augment my mean ? Thou canst not now buckle mine Armour on ; Nor wield my mighty Launce with brazen head :</p>	670	
His confession.	<p>Ah ! no (alas !) thou canst not cut my bread, O feet (late) wingéd to pursue the flight Of hundred Armies that I foyl'd in fight, Now you have lost your office, now (alas !) You cannot march but limp about this place.</p>		
His caveat to all Tyrants and cruell minded men.	<p>But, 'tis the just God, the just hand of Heav'n In mine own Coin hath me my payment given : For, seventy kings, thus maim'd of Toes & Thumbs, I, insolent, have made to lick the crums Under my boord (like Dogs) and drawn perforce To serve for blocks when I should mount my horse.</p>	680	
	<p>Therefore (O Kings !) by mine example learn To bound your rage, limit your furie stearn : O Conquerors ! be warnéd all by me ; Be to your Thrals, as God to you shall be : Men, pity Man, wretched and overthrowen : And think his case may one-day be your own ; For, chance doth change : and none alive can say, He happy is, untill his dying day : The Foe that after Victory survives,</p>	690	
	<p>Not for himselfe, but for your glory lives : Th' Olive's above the Palm : and th' happiest King His greatest Triumph, is Selfe-triumphing.</p>		
	<p>But <i>Israel</i>, wal'wing in his myre again, Soon lost the glory former Arms did gain ; And goods and bodies easie booties bin To <i>Aram</i>, <i>Moab</i>, and the <i>Philistin</i>. What help (O <i>Jacob</i>) ? th' hast nor arms, nor head : Thy fields wth bones of thine own hands be spread,</p>		<i>Israel againe againe repaid</i>
	<p>And th' onely name of thy profaner Foe Congeals thy blood, and chills thy heart for Wo. Flee, flee, and hye thee quickly to recover The all-proof Target of thine ancient Lover ; Thy gracious God, the glorious Tyrant-tamer, Terror of terrors, <i>Heathen's</i> dreadful hammer. Ah ! see already how he rescues thee From th' odious yoke of <i>Pagan</i> Tyrannie ; Breaking the fetters of thy bondage fell, By <i>Ahod</i>, <i>Barac</i>, and <i>Othoniel</i>,</p>	700	Againe hath
	<p>And Goad-man SANGAR, whose industrious hand With Ox-teem tills his tributarie Land. When <i>Philistins</i>, with Sword and fierce Furie, Slaughter the <i>Jews</i>, and over-run all <i>Jurie</i>, Deflowr the Virgins, and with lust-full spight Ravish chaste Matrons in their Husbands' sight, He leaves his Plough, he calls upon his God ; And, onely arméd with his slender Goad, Alone he sets on all the Heathen Camp. A <i>Pagan</i> Captain weens him thus to damp ; What means this Fool (saith he) ? go, silly Clown,</p>	710	<i>Sangars pin-swain a famous Champion of Israel.</i>
	<p>Get thee to Plough, go home, and till thy ground, Goe prick thy Bullocks ; leave the works of MARS To my long-train'd, still-conquering Souldiers. First, learn, thou Dog (replies the <i>Israelite</i>) To know my strégh (rather th' Almighty's might) : And on his head he layes him on such load With two quick vennis of his knotty Goad, And with the third thrusts him between the eyes, That down he falls, shaking his heels, and dyes.</p>	720	
	<p>Then steps another forth more stout and grim, Shaking his Pike, and fierce lets fly at him : But SANGAR shuns the blow ; & , with his stroak, The <i>Pagan's</i> leg short-off in sunder broak ; On th' other yet, a while he stands and fights : But th' <i>Hebrew</i> Champion such a back-blow smites, That flat he layes him ; then, with fury born, Forward he leaps ; and, in a Martiall scorn, Upon his panch sets his victorious foot, And treads and tramples, and so stamps into 't, That bloud and bowels (mingled with the bruise)</p>	730	
	<p>Halfe at his mouth, halfe at his sides he spews : As on Wine-hurdles those that dance (for meed) Make with sweet <i>Nectar</i> every wound to bleed ; Each grape to weep, and crimson streams to spin Into the Vate, set to receive them in.</p>	740	Simile.
	<p>Thence thirty steps, a chiefe Commander prest, And proudly wags his feather-clouded Crest, And cryes, Come hither (Cow-heard) com thou hither, Come, let us cope, but I and thou together ; He teach thee (Peasant) and that quickly too, Thou hast not with thy fellow swains to doe,</p>	750	

That on Mount *Carmel's* stormy top do feed :
 No here (poor sot) thou other fence shalt need.
 SANGAR runs at him : and he runs so fierce,
 That on his staffe, him six steps back he bears ;
 Bears down another with him, and another,
 That but with gesture stood directing other :
 As when 'tis dark, when 't rains and blusters rough,
 A thund'ring tempest with a sulph'ry puff
 Breaks down a mighty Gate, and that another, 760
 And that a third, each opposite to other :
 Smoak, dust, & door-fals, with storm's roaring din,
 Dismay the stoutest that command within ;
 The common sort (beside their little wits)
 Scar'd from their beds, dare not abide the streets ;
 But, in their shirts over the wals they run,
 And so their Town, yer it be ta'n, is wun ;
 The sudden storm so inly-deep dismayes-them.
 That fear of Taking to despair betrayes them.
 Amid their Hoast then bravely rushes SANGAR, 770
 His sinnewy arm answers his sacred Anger :
 Who flies or follows, he alike besteads :
 On scattered heap of slaughtered Foes he treads.
 This with his elbow here he over-turns,
 That with his brow ; this, with his foot he spurns ;
 Here, with his staff he makes in shivers fly
 Both cask and scull ; and there he breaks a thigh,
 An arm, a leg, a rib, a chin, a cheek ;
 And th' hungry Shepheard hardly beats so thick
 Nuts from a Tree, as SANGAR Foes beat down : 780
 With swords, and shields, and shafts the field is
 sow'n :
 Alone he foils a Camp : and on the Plain
 There lye six hundred of the *Heathen* slain.
 Almighty God, how thou to thine are good !
 Thy people's Foes are not alone subdu'd
 By a rude Clown, whose hard-wrought hands, before
 Nothing but spades, coulters and bills had bore :
 But, by a silly Woman, to whose hand
 Thou for a Time committest the Command
 Of ISRAEL : for, of no other Head, 790
 Nor Law, nor Lord, they for a time are sped,
 But prudent DEBORA : unto whose Throne
 Fly those whose heads with age are hoary grown ;
 And those great Rabbits that do gravely sit
 Revolving volumes of the highest Writ ;
 And He that in the Tabernacle serves,
 Her sacred voyce as Oracles observes :
 None from her presence ever coms confus'd :
 And gotten skill, gives place to skill infus'd.
 O JACOB's Lanthorn, Load-star pure, w^{ch} lights 800
 On these rough Seas the rest of *Abramites*
 (Said then the People) what shall us befall ?
 JABIN's fell yoke our weary necks doth gall :
 Wee are the Buts unto all Pagan darts,
 And cold Despair knocks at our doors (our hearts).
 ISRAEL, saith shee, be of good cheer ; for now
 God wars upon your Foes, and leagues with you :
 Therefore to Field now let your youth advance,
 And in their rests couch the revenging Lance :

rison.

R.A.

This said, on BARAC she a shield bestows,
 Indented on the brims, which plain fore-shows
 In curious Boss-work (that doth neatly swell)
 The (won and lost) Battails of *Israel*,
 As an abridgement, where to life appear
 The noblest acts of eight or nine score year.
 Lo, here an army, stooping by the side
 Of a deep River (with their Thirst halfe dry'd)
 Sups, licks, and laps the stream ; of all which rout,
 The Captain chuses but three hundred out ;
 And arming each but with a Trump and Torch, 820
 About a mighty Pagan Hoast doth march,
 Making the same through their drad sudden sound,
 With their own Arms themselves to inter-wound ;
 A hellish rage of mutuall furie swols
 The bloody hearts of barbarous Infidels ;
 So that the friends that in one Couch did sleep,
 Each other's blade in either's breast do steep :
 And all the Camp with head-less dead is sown,
 Cut off by Cosen-swords, kill'd by their own.
 Lo there, another valliant Champion, 830
 Who having late triumphant Laurels won ;
 His heed-less Vow (in-humane) to ful-fill,
 His onely Daughter doth unkindly kill :
 The frantick Mother, all unbrac't (alas !)
 With silver locks unkemb'd about her face ;
 Arming her rage with nails, with teeth and tongue,
 Runs-in, and rushes through the thickest throng :
 And, shee will save, and shee will have, (shee sayes)
 Her Deer, her Daughter ; and then hold shee layes
 Upon the Maid : and tearing-off her Coat, 840
 Away shee runs, thinking shee her had got.
 The Priest dissolves in tears, th' Offring is cheer-
 full ;
 The Murdred's valliant, and the Murdrer fearful ;
 The Father leads with slow and feeble pace,
 The Daughter seems to run to death a-pace ;
 As if the Chaplet that her temples ties,
 Were *Hymen's* Flowrs, not Flowrs for Sacrifice ;
 Her grace and beauties still augment ; (in fine)
 Whoso beholds her sweet, love-darting Eyn,
 Her Cheeks, Lips, Brows, fresh Lillies, Corall, Jet ; 850
 Hee sees (or seems to see) a Sun to set.
 And (to conclude) the Graver, Maul, and Mould,
 Have given such life to th' Iron, Brass, and Gold,
 That here wants nothing but the Mother's screech,
 The Father's sigh, and the sweet Daughter's speech.
 Loe here, another shakes his unshav'n tresses,
 Triumphant on a Lyon torn in peeces, 860
 O match-less Champion ! Pearl of men-at-arms,
 That emptiest not an Arceanall of Arms,
 Nor needest shops of *Lemnian* Armourers,
 To furnish weapons for thy glorious Wars ;
 An Asse's jaw-bone is the Club where-with
 Thy mighty arm brains, beats, and battereth
 Th' uncircumcised Camp : all quickly scud ;
 And th' Hoast that flew in dust, now flows in blood.
 Here th' Iron Gates, whose hugeness wont to shake
 The massie Towers of *Gass*, thou dost take

820 *Barac*
 His shield given
 by DEBORA.

Godwin.

830 *Lebbe.*

840

Samson.

860

	On thy broad shoulders : there (in seeming jest) Crushing their Palace-pillars (at a feast) Thou over-whelm'st the House, and with the fall 870 The <i>Philistins</i> blaspheming Princes all. Here, from one's head, which two huge coins do crush, (As whay from Cheese) the battred brains do gush : Here lies another in a deadly swoune ? Nail'd with a broken rafter to the ground : Another, here pasht with a paine of Wall, Hath lost his soule, and bodie's shape withall : Another, here o're-taken as he fled, Lyes (Tortois-like) all hidden but the head : Another, covered with a heap of lome, 880	
Simile.	Seems with his moving to re-move his Toomb : Even as the soft, blinde, Mine-inventing Moule, In velvet Robes under the Earth doth roule ; Refusing light, and little ayre receives, And hunting Worms her moving hillocks heaves.	
The Levite's wife.	Lo, lower here, a beastly Multitude On one poor Woman all their lusts intrude ; Whose Spouse (displeas'd with th' execrable Fact) Into twelve Peeces her dead Body hact ; And, to twelve Parts of ISRAEL them transfers, 890 As twelve quick tindres of intestin Wars.	
The Arke taken by the Philistines.	And lower yet, behold (with hatefull scorn) The ARK of God to DAGON's Temple born : But th' Idol yeelds to GOD, and DAGON fals Before the ARK, which <i>Heathen's</i> pride appals.	
The Battail be- tweene the Israel- ites and Asyrians with their iron Chariots.	BARAC thus arm'd, th' ASORIANS sets-upon, That bright in Brass, steel, gold, and silver shone : But his young Souldiers were much daunted tho, To see the fearful Engins of the Foe ; Nine hundred chariots, whirling swift and light, 900 Whose glistering Irons dazle even their sight ; Whose barbed Steeds bear in their heads a Blade Of the right temper of DAMASCUS made (As proud of it as Unicorns are wont Of their rich Weapon that adorns their Front) Amidst their Pettral stands another Pike ; On either side, long grapples (Sickle-like) The like at either Nave : so that (in Wars) 'Tis present death t' approach these broaching Cars.	
Deborah com- forteth and in- courageth the Israelites.	But DEBORA, her Troops encouraging, 910 Bestirs her quick, and steps from wing to wing : Courage (saith she) brave Souldiers, sacred Knights, Strike, & strike home, lay on with all your mights : Stand, fear them not (O Champions of the Faith) God drives your Foes into the snares of Death. Doubtless, they are your own : their armed Charrets They are but Buggs to daunt dejected spirits. No, no (my Hearts) not Arms, nor Engins glorious, But 't is the heart that makes a Camp victorious : Or rather, 't is God's Thunder-throwing hand, 920 Which onely doth all Warr's success command : And, VICTORIE his Daughter whom he now (For his own sake) frankly bestows on you.	
Simile.	Even as a sort of Shepherds, having spi'd A Wolfe come stealing down a Mountain's side,	
	Cry shrill, <i>Now-now</i> , up-hill, <i>a Wolfe, a Wolfe ;</i> <i>Now, now</i> (sayes <i>Eccho</i>) up-hill, <i>a Wolfe, a Wolfe ;</i> And such a noyse between the Vales doth rise, That th' hungry thief thence without hunting flies ; So th' <i>Hebrews</i> , heartned with her brave discourse, 930 Gave such a shout that th' armed Cars and Horse Turn sudden back, their driver's Art deceive ; And, changing side, through their own Army cleave. Some, with the blades in every Courser's brow, Were (as with Launces) boréd through & through ; Some torn in peeces with the whirling wheels ; Some trod to death under the Horses' heels ; As (in some Countries) when in season hot, 940 Under Horse feet (made with a whip to trot) They use to thresh the sheaves of Winter-Corn, The grain spurts-out, the straw is bruis'd and torn. Some (not direct before the Horse, nor under) Were with the Scythes mow'n in the midst a-sunder : As in a Mead the Grass yet in the flower, 950 Fals at the Foot of the wide-straddling Mower ; That with a stooping back, and stretchéd arm, Cuts-cross the swathes to winter-feed his Farm. If there rest any resolute, and loth To lose so soon their Arms, and honours both At first assault, but rather bravely bent 960 To see so fierce and bloody Fight's event ; Both DEBORAH and BARAC thither pli'd : But (as 'tis writ of the milde AMRAMIDE, And NUN's great Son, that Heav'n-deer MARS-like man, Who did transplant the Tribes to CANAAN) Shee (in the zeal of her religious sprite) Lifts-up her hands to pray, and he to fight. Hee charges fierce, hee wounds, hee slaughters all But SISERA, their Captain generall ; Who flies to JAHEL, and by her is slain, 970 Driving a nail into his sleeping brain. At last, the Helm of head-strong ISRAEL Coms to the hand of famous SAMUEL ; One rarely-wise, who weds his Policy, To divine gifts of sacred Prophecie : But, his two greedy Sons, digressing quite From his good steps, dis-taste the ISRAELITE Of th' ancient RULE of th' Heav'nly Potentate : So that all seek a sudden Change of STATE. Assembled then in sacred PARLIAMENT, 980 Up starts a Fellow of a mean Descent (But of great spirit, well-spoken, full of wit, And courage too, aspiring high to sit) And having gain'd attention, thus he sayes : Divine Designe ! O purpose worthy-praise, To now- <i>Reform</i> the STATE, & soundly <i>Acad</i> With wholesome Lawes th' hurts of the <i>Common-weal</i> : But (prudent ISRAEL) take now heed or never ; Change not an Ague for a burning Fever ; In shaking-off confuséd <i>Anarchie</i> , 990 To be intie'd t' embrace a <i>Monarchie</i> , Admir'd of Fooles, ador'd of Flatterers, Of Softlings, Wantons, Braves, and Loyterers :	God's eam over-shews their own Engins. Smile. Smile. Smile. Deborah is while Barac fights. The Infidel terry over- throwe, as Sisera thus tain slain by Jahel. Samuel, is Israel sub- KING. i. A Debit of a Plebe Democras People-Son

The Freedome and Defence of the base Rabble ;
 But, to brave mindes a Yoke intolerable.
 For, who can brook, millions of men to measure
 Breath, Life, and Moving, all at one man's pleasure ?
 One, to keep all in awe ? One at a beck
 A whole great Kingdome to controule and check ?
 Is 't not a goodly sight, to see a Prince, 990
 Void of all Vertue full of insolence,
 To play with Noble States, as with a straw ?
 A Fool, to give so many Wise the Law ?
 A Beast, to govern Men ? An Infant Eld ?
 A Hare to lead fierce Lions to the field ?
 Who is 't but knows that such a Court as this,
 Is the open Shop of selling Offices ?
 Th' harbour of Riot, stews of Ribaldry,
 Th' haunt of Profusion, th' Hell of Tyrannie :
 That no-where shines the REGAL Diadem, 1000
 But (Comet-like) it boads all vice extrem ?
 That not a King among ten thousand Kings,
 But to his Lust his Law in bondage brings ?
 But (shameless) triumphs in the shame of Wives ?
 But bad, prefers the bad, and good deprives ?
 But gildeth those that glorifie his Folly ?
 That sooth & smooth, & call his Hell-ness holy ?
 But with the Torrent of continuall Taxes
 (Pour'd every where) his meanest Subjects vexes ?
 As an ill-stated body doth distill 1010
 On 's feeblest parts his cold-raw humors still.
 That Form of RULE is a right *Common-weal*
 Where all the *People* have an Enter-deal,
 Where (without aw or Law) the Tyrant's sword
 Is not made drunk with blood, for a Mis-word :
 Where, Each (by turn) doth *Bid* and doth *Obe* ;
 Where, still the *Commons*, (having *Soveraign-sway*)
 Share equally both Rigour and Reward
 To each-man's merit : giving no regard
 To ill-got Wealth, nor mouldy Monuments 1020
 From great-great-Grand-sires scutcheon'd in Descents :
 Where, *Learnd* men, un-soule-clog'd (as it were)
 With servile gyves of King's imperious Fear,
 Fly even to Heav'n ; and by their Pens inspire
 Posterity with Vertue's glorious Fire ;
 Where, Honor's honest Combat never ceases,
 Nor Vertue languishes, nor Valour lees
 His sprightfull nerves through th' envy of a *Prince*,
 That cannot brook another's excellence ;
 Or, pride of those, who (from great Elders sprung) 1030
 Have nothing but Their glory on their tongue ;
 And deeming Others' worth, enough for them,
Vertue and *Valour*, and all *Arts* contemn :
 Or, base Despair, in those of meaner Calling,
 Who on the ground still (worm-like) basely crawl-
 ing,
 Dare not attempt (nor scarcely thinke, precise)
 Any great Act or glorious Enterprise ;
 Because Ambition, Custom, and the Law,
 From high Estate hath bounded them with aw.
 Where, hee that never rightly learn'd t' obey 1040
 Commandeth not, with heavie Sword of *Sway* :

corruption-
 centiousness
 at Princes'
 s.

Where, each i' th' Publick having equall part,
 All to save all, will hazzard life and heart :
 Where *Liberty* (as dear as life and breath)
 Born with us first, consorts us to our death.
 Shall savage beasts like-better Nuts and Mast Simile.
 In a free Forrest, then our choyce Repast
 In Iron Cages ? and shall we (poor Sots)
 Whom Nature Masters of our selves allots,
 And Lords of All besides ; shall wee go draw 1050
 On our own necks an ease-less Yoke of Aw ?
 Rather (O JACOB) chuse wee all to die,
 Then to betray our Native *Libertie* ;
 Then to become the sporting Tennis-ball
 Of a proud *Monarch* ; or to yeeld us thrall
 To serve or honour any other King
 Then that drad LAW which did from SINA ring.
 Another then, whom Age made venerable, Simile.
 Knowledge admir'd, and Office honourable,
 Stands up, and speaks (majestically-milde) 1060
 On other Piles the COMMON-WEAL to build.
 Doubt-less (said he) with waste of time & Soap,
 Y' have laboured long to wash an ÆTHIOPE :
 Y' have drawn us here a goodly form of STATE
 (And well we have had proof of it of late) :
 Shall we again the Sword of JUSTICE put
 In mad men's hands, soon their own throats to cut ?
 What Tiger is more fierce ? what Bear more fell ?
 What Chaff more light ? what Sea more apt to
 swell
 Then is th' unbridled Vulgar, passion-toss't ; 1070
 In calms elated, in foul-weather lost ?
 What boot deep projects, if to th' eyes of all
 They must be publisht in the common Hall ?
 Sith known Designs are dangerous to act :
 And, th' un-close Chief did never noble fact.
 DEMOCRACY is as a tosséd Ship, Simile.
 Void both of *Pole* and *Pilot* in the deep :
 A *Senate* fram'd of thousand Kinglings slight ;
 Where, voyces pass by number not by weight ;
 Where, wise men do propound, and fools dispose : 1080
 A Fair, where all things they to sale expose :
 A sink of Filth, where ay th' infamousest,
 Most bold and busie, are esteeméd best : Simile.
 A Park of savage Beasts, that each-man dreads :
 A Head-lesse Monster with a thousand heads. Simile.
 What shall wee then do ? shall wee by and by
 In Tyrants' paws deject us servilely ?
 Nay, rather, shunning the extremities,
 Let us make choise of men upright and wise ;
 Of such whose Vertue doth the Land adorn, 1090
 Of such whom Fortune hath made Noble-born,
 Of such as Wealth hath rais'd above the pitch
 Of th' abject vulgar ; and to th' hands of such
 (Such, as for Wisedome, Wealth, and Birth excell)
 Let us commit the Reins of ISRAEL ;
 And ever from the sacred Helm exclude
 The turbulent, base, moody *Multitude*.
 Take away Choyce and where is Vertue's grace ?
 What ? shall not Chance unto Desert give place ?

2. Another, of a
 revrend Senator
 for *Aristocrats*,
 or the rule of a
 chosen Synode of
 the best men.

	And Lots, to Right? Shall not the blind be led By those whose eyes are perfect in their head? Chiefly, amid such baulks, and blocks and pits As in best <i>State</i> -paths the best <i>States</i> -man meets?	1100	If, through new Dikes, his trade-full Waters guided, Be in a hundred little brooks divided ; No Bridge more fears, nor Sea more weighs the same : But soon it loses both his trade and name. And (to conclude) a wise and worthy <i>Prince</i> , A KING, compleat in Royall excellence, Is even the People's prop, their powrfull nerves, And lively Law, that all intire preserves : His Countrie's life and soule, sight and fore-sight ; And even th' Almighty's sacred Picture right. While yet he spake, the People loudly cri'd, A KING, a KING ; wee'l have a KING for Guide, Hee shall command : Hee shall conduct our Hoasts, And make us Lords of the <i>IDUMEAN</i> Coasts. Ingrate, said SAMUEL, will you then reject Th' Almighty's Scepter ? doe you more affect New POLICY, then his old PROVIDENCE ? And change th' Immortall for a mortall Prince ? Well (Rebels) well, you shall, you shall have one : But doe you know what follows thereupon ? Hee, from your Ploughs shall take your Horses out, To serve his pomp, and draw his Train about In gilden Coaches (a wilde wanton sort Of Popinjays and Peacocks of the Court) : Hee shall your choysset Sons and Daughters take To be his servants (nay his slaves to make) : You shall plant Vineyards, hee the Wine shall sup : You shall sow Fields, and hee shall reap the Crop : You shall keep Flocks, & hee shall take the Fleece : And PHARAOH's Yoke shall seem but light to his. But, ISRAEL doth wilfully persever, And SAMUEL (preat and importuned ever) Annoynteth SAUL the Son of Cis) a Man Whose curséd end marr'd what he well began. You, too-too-light, busie, ambitious wits, That Heav'n and Earth confound with furious fits : Fantastick Franticks, that would innovate, And every moment change your form of STATE : That weening high to fly, fall lower still : That though you change your Bed change not your Ill : See, see how much th' Almighty (the most High) Here-in abhors your fond inconstancie. The PEOPLE-STATE, the ARISTOCRACY, And sacred KINGDOM, took authority A-like from Heav'n : and these three Scepter-forms Flourish a-vie, as well in Arts and Arms. As prudent Lawes. Therefore, you stout <i>Helvetians</i> , <i>Grisons</i> , <i>Genevians</i> , <i>Ragusians</i> , <i>Venetians</i> , Maintain your Liberties, and change not now Your sacred Lawes rooted so deep with you. On th' other side, we that are borne and bred Under KING'S Awe, under one <i>Supreme Head</i> , Let us still honour their drad <i>Majesties</i> , Obey their Lawes, and pay them Subsidies. Let's read, let's hear no more these factious Teachers, These shame-lesse <i>Tribunes</i> , those seditious Preachers, That in all places alwayes belch and bark Aloud abroad, or whisper in the dark,	1159
Comparison.	Who may be better trusted with the key Of a great Chest of Gold and Gems then they That got the same ? And who more firm and fit At <i>carefull</i> Stern of POLICIE to sit, Then such as in the ship most venture bear : Such as their owne wrack with the State's wrack fear : Such as, Content, and having much to lose, Even Death itselfe, rather then Change, would choose ?	1110		
p. The Oration of a noble young Prince for Mon- archy, or the sole soverainie of a KING.	While he discourst thus on a Theam so grave, Up-rose a Gallant, noble, young, and brave, Foe to the Vulgar, one that hop't (perchance) One-day t' attain a Scepter's governance, And thus he speaks : Your RULE is yet too <i>Free</i> , Y' have proin'd the leaves, not boughs of <i>Publick- Trees</i> : Y' have qualifide but not yet cur'd our grief : Y' have in our Field still left the tares of Strife, Of Leagues and Factions. For, plurality Of Heads and Hands to sway an <i>Empirie</i> , Is for the most part like untaméd Bulls ; One, this way hales ; another, that way puls ; All every-way ; hurried with passion's windes Whither their Lust-storms do transport their minds At length, the strongest bears the weakest down, And to himselfe wholly usurps the Crown : And so (in fine) your <i>Aristocracie</i> He by degrees brings to a <i>Monarchie</i> . In brief, the Scepter <i>Aristocratike</i> , And <i>People-sway</i> , have * <i>Symptomes</i> both alike : And neither of them can be permanent For want of <i>Vision</i> ; which of government Is both the Life-bloud, and preservative, Whereby a STATE young, strong and long doth thrive. But, MONARCHY is as a goodly Station, Built skilfully, upon a sure Foundation : A quiet House, wherein (as principall) One Father is obey'd and serv'd of all : A well-rig'd Ship, where (when the danger's neer) A many Masters strive not who shall steer. The World hath but One God ; Heav'n but One Sun : Quails but One Chief : the Hony-birds but One, One Master-Bee : and Nature (natively) Graves in our hearts the Rule of MONARCHY. At sound of whose Edicts, all joynt-proceed ; Under whose Sway, Seditions never breed : Who, while consulting with Colleagues he stands, Lets not the Victory escape his hands : And, that same <i>Majesty</i> , which (as the Base And Pedestall) supports the weight and grace, Greatnesse and glory of a well-Rul'd <i>State</i> , Is not extinguisht nor extenuate, By being parcellis'd to a plurality Of petty Kinglings, of a mean Equality : Like as a goodly River, deep and large, Able to bear Ships of the greatest Charge,	1120		
Simile.		1130		
'A passion fol- lowing any sick- ness.		1140		
		1150		
Simile.		1200		
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A KING
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King of.A check
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People is
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establish

Ralling at Princes (whether good or bad)
 The true Lieutenants of Almighty God.
 And let not us, before a KING, prefer
 A Senate-sway, nor Scepter Popular.
 'Tis better bear the *Youth-slips* of a KING, 1220
 I' th' *Law* some fault, i' th' *State* some blemishing,
 Then to fill all with *Bloud-floods* of *Debate* ;
 While, to *Reform*, you would *Deform* a STATE.
 One cannot (with-out danger) stir a stone
 In a great Building's old foundation :
 And, a good Leach seeks rather to support,
 With ordered dyet, in a gentle sort,
 A feeble Body (though in sickly plight)
 Then with strong Med'cines to destroy it quite.
 And therefore, Curséd, ever Curséd be 1230
 Ourst Hell-spurr'd PERCIE's fell Conspiracie ;
 And every head, and every hand and heart,
 That did Conceive or but Consent his part :
 POPE-prompted Atheists, faining Superstition
 To cover Cruelty, and cloak Ambition :
 Incarnate Devils, Enemies of Man,
 Dam-Murdering Vipers, Monsters in-humane,
 Dis-natur'd NEROS, impious EROSTRATES,
 That with one Puff would blow-up all Estates ; 1240
 Prince's and Peer's, and People's Government
 (For, of all Three consists our PARLIAMENT)
 Religion, Order, Honesty, and all,
 And more then all that Fear can fear to fall.
 And therefore, Blessed, ever Blessed be
 Our glorious GOD's immortall Majestie ;
 ENGLAND's Great Watch-man, hee that Israel keeps,
 Who never slumbers, and who never sleeps :
 Our gracious Father, whose still-firm affection
 Defend us still with wings of his Protection :
 Our loving Saviour, that thus Saves us still 1250
 (V's so unworthy, us so prone to ill) :
 Our sacred Comforter (the Spirit of Light)
 Who steers us still in the True FAITH aright :
 The TRINITIE, th' Eternall THREE in ONE,
 Who by his Pow'r and providence alone,
 Hath from the Furnace of their Fiery Zeal
 Preserv'd our PRINCE, our PEERS, our PUBLICK-WEAL,
 Therefore, O PRINCE (our nostrils' dearest breath)
 Thou true Defender of true Christian FAITH,
 O! let the Zeal of GOD's House eat thee up : 1260
 Fill BABYLON her measure in her Cup :

ust Execra-
 of the Popish
 der-plot on
 fifth of Nov-
 er 1605.

Maim the King-maiming Kinglings of Bezeck :
 Pittie not Agag, spare not Amalech :
 Hunt, hunt those Foxes, that would under-mine
 Root, Body, Branches of the Sacred Vine :
 O! spare them not. To spare Them, is to spoyl
 Thy Selve, thy Seed, thy Subjects, and thy Soyl.
 Therefore O PEERS, Princely-loyall Paladines,
 True-noble Nobles, lay-by-by-Designes :
 And in God's quarrell and your Countrie's, bring 1270
 Counsell and Courage to assist your KING
 To counter-mine against the Mines of ROME ;
 To conquer Hydra, and to over-come
 And clean cut-off his Horns, and Heads, and all
 Whose hearts doe Vow, or knees doe Bow to Baal :
 Be Zealous for the LORD, and Faith-full now,
 And honour Him, and he will honour you.
 Fathers, and Brethren, Ministers of CHRIST,
 Cease civill Warrs : war all on Anti-Christ ;
 Whose subtile Agents, while you strive for shels, 1280
 Poyson the kernel with Erroneous Spels :
 Whose Envious Seed-men, while you Silent Sleep,
 Sow Tares of Treason, which take root too deep.
 Watch, watch your Fold : feed, feed your Lambs at
 home :
 Muzzle these Sheep-clad bloody Wolves of ROME.
 Therefore, O PEOPLE, let us Praise and Pray
 Th' Almighty-most (whose Mercy lasts for aye)
 To give us grace, to ever-keep in minde
 This MIRACLE of his Protection kinde :
 To true-Repent us of our hainous Sin 1290
 (Pride, Lust, and Loosenesse) we have wallowed in :
 To stand still constant in the pure Profession
 Of true RELIGION (with a due discretion
 To try the Spirits, and by peculiar choyce
 To know our Shepheards from th' Hyæna's voyce) :
 And, ever loyall to our PRINCE, l' expose
 Goods, Lands, and Lives, against his hate-full Foes :
 Among whom (Lord) if (yet) of Thine be found,
 Convert them quickly : and the rest Confound.
 And (to Conclude) PRINCE, PEERS, and PEOPLE
 too, 1300
 Praise all at once, and selffy each of you,
 His Holy Hand, that (like as long a-goe,
 His Sidrach, Misach, and Abednego)
 From the hot Furnace of POPE Powder'd Zeal
 Hath sav'd our PRINCE, our PEERS, our PUBLICK-weal.

The end of the THIRD DAY of the SECOND WEEK.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

- Line 1, 'Abramides' = descendants of Abraham.
- Ll. 10 and 1203, 'a vie'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.* for a full note.
- L. 19, 'Swaddle' = swaddling, *i.e.* infancy.
- L. 46, 'Roules' = Rolls.
- L. 54, 'stall'd' = installed.
- L. 59, 'train' = lead on, with strategy implied.
- L. 65, 'Nils' = not to will, *i.e.* ne will.
- L. 94, 'God shield' = God save.
- L. 153, 'Crock' = water-pot.
- L. 169, 'gage' = pledge, challenge.
- L. 182, 'Affects' = desires, affections.
- L. 194, 'bod' = bade.
- L. 201, 'braves' = bravoos.
- L. 205, 'no neer' = no nearer, *v.g.*
- L. 207, 'Ween' = judge, expect.
- L. 226, 'boundling' = bounding.
- L. 232, 'Bombards' = war instruments for besieging, a kind of cannon.
- L. 245, 'a field of grain' = cut down as a field of grain is.
- L. 258, 'Heseline'—see Glossarial Index, *s.n.*
- L. 273, 'Nilus' greedy beast' = rhinoceros.
- L. 286, 'Diamant' = diamond.
- L. 306, 'Isacian' and l. 498, 'Isaacian' = descendants of Isaac?
- L. 335, 'Dye' = dice.
- L. 352, 'fallow' = hungry as long-fasting?
- L. 357, 'Mastie's' = mastiff's.
- L. 379, 'in-trayn'd' = led on by stratagem.
- L. 385, 'Begles' = beagles.
- L. 386, 'Minks and Lun' = names of hounds—see our Memorial-Introduction on this and similar personal references by Sylvester.
- L. 391, 'Watt' = hare.
- L. 394, 'Sa, sa.' Cf. l. 410, = our 'so-ho.'
- L. 426, 'slops' = trousers.
- L. 478, 'vade'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, and under 'fade.'
- L. 554, 'Caroche' = coach.
- L. 615, 'Cam'st,' etc., = 'Veni, vidi, vici' of Cæsar.
- L. 620, 'deafly' = deafeningly?
- L. 621, 'lobstarise' = move backwards—usually the crab.
- L. 677, 'paiment'—misprinted 'painment' in the original.
- L. 727, 'vennies' = venue, veney, veny, venew (French venue = a coming on), *i.e.* assault or attack in fencing. See Nares, *s.v.*
- L. 777, 'cask' = casket, helm.
- L. 804, 'Buts' = arrow-mark or target.
- L. 829, 'Cosen-swords' = cosening-swords?
- L. 852, 'Maul' = mallet.
- L. 872, 'coins'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
- L. 876, 'pash't' = dashed: *ibid.*, 'pains of Wall'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
- L. 891, 'tinders' = kindlers?
- L. 906, 'Pettral' = breast-plate, *i.e.* peitrel.
- L. 908, 'Nave' = centre?
- L. 917, 'Buggs' = bugbears—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, for an odd use of it.
- L. 983, 'Braves' = bravoos.
- L. 1013, 'Enter-deal' = dealing.
- L. 1027, 'leeses' = loses.
- L. 1075, 'un-close'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
- L. 1102, 'baulks' = defeats, hindrances.
- L. 1108, 'venture' = risk—hence such traders were called 'Adventurers.'
- L. 1117, 'proin'd' = pruned.
- L. 1181, 'Popinjays' = parrots.
- L. 1226, 'Leach' = leech, *i.e.* physician—and see Glossarial Index, *s.v.* for a full note.
- L. 1234, 'Superstition' = religion. Cf. Acts xvii. 22.
- L. 1238, 'Erostrates' = Herostratus, firer of the temple of Ephesus.
- L. 1287, 'Almighty-most' = most Almighty.



TO
PRINCE HENRY
HIS HIGHNES.

A SONNET.

Having new-mustred th' HOAST of all this ALL
Your Royall Father in our Fore-ward stands ;
Where (Adam-like) Himselfe alone Commands
A WORLD of Creatures, ready at his Call.
Our Middle-ward doth not unfitly fall
To famous Chiefs whose grave-brave heads and hands
In Counsaill'd Courage so conduct our Bands,
As (at a brunt) affront the force of Baal.
Our Rearer-ward (Sir) shall be your Princely Charge,
Though last, not least (sith it most Honour brings)
Where Honour's Field before you lies more large :
For ; Your Command is of a Camp of KINGS,
Some good, some bad : Your Glory shall be, here
To Chuse and Use the good, the bad Cashier.

A STANZA.

Fewell of NATURE, Joy of ALBION,
To whose perfection Heav'n and Earth conspire :
That, in Times fulness, Thou maist bless this Throne
(Succeeding in the Vertues of thy Sire)
As happy thou hast begun, goe-on :
That, as thy Youth, we may thine Age admire :
Acting our Hopes (which shall revive our hearts)
Pattern and Patron both of Arms and Arts.

Josuah Sylvester.



The Tropheis.
 THE
 FIRST BOOKE OF
 THE
 FOURTH DAY OF
 THE II. WEEKE OF
 BARTAS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Saul's fall from Favour, into God's Disgrace.
 David design'd Successor in his Place :
 Braving Goliah, and the Philistins
 Hee bravely foyles : Hee flies his furious Prince.
 Seem-Samuel rais'd : Saul routed ; Selfy-slain :
 Kind David's TROPHEIS, and triumphant Reign,
 His heav'nly Harp-skill (in King JAMES renew'd) :
 His humane frailty, heavily pursu'd.
 Bersabe bathing : Nathan bold-reproving :
 David repenting (Our REPENTANCE moving). 10

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Heroik force, and Prince-fit forme withall,
 Honour the Scepter of courageous Saul ;
 Successe confirms it : for the pow'r Divine
 Tames by his hand th' outrageous *Philistine*,
Edom, and *Moad*, and the *Ammonite*,
 And th' ever-wicked, curst *Amalekite* :
 O too-too-happy ! if his arrogance
 Had not transgress Heav'n's sacred Ordinance :
 But therefore, God in 's secret Counsell (just) 20
 Him even already from his Throne hath thrust,
 Degraded of his gifts ; and in his stead
 (Though privily) annoynted *Jesse's* Seed ;
 Th' honour of *Jacob*, yea of th' Universe,
 Heav'n's darling *DAVID*, Subject of my Verse.
 Lord, sith I cannot (nor I may not once)
 Aspire to *DAVID's* Diadems and Thrones ;
 Nor lead behinde my bright *Triumphal-Car*
 So many Nations Conquered in War :

a.

Nor (*DAVID-like*) my trembling Aspes adorn 30
 With bloody *TROPHEIS* of my Foes forlorn :
 Vouchsafe mee yet his Verse : and (Lord) I crave
 Let me his Harp-strings, not his Bow-strings have :
 His Lute, and not his Lance, to worthy-sing
 Thy glory, and the honour of thy King.
 For, none but *DAVID* can sing *DAVID's* worth :
 Angels in Heav'n thy glory sound ; in Earth,
DAVID alone ; whom (with Heav'n's love surpriz'd)
 To praise thee there, thou now hast Angeliz'd.
 Give me the Laurell, not of War, but Peace ; 40
 Or rather give mee (if thy grace so please)
 The *Civik Garland* of green Oaken boughs,
 Thrice-three times wreath'd about my glorious brows.
 To ever-witnesse to our after-friends
 How I have rescu'd my con-Citizens,
 Whom profane *Fame's-Thirst*, day and night did move
 To be beslav'd to th' yoke of wanton *Love* :
 For (not to mee, but to thee, Lord, be praise)
 Now by th' example of my sacred Laves,
 To *Sacred Loves* our noblest spirits are bent 50
 And thy rich Name's their onely argument.
 HEE, WHOM in private wals, with privie signe,
 The great King-maker did for *King* assigne,
 Begins to show himselfe. A fire so great
 Could not live flameless long : nor would God let
 So noble a spirit's nimble edge to rust
 In Shepherds' idle and ignoble dust.
 My Son, how certain wee that saying prove,
 That doubtfull Fear still waits on tender Love ;

Jesse (or *Iska*)
 sendeth *David* to
 see his brethren
 in the Campe.

	<i>DAVID</i> (saith <i>Jesse</i>) I am full of fears	60	
	For thy dear Brethren : Each assault, salt tears		
	Draws from mine eyes ; me thinks each point doth stab		
	Mine <i>Eliab</i> , <i>Samna</i> , and <i>Aminadab</i> .		
	Therefore go visit them, and with this Food		
	Bear them my blessing ; say I wish them good ;		
	Beseeching God to shield and them sustain,		
	And send them (soon) victorious home again.		
	Gladly goes <i>DAVID</i> , and anon doth spie,		
	Two steep high Hills where the two Armies lie :		
	A Vale divides them ; where in raging mood	70	
	(<i>Colossus</i> -like) an arméd Gyant stood :		
Description of	His long black locks hung shaggéd (sloven-like)		
<i>Goliath</i> .	A-down his sides : his bush-beard floated thick ;		
	His hand and arms, and bosome bristled were		
	(Most Hedge-hog-like) with wyer in stead of hair.		
	His foule blasphemous mouth, a Cave's mouth is ;		
	His eyes two brands, his belly an Abyesse :		
	His legs two Pillars : and to see him goe,		
	Hee seem'd some steeple reeling to and fro.		
	A Cypress-Tree, of fifteen Summers old,	80	
	<i>Pyramid</i> -wise waves on his Helm of Gold.		
	Whose glistering brightnes doth (with rayes direct)		
	Against the Sun, the Sun it selfe reflect ;		
	Much like a Comet blazing bloody-bright		
Simile.	Over some City, with new threatfull light ;		
	Presaging down-fall or some dismall fate,		
	Too-neer approaching to some ancient State.		
	His Lance a Loom-beam, or a Mast (as big)		
	Which yet he shaketh as an Osier twig ;		
	Whose harmful point is headed stify-straight	90	
	With burnisht Brasse above an Anvil's weight :		
	Upon whose top (in stead of Bannaret)		
	A hissing Serpent seems his foes to threat :		
	His brazen Cuirasse, not a Squire can carrie ;		
	For 'tis the burthen of a Dromedarie :		
	His Shield (where <i>Cain</i> his brother <i>Abel</i> slaies,		
	Where <i>Chus</i> his son, Heav'n-climbing Towrs doth		
	raise ;		
	Where th' <i>Ark</i> of God, to th' <i>Heathen</i> captivate,		
	To <i>Dagon's</i> House is led with scorne and hate)	100	
	Is like a Curtain made of double planks		
	To save from shot some hard-besiegéd Ranks.		
	His threatfull voice is like the stormfull Thunder		
	When hot-cold Fumes teare sulph'ry clouds asunder.		
	O Fugitives ! this is the forti'th day		
	(Thus barks the Dog) that I have stalkéd aye		
	About your fearfull Hoast : that I alone		
	Against your best and choycest Champion,		
	In single Combate might our Cause conclude,		
	To shun the slaughter of the multitude ;		
	Come then, who dares ; and to be slain by mee,	110	
	It shall thine honour and high Fortune be.		
	Why am I not lesse strong ? my common strength		
	Might finde some Brave to cope with at the length.		
	But, fie for shame, when shall wee cease this geare :		
	I to defie, and you to flye for feare ?		
	If your hearts serve not to defend your Lot,		
	Why are you arm'd ? why rather yeeld you not ?		
	Why rather doe you (sith you dare not fight)		
	Not prove my mildeness then provoke my might ?	120	
	What needed Coats of brasse and Caps of steel		
	For such as (Hare-like) trust but to their heel ?		
	But, sith I see not one of you (alas !)		
	Alone dares meet, nor looke mee in the face,		
	Come ten, come twenty, nay come all of you,		
	And in your ayde let your great God come too :		
	Let him rake Hell, and shake the Earth in sunder,		
	Let him be arm'd with Lightning & with thunder :		
	Come, let him come and buckle with mee here :		
	Your goodly God, lesse then your selves, I feare.		
	Thus having spew'd, the dreadfull <i>Cyclop</i> stirr'd	130	
	His monstrous Limbes ; beneath his feet he rear'd		
	A cloud of dust : and, wheresoe're hee wend,		
	Flight, Feare, and Death, his ghastly steps attend.		
	Even as a paire of busie chattering Pies,	Simile.	
	Seeing some hardie Tercell from the skies		
	To stoop with rav'nous seres, feel a chill fear,		
	From bush to bush, wag-tayling here and there ;		
	So that no noyse, nor stone, nor stick can make		
	The tim'rous Birds their Covert to forsake ;		
	So th' <i>Hebrew</i> Troups this braving Monster shun ;	140	
	And from his sight, some here, some there, do run.		
	In vain the King commands, intreats and threats ;		
	And hardly three or foure together gets.		
	What shame (saith he) that our Victorious Hoast		
	Should all be daunted with one Pagan's boast ?		
	Brave <i>Jonathan</i> , how is thy courage quail'd ?		
	Which yerst at <i>Bosus</i> , all alone assail'd		
	Th' whole <i>Heathen</i> Hoast. O worthy <i>Abner</i> too,		
	What chance hath cut thy Nerves of Valour now ?		
	And thou thy self (O <i>Saul</i>) whose Conquering hand	150	
	Had yerst with <i>Tropheis</i> filléd all the Land,		
	As far as <i>Tigris</i> from the <i>Japhean</i> Sea :		
	Where is thy heart ? how is it fall'n away ?		
	<i>Saul</i> is not <i>Saul</i> : O ! then, what <i>Israelite</i>		
	Shall venge God's honour and Our shame acquite ?		
	Who, spurr'd with anger, but more stir'd with		
	zeal,		
	Shall foyle this Pagan, and free <i>Israel</i> ?		
	O ! who shall bring me this Wolf's howling head,		
	That Heav'n and Earth hath so un-hallowéd ?		
	What e're hee be that (lavish of his soule)	160	
	Shall with his blood wash-out this blot so foule,		
	I will innoble him, and all his House ;		
	He shall enjoy my Daughter for his Spouse :		
	And ever shall a Deed so memorable		
	Be (with the Saints) sacred and honourable.		
	Yet for the <i>Duel</i> no man dares appear :		
	All wish the prize ; but none will win 't so dear :		
	Big-looking Minions, brave in vaults and vows,		
	Lions in Court, now in the Camp be Cows :		
	But, even the blast that cools their courage so,	170	
	That makes my <i>DAVID's</i> valiant rage to glow.		
	My Lord (saith He) behold, this hand shall bring	David's de	
	Th' Heav'n-scorning head unto my Lord the King.		
	Alas, my Lad, sweet Shepheard (answers <i>Saul</i>)		
	Thy heart is great ; although thy limbs be small :		

Saul smiteth
his Scabbard, as
propounded with
Reverend in his
that shall mine
take the Phil-
istine.

- High flie thy thoughts ; but we have need of more,
More stronger Toyls to take so wilde a Boare :
To tame *Goliath*, needs some Demi-god,
Some *Nimrod*, rather then a Shepheard-Lad
Of slender growth, upon whose tender Chin 180
The budding down doth scarcely yet begin.
Keep therefore thine own Rank, & draw not thus
Death on thy selfe, dis-honour upon us,
With shame and sorrow on all *Israel*,
Through end-lesse Thraldome to a Foe so fell.
The faintest Harts, God turns to Lions fierce,
To Eagles Doves, Vanquisht to Vanquishers :
God, by a Woman's feeble hand subdues
Jabins Lieutenant, and a Judge of *Jewes*.
God is my strength : therefore (O King forbear, 190
For *Israel*, for thee, or mee, to fear :)
No self-presumption makes me rashly brave ;
Assuréd pledge of his proud head I have.
Seest thou these arms, my Lord? These very
arms
(Steeld with the strength of the great God of Arms)
Have bath'd Mount *Bethlem* with a Lion's blood,
These very arms, beside a shady wood,
Have slain a Bear, which (greedy after prey)
Had torn and born my fattest sheep away.
My God is still the same : this savage Beast, 200
Which in his Fold would make a Slaughter-feast,
All-ready feels his furie and my force ;
My foot al-ready tramples on his Corps :
With his own sword his curséd length I lop,
His head already on the ground doth hop.
The Prince beholds him, as amaz'd and mute
To see a minde so young, so resolute :
Then son (saith hee) sith so confirm'd thou art,
Goe, and God's blessing on thy valiant heart ;
God guide thy hand, and speed thy weapon so, 210
That thou return triumphant of thy Foe.
Hold, take my Corslet, and my Helm, and Lance,
And to the Heav'ns thy happy Prowes advance.
The faithfull Champion, being furnisht thus,
Is like the Knight, which 'twixt *Eridanus*
And th' Heav'nly *Star-Skip*, marching bravely-bright
(Having his Club, his Casque, and Belt bedight
With flaming studs of many a twinkling Ray)
Turns Winter's night into a Summer's day.
But, yer that he had halfe a furlong gon, 220
The massie Lance and Armour he had on
Did load him so, he cold not freely move
His legs and arms, as might him best behovee.
Even so an *Irish* Hobby, light and quick
(Which on the spur over the bogs they prick
In highest speed) if on his back hee feel
Too-sad a Saddle, plated all with steel,
Too-hard a Bit with-in his mouth ; behinde,
Crooper and Trappings him too-close to binde ;
Hee seems as lame, hee flings and will not goe ; 230
Or, if hee stir, it is but stiff and slow.
DAVID therefore layes-by his heavy load ;
And, on the grace of the great glorious *GOD*
- (Who by the weakest can the strongest stoop)
Hee firmly founding his victorious hope,
No Arrows seeks, nor other Arcenall ;
But, from the Brooke that runs amid the Vale,
Hee takes five Pebbles and his Sling, and so,
Couragiously encounters with his Foe.
What Combat's this? On the one side, I see 240
A moving Rock, whose looks doe terrifie
Even his own Hoast ; whose march doth seem to
make
The Mountain tops of *Succoth* even to shake :
On th' other side, a slender tender Boy
Where grace and beauty for the prize do play :
Shave but the down that on his Chin doth peer,
And one would take him for *Anchises* Pheer :
Or, change but weapons with that wanton Elf,
And one would thinke that it were *Cupid's* selfe.
Gold on his head, scarlet on either Cheek, 250
Grace in each part, and in each gest, alike ;
In all so lovely, both to Foe and Friend,
That very Envie cannot but commend
His match-lesse beauties : and though ardent zeale
Flush in his face against the Infidell,
Although his fury fume, though up and down
Hee nimbly traverse, though hee fiercely frown,
Though in his breast boyling with manly heat,
His swelling heart do strongly pant and beat ;
His Storm is calm, and from his modest eyes 260
Even gracious seems the grimmest flash that flies.
Am I a Dog, thou Dwarf, thou Dandiprat,
To be with stones repell'd and palted at?
Or art thou weary of thy life so soone ?
O foolish boy ! fantastical Baboone !
That never saw'st but sheep in all thy life ;
Poore Sot, 'tis here another kinde of strife :
Wee wrestle not (after your Shepheard's guise)
For painted sheep-hooks, or such pettie Prize,
Or for a Cage, a Lamb, or bread and cheese : 270
The Vanquisht Head must be the Victor's Fees.
Where is thy sweaty dust? thy sun-burnt scars
(The glorious marks of Souldiers train'd in Wars)
That make thee dare so much? O Lady-Cow,
Thou shalt no more be-star thy wanton brow
With thine eyes rayes : Thy Mistress shall no more
Curle the quaint Tresses of thy Golden ore :
I'll trample on that Gold ; and Crowes and Pyes
Shall peck the pride of those sweet-smiling eyes :
Yet, no (my girl-boy) no, I will not 'file 280
My searéd hands with blood so faintly-vile :
Goe seek thy match, thou shalt not die by mee,
Thine honour shall not my dishonour be.
No (silly Lad) no, wert thou of the Gods
I would not fight at so un-knightly oddes.
Com barking Curre (the *Hebrew* taunts him thus)
That hast blasphem'd the God of gods, and us ;
The oddes is mine (villain, I scorn thy Boasts)
I have for Ayde th' Almighty Lord of Hoasts.
Th' *Ethnick's* a-fire, and from his goggle eyes 290
All drunk with rage and blood, the Lightning flies :

Simile.	<p>Out of his bever like a Boare he fomes : A hellish fury in his bosome roames : As mad, he marcheth with a dreadfull pase, Death and destruction muster in his face, He would a-fresh blaspheme the Lord of lords With new dispights ; but in the steed of words He can but gnash his teeth. Then, as an Oxe Straid 'twixt the hollow of steep Hills and Rocks, Through craggie Coombs, through dark & ragged turnings, 300</p>	<p>Pierc't instantly the <i>Pagans</i>'s ghastly Front, 350 As deep as Pistol-shot in boord is wont. The villain's sped (cryes all the <i>Hebrew</i> band) The Dog, the Atheist feels God's heavie hand. Th' <i>Isaacian</i> Knight, seeing the blow, stands still Fro th' Tyrant's wounds his ruddy soule doth trill ; As from a crack in any pipe of Lead (That conveyes Water from some Fountain's head) Hissing in th' Ayre, the captive Stream doth spin In silver threds her crystall humour thin.</p>
Simile.	<p>Loves hideously his solitary Mourning : The Tyrant so from his close helmet blunders With horrid noise, & this harsh voyce he thunders : Thy God raigns in his Ark, and I on Earth : I Challenge Him, Him (if he dare come forth) Not Thee, base <i>Pigmees</i>. Villain (sayes the <i>Jew</i>) That blasphemy thou instantly shalt rue. If e'r you saw (at Sea) in Summer weather, A Galley and a Caraque cope together (How th' one steers quick, & th' other veers as slow 310 Lar-boord and star-boord from the poop to prow : This, on the winde ; that, on her owres relies : This daunteth most, and that most damnifies) You may conceive this Fight : th' huge <i>Polypheme</i> Stands, stify shaking his steel-pointed beam : <i>David</i> doth traverse (round about him) light, Forward and back, to th' left hand, and the right, Steps in and out ; now stoops, anon he stretches ; Then he recoyles, on either hand hee reaches ; And stoutly-active, watching the adverse blowes, 320 In every posture doth himselfe dispose.</p>	<p>The Gyant wiping with his hand his wound, 350 Cries tush, 'tis nothing : but eftsoons the ground Sunk under him, his face grew pale and wan, And all his limbs to faint and fall began : Thrice heaves hee up his head ; it hangs as fast, And all a-long lies <i>Isaac</i>'s dread at last, Covering a rood of Land ; and in his Fall, Resembles right a lofty Towr or Wall, 360 Which to lay levell with the humble soyl A hundred Miners day and night do toyl ; Till at the length rushing with thundrous roar, 370 It ope a breach to th' hardy Conquerour. Then, two loud cries, a glad and sad, were heard : Wherewith reviv'd, the vaunting Tyrant stird Resummoning under his weak Controule The fainting Remnants of his flying Soule ; And (to be once more buckling yer hee dies, With blow for blow) hee strives in vain to rise. Such as in life, such in his death he seems ; For even in death he curses and blasphemes : And as a Curre, that cannot hurt the flinger, 380 Flies at the stone and biteth that for anger ; <i>Goliath</i> bites the ground, and his own hands As Traytors, false to his fell heart's commands. 390 Then the <i>Hebrew</i> Champion 'heads the <i>Infidell</i> With his own sword, and sends his soule to Hell <i>Pagans</i> disperse ; and the <i>Philistian</i> swarms Have Armes for burthen, & have fight for Armes ; Danger behinde, and shame before their face ; Rowting themselves, although none give them chase.</p>
Simile.	<p>As, when (at Cock-pit) two old Cocks do fight, (Bristling their Plumes, & (red with rage) do smite With spurs and beak, bounding at every blow, With fresh assaults freshing their fury so, That, desperate in ther un-yeelding wrath, Nothing can end their deadly fewd but death) The Lords about, that on both sides do bet Look partially when th' one the Field shall get, And, trampling on his gaudy pluméd pride, 330 His prostrate Foe with bloody spurs bestride, With clanging Trumpet, and with clapping wing, Triumphantly his Victory to sing : So th' <i>Hebrew</i> Hoast, and so the <i>Heathen</i> stranger (Not free from fear, but from the present danger) Behold with passion these two Knights, on whom They both have wagerd both their Fortune's sum : And either side, with voyce and gesture too, Heartens and cheers their Champion well to doe ; So earnest all, that almost every one 340 Seems even an Actor, not a looker-on. All feel the skirmish 'twixt their Hope and Fear : All cast their eyes on this sad Theater : All on these two depend, as very Founders Of their good Fortune, or their Fate's Confounders. O Lord, said <i>DAVID</i> (as he whirl'd his Sling) Be bow and Bow-man of this shaft I sling. With sudden flerk the fatall hemp lets goe The humming Flint, which with a deadly blow</p>	<p>Armi-potent, Omnipotent, my God, 350 O let thy Praise fill all the earth abroad ; Let <i>Israel</i> (through Thee, victorious now) Incessant songs unto thy glory vow : And let me Lord (said <i>DAVID</i>) ever chuse Thee sole, for Subject of my sacred <i>Muse</i>. O wondrous spectacle ! unheard-of Sight ! The Monster's beaten down before the Fight : A Dwarf, a Shepheard, conquers (even unarm'd) A Gyant fell, a famous Captain arm'd. From a frail Sling this Batt'ry never came, 400 But 'twas the Breach of a Tower-raising Ram : This was no cast of an uncertain Slinger, 'Twas Crosse-bow-shot, rather it was the finger Of the Al-mighty (not this hand of mine) That wrought this work so wondrous in our eyne : This hath Hee done and by a woman weak Can likewise stone the stout <i>Abimelech</i> :</p>

	Therefore, for ever, singing sacred Layes, I will record his glorious Pow'r and Praise.			SAUL hee hath slain a thousand, DAVID ten, Ten thousand DAVID. O faint scorn of men !	
	Then <i>Jacob's</i> Prince him joyfully imbraces,	410		Loe how, with Lustre of his glorious parts, Hee steals-away the giddy people's hearts ;	
	Prefers to honours, and with favours graces, Emploies him farre and nigh ; and farre and neer, From all sad cares he doth his Sovereign cleer. In Camp he Curbs the <i>Pagan's</i> arrogance ; In Court he cures the Melancholy Transe That toys his soule ; and, with his tunefull Lyre, Expels th' ill Spirit which doth the body tyre.		of Musick.	Makes lying Prophets sooth him at a beck,	470
	For, with her sheath, the soul commerce frequents, And acts her office by his instruments ; After his pipe she dances ; and (again)	420		Thou art but King in name, Hee in effect ; Yet thou indur'st it ; haste thee, haste thee (Sot) Choak in the Cradle his aspiring Plot ; Prevent his hopes ; and, wisely-valiant, Off with his head that would thy foot supplant. Nay, but beware ; his death (belov'd so well) Will draw thee hatred of all <i>Israel</i> .	
	The body shares her pleasure and her pain ; And by exchange reciprocally borrowes Som measure of her solace & her sorrows. Th' Eare (door of knowledge) with sweet warbles pleas'd, Sends them eftsouones unto the soule diseas'd With dark black rage ; our spirits pacifies, And calmly cools our inward flames that fries.		ies of the	Sith then so high his heady valour flies, Sith common glory can not him suffice, Sith Danger upon Danger he pursues,	480
	So, O <i>Tyrtyus</i> , changing Harmonie, Thy Rowt thou changest into Victory. So, O thrice-famous, Princely <i>Pelleas</i> ,	430		And Victorie on Victorie renews ; Let 's put him to 't : Let 's make him Generall, Feed him with winde, and hazard him in all : So shall his owne Ambitious Courage bring For Crown a Coffin to our <i>Junior-King</i> : Yea, had hee <i>Sangar's</i> strength, and <i>Sampson's</i> too, Hee should not scape the taske I'll put him to.	
	Holding thy heart's reanes in his Tune-full hand, Thy <i>Timothie</i> with his melodious skill Arms & dis-arms thy World's-drad arme (at will), And with his <i>Phrygian</i> Musick, makes the same As Lion fierce ; with <i>Dorick</i> , milde as Lambe. So, while in <i>Argos</i> the chaste Violon For 's absent Sovereign doth grave-sweetly grone, Queen <i>Clytemnestra</i> doth resist th' alarmes Of lewd <i>Egythus</i> , and his lustfull Charmes.			But yet, our DAVID more then all atchieves, And more and more his grace and glory thrives : The more hee does, the more hee dares adventure,	490
	So, at the sound of the sweet-warbling brasse, The Prophet raptng his soule's soule a space Refines himselfe, and in his phantasie Graves deep the seal of sacred Prophecie. For, if our Soule be Number (some so thought) It must with Number be refreshed oft ; Or, made by Number (so I yeeld to sing) Wee must the same with some sweet Numbers bring To some good Tune : even as a voice (somtime) That in its Part sings out of Tune and Time, Is by another Voice (whose measur'd strain Custome and Art confirms) brought in again.	440		His rest-lesse Valour seeks still new Adventure. For, feeling him arm'd with th' Almightye's Spirit, Hee reckes no danger (at the least to feare it). Then, what does <i>Saul</i> ? When as hee saw no speed By sword of Foes so great a Foe to rid, Hee tries his own : & one-while throwes his dart, At un-awares to thrill him to the heart ; Or treacherously hee layes some subtil train, At boord, or bed, to have him (harm-lesse) slain ; On nothing else dreams the disloyall wretch,	500
	It may be too, that DAVID's sacred Ditty Quickned with <i>Holy-Writ</i> , and couched witty, Exorcist-like, chac't <i>Nature's</i> cruell Foe, Who the King's soule did tosse and torture so. How e'r it were, Hee is (in every thing) A profitable servant to the King : Who envious yet of his high Feats and Fame, His Faith, and Fortitude, distrusts to same :			Which had been done, but for his Son the Prince (Who deerly tenders <i>David's</i> Innocence, And neerly marks and harks the King's Designes, And warns the <i>Jessean</i> by suspect-lesse signes) But for the kinde Courageous <i>Jonathan</i> , Who (but attended onely with his man) Neer <i>Senear</i> Rocks discomfited, alone, The <i>Philistines'</i> victorious Garison.	
	And, the divine Torch of his Vertues bright Brings him but sooner to his latest Night : Save that the Lord still shields him from on hie, And turns to triumph all his Tragedy.	450		About his ears a Showr of Shafts doth fall ; His Shield 's too-narrow to receive them all : His sword is dull'd with slaughter of his Foes, Wherefore the dead hee at the living throwes : Head-lined helmes, heaw'n from their trunks hee takes, And those his vollies of swift shot he makes. The Heathen Hoast dares him no more affront, Late number-lesse but easie now to count.	510
	O bitter sweet ! I burst (thus raves the King) To hear them all, in Camp and Court to sing,		envie to	<i>David</i> therefore, flying his Prince's Furie, From end to end flies all the Land of <i>Jurie</i> : But now to <i>Nob</i> ; t' <i>Adullam</i> then, anon	520
				To Desart <i>Zif</i> , to <i>Keilah</i> , <i>Maaon</i> , Having for roof heav'n's arches' starry-feeld ; And, for repast, what waving woods doe yeeld.	

The Tyrant (so) frustrate of his intent,
Wreakes his fell rage upon the innocent ;
If any winke, as willing t' have not seen-him
Or if (unweeting what 's the oddes between-him
And th' angry King) if any had but hid-him ;
Hee dyes for it (if any had but spid-him) :
Yea the High-Priest, that in God's presence stands, 530
Escapeth not his paricidiall hands ;
Nor doth hee spare in his unbounded rage,
Cattell, nor Curre, nor State, nor Sex, nor Age.

Contrariwise, *David* doth good for ill,
Hee hates the haters of his Sovereign still.
And though hee oft incounter *Saul* lesse strong
Then his own side ; forgetting all his wrong,
He shews him, aye, loyall in deed and word
Unto his Liege, th' Annoynted of the Lord ;
Respects and honours him, and mindes no more 540
The King's unkindnesse that had past before.

One day as *Saul* (to ease him) went aside
Into a Cave, where *David* went to hide,
David (un-seen) seeing his Foe so neer
And all alone, was strook with sudden fear,
As much amaz'd and musing there-upon ;
When, whisp'ring, thus his Consorts egge him on :

Who sought thy life is fall'n into thy lap ;
Do'st thou not see the Tyrant in thy Trap ?
Now therefore pull this Thorn out of thy foot : 550
Now is the Time if ever thou wilt doe 't ;
Now by his death establish thine estate ;
Now hugge thy Fortune yer it be too-late ;
For, hee (my Lord) that will not, when hee may,
Perhaps hee shall not, when hee would (they say).
Why tarriest thou ? what dost thou trifle thus ?
Wilt thou, for *Saul*, betray thy selfe and us ?

Won with their words, to kill him he resolves :
But, by the way thus with himselfe revolves :
Hee is a Tyrant. True : But now long since, 560
And still, hee bears the mark of lawfull Prince :
And th' Ever-King (to whom all Kings do bow)
On no pretext, did ever yet allow
That any Subject should his hand distain
In sacred bloud of his own Sovereign.

He hunts me cause-less. True : but yet, God's word
Bids me defend, but not offend my Lord.
I am annoynted King ; but (at God's pleasure)
Not publickly : therefore I wait thy leasure.
For, thou (O Lord) regardest Thine, and then 570
Reward'st, in fine, Tyrants and wicked men.

Thus having said, hee stalks with noise-less foot
Behinde the King, and softly off doth cut
A skirt or lap of his then-upper clothing ;
Then quick avoydes : and, *Saul*, suspecting no-
thing,

Comes forth anon : and *David* afterward
From a high Rock (to be the better heard)
Cries to the King (upon his humble knee)
Come neer (my Liege) come neer, & fear not mee,
Fear not thy servant *David*. Well I know, 580
Thy Flatterers, that mis-inform thee so,

With thousand slanders daily thee incense
Against thy Servant's spot-less innocence :
Those smooth-slie Aspicks, with their poysoy
sting

Murder mine honor, mee in hatred bring
With thee and with thy Court (against all reason)
As if Convicted of the Highest Treason :

But my notorious Loyalty (I hope)
The venom of their Vip'rous tongues shall stop ;
And, with the splendor of mine actions bright, 590

Disperse the Mists of Malice and Despight.
Behold, my Lord (Truth needeth no excuse)
What better witness can my soule produce
Of faithfull Love, and Loyall Vassalage,

To thee, my Liege, then this most certaine gage ?
When I cut-off this lappet from thy Coat,
Could I not then as well have cut thy throat ?

But rather (Soverain) thorow all my veins
Shall burning Gangrens (spreading deadly pains)
Benum my hand, then it shall lift a sword 600

Against my Liege, th' annoynted of the Lord ;
Or violate, with any insolence,

God's sacred Image in my Soverain Prince.
And yet (O King) thy wrath pursues me still ;

Like silly Kid, I hop from hill to hill ;
Like hated Wolves, I and my Souldiers starve :

But, judge thy selfe, if I thy wrath deserve.
No (my Son *David*) I have done thee wrong :

Good God requite thy good : there doth belong
A great Reward unto so gratious deed. 610

Ah, well I see it is above decreed
That thou shalt sit upon my Seat supreme,

And on thy head shalt wear my Diadem :
Then, O thou sacred and most noble Head

Remember Mee and Mine (when I am dead) :
Be gracious to my Bloud, and raze not fell
My Name and Issue out of *Israel*.

Thus said the King ; & tears out-went his words :
A pale despair his heavie heart still-girds ;

His feeble spirit presaging his Mis-fortune, 620
Doth every-kinde of Oracles importune ;

Suspicious, seeks how *Clotho's* Clew doth swell ;
And, cast off Heav'n, will needs consult with Hell.

In *Endor* dwelt a Beldam in those dayes,
Deep-skild in Charms (for, this weak sex alwayes

Hath in all Times been taxt for *Magick* Tricks,
As pronest Agents for the Prince of *Styx* :

Whether, because their soft, moist, supple brain,
Doth easie print of every seal retain :

Or, whether wanting Force and Fame's desert, 630
Those Wizzards ween to win it by *Black-Art*).

This *Stygian* scum, the *Furies'* fury fell,
This Shop of Poysons, hideous Type of Hell,

This sad *Erinny's*, *Milcom's* Favourite,
Chamosh his Joy, and *Belaebub's* Delight,

Delights alonely for her exercise
In secret Murders, sudden Tragedies ;
Her drink, the bloud of Babes ; her dainty Feast

Men's Marrow, Brains, Guts, Livers (late deceast).

Anti-Bellarmin,
and his Dis-
ciples, Authors
or Fautors of our
Powder-mine.

11: 222
of Endor

- At Weddings aye (for Lamps) shee lights debates ; 640
 And quiet Love much more then Death shee hates :
 Or if shee reak of Love, 'tis but to trap
 Some severe *Cato* in incestuous Lap.
 Sometimes (they say) shee dims the Heav'nly Lamps,
 She haunts the graves, she talks wth ghost, she stamps
 And cals-up Spirits, and with a wink controules
 Th' infernall Tyrant, and the tortur'd Soules.
 Art's admiration, *Israel's* Ornament,
 That (as a Queen) Command'st each Element,
 And from the Toomb deceased Trunks canst raise, 650
 (Th' unfaithfull King thus flatters her with praise)
 On steepest Mountains stop the swiftest Currents,
 From driest Rocks draw rapid-rowling Torrents,
 And fitly hasten *Amphitrit's* Flood,
 Or stay her Ebbe (as to thy selfe seems good) :
 Turn day to night : hold windes within thy hand,
 Make the Sphears move, and the Sun still to stand :
 Enforce the Moon so with thy Charms som-times,
 That for a stound in a deep Swoun shee seems :
 O thou all-knowing Spirit ! daign with thy spell 660
 To raise-up here renowned *Samuel*,
 To satisfie my doubtfull soule, in sum,
 The issue of my Fortune's yet to-com.
 Importun'd twice or thrice, shee, that before
 Resembled one of those grim Ghosts (of yore)
 Which she was wont wth her un-wholsom breath
 To re-bring-back from the black gates of death,
 Growes now more ghastly, and more Ghost-like grim,
 Right like to Satan in his Rage-full Trim.
 The place about darker then Night shee darkes, 670
 She yels, she roars, she houles, she brayes, she
 barks,
 And, in un-heard, horrid, Barbarian termes,
 Shee mutters strange and execrable Charms ;
 Of whose Hell-raking, Nature-shaking Spell,
 These odious words could scarce be hearkned well :
 Eternall Shades, infernall Deities,
 Death, Horrors, Terror, Silence, Obsequies,
Demons, dispatch : If this dim stinking Taper
 Be of mine owne Son's fat ; if here, for paper,
 I write (detested) on the tender skins 680
 Of time-less Infants, and abortive Twins
 (Torn from the wombe) these Figures figure-less :
 If this black Sprinkle, tuft with Virgin's tress,
 Dipt, at your Altar, in my Kinsman's blood ;
 If well I smell of humane flesh (my food) :
 Haste, haste, you Fiends : you subterranean Powrs :
 If impiously (as fits these Rites of yours)
 I have invok't your grizly Majesties,
 Hearken (O Furies) to my Blasphemies,
 Regard my Charms, and mine enchanting Spell, 690
 Reward my sins, and send up *Samuel*
 From dismal darkness of your deep Abiss,
 To answer me in what my pleasure is :
 Dispatch, I say, (black Princes) quick, why when ?
 Have I not Art, for one, to send you ten ?
 When ? stubborn Ghost ! The Palfraies of the sun
 Doe fear my Spels ; and when I spur, they run :
- The Planets bow, the Plants give ear to me,
 The Forrests stoop, and even the strongest Tree,
 At drierie sound of my sad whisperings, 700
 Doth prophesie, foretelling future things,
 Yea (maugre *Jove*) by mine Almighty Charms,
 Through Heav'n I thunder with Imperious Arms ;
 And comst not thou ? O, so : I see the Sage,
 I see th' ascent of some great man : his age,
 His sacred habit, and sweet grave aspect
 Some God-like rayes about him round reflect :
 Hee's ready now to speak, and pliant too
 To cleer thy doubtings, without more adoo.
Saul flat adores ; and wickedly-devout, 710
 The fained *Prophet's* least word leaves not out.
 What dost thou *Saul* ? O *Isra'l's* Sovereign,
 Witches, of late, fear'd onely thy disdain :
 Now th' are thy stay. O wretch dost thou not know
 One cannot use th' ayde of the Powrs below
 Without some Pact of Counter-Services,
 By Prayers, Perfumes, Homage, and Sacrifice ?
 And that this Art (meer Diabollcall)
 It hurteth all, but th' Author most of all ?
 And also, that the impious Athéist, 720
 The Infidel, and damned Exorcist,
 Differ not much. Th' one Godhead quite denies :
 Th' other, for God, foule Satan magnifies :
 The other, Satan (by enchantment strange)
 Into an Angel of the Light doth change.
 When as God would, his voyce thou wouldst not
 hear ;
 Now he forbids thee, thou consult'st else-where :
 Whom (living Prophet) thou neglect'st, abhorr'st,
 Him (dead) thou seek'st, & his dead Trunk ador'st :
 And yet not him, nor his ; for th' ougly Fiend 730
 Hath no such powr upon a Saint t' extend,
 Who fears no force of the blasphemous Charms
 Of mumbling Beldams, or Hel's damned Arms :
 From all the Poysons that those powrs contrive,
 Charm-charming Faith's a full Preservative.
 In Soule and Bodie both, Hee cannot come ;
 For they re-joyne not till the day of Doom :
 His Soule alone cannot appear ; for why,
 Soules are invisible to mortal eye :
 His bodie onely, neyther can it be ; 740
 For (dust to dust) that soon corrupts (wee see).
 Besides all this, if 'twere true *Samuel*,
 Should not (alas) thine eyes'-sight serve as well
 To see and know him, as this Sorceresse,
 This hatefull Hag, this old Etfchanteresse,
 This Divel incarnate, whose drad Spell commands
 The rebell-Furie of th' infernall Bands ?
 Hath *Lucifer* not Art enough to fain
 A body fitting for his turn and train ?
 And (as the rigour of long Cold congeals 750
 To harsh hard Wooll the running Water-Rils)
 Cannot hee thicken thinnest parts of Air,
 Commixing Vapours ? glew them ? hue them fair ?
 Even as the Rain-bow, by the Sun's reflection
 Is painted fair in manifold complection : Simile.
- Against those
 that resort to
 Witches.
- Against the illu-
 sion of Sathan's
 false Apparitions
 and Walking
 Spirits.
- 750 Simile.
- Simile.

	A body which wee see all-readie formd ; But yet perceive not how it is performd ; A body perfect in apparent show ; But in effect and substance nothing so :		Of his almighty Hands ; the next, in reaving Thy needfull Service, it should be receiving ; The third, in rash-usurping his Commission ; And last Thy Selfe, in thine own Self's perdition,	
	A Body, heart-lesse, lung-lesse, tongue-lesse too, 760 Where Satan lurks, not to give life thereto ; But to the end that from this Counter-mure, More covertly hee may discharge more sure A hundred dangerous Engins, which he darts Against the Bulwarks of the bravest hearts : That, in the Sugar (even) of sacred Writ, Hee may em-pill us with some bane-full bit : And, that his counterfeit and fained lips, Laying before us, all our hainous slips, And God's drad Judgments and just Indignation, 770 May under-mine our surest Faith's Foundation. But, let us heare now what he saith. O <i>Saul</i> , What frantick furie art thou mov'd with-all, To now re-knit my broken thred of life? To interrupt my rest ? And 'mid the strife Of struggling Mortals, in the World's affairs (By powr-full Charms) to re-entoyl my Cares? Inquir'st thou what's to come? O wretched Prince!		When (by two Deaths) one voluntary wound Doth both thy body and thy soule confound. But <i>Ishbosheth</i> (his dear Son) yet retains 820 His place a space, and <i>David</i> onely raigns In happy <i>Juda</i> . Yet, yer long (discreet) Hee makes th' whole Kingdom's wracked ribs to meet :	
	Too much, too-soon (what I fore-told long since) : Death's at thy door ; to-morrow Thou and Thine 780 Even all shall fall before the Philistine ; And great-good <i>David</i> shall possess thy Throne, As God hath said to be gain-said by none. Th' Author of Lies (against his guise) tels true ; Not that at-once hee Selfy all fore-knew, Or had revol'd the leaves of Destinie (The Childe alonely of Eternitie) ; But rather through his busie observation Of circumstance, and often iteration Of reading of our Fortunes and our Fals, 790 In the close Book of clear Conjecturals, With a far-seeing Spirit, hits often right ; Not much unlike a skilfull Galenite, Who (when the <i>Crisis</i> comes) dares even foretell Whether the Patient shall do ill or well. Or, as the Star-wise sometimes calculates (By an Eclipse) the death of Potentates ; And (by the stern aspects of greatest Stars) Prognosticates of Famine, Plague, and Wars.		And so Hee rules on th' holy Mount (a mirror) His peop'e's Joy, the Pagan's onely Terror. If ever, standing on the sandy shore, 800 Y' have thought to count the rowling waves that roar Each after other on the <i>British</i> Coast, When <i>Eolus</i> sends forth his Northern Poast ; Wave upon wave, Surge upon surge doth fould, 830 Sea swallows sea, so thickly-quickly roal'd, That (number-lesse) their number so doth mount, That it confounds th' Accompter and th' Accompt : So <i>David's</i> Vertues when I think to number, Their multitude doth all my Wits incumber ; That Ocean swallows mee : and mazed so, In the vast Forrest where his Praises grow, I know not what high Fir, Oak, Chest-nut-Tree, (Rather) what Brasil, Cedar, Ebonie My <i>Muse</i> may chuse (<i>Amphion</i> -like) to build 840 With curious touch of Fingers Quaver-skild (Durst shee presume to take so much upon-her) A Temple sacred unto <i>David's</i> honour.	
How Sathan comes to tell things to come.	As hee foretold, in brief, so fell it out ; 800 Brave <i>Jonathan</i> and his two brethren stout Are slain in fight ; and <i>Saul</i> himselfe forlorn, Lest, Captive, hee be made the Pagan scorn, Hee kills him-self ; and, of his Fortune froward, To seem not conquer'd, shews himselfe a Coward. For, 'tis not courage (whatsoe'r men say) But Cowardise, to make one's Self away. 'Tis even to turn our back at Fear's alarms ; 'Tis (basely-faint) to yeeld up all our Arms. O extreme Rage ! O barbarous Cruelty, 810 All at one blow, t' offend God's Majestie, The State, the Magistrate, Thy Selfe (in fine) : Th' one, in destroying the dear work divine		Others shall sing his mind's true constancie, 850 In oft long exiles tri'd so thorowly : His life compos'd after the life and likeness Of sacred Patterns : his milde gracious meeknesse Tow'rds railing <i>Shimei</i> , and the * Churlish Gull : His lovely eyes, and face so beautifull. Some other shall his equity record, 850 And how the edge of his impartial sword Is ever ready for the Reprobate, To hew them downe ; and help the Desolate : How hee no Law, but God's drad Law enacts ; How he respects not persons, but their facts : How brave a Triumph of Self's-wrath he showes, Killing the killers of his deadly Foes. Some other shall unto th' Empereall Pole The holy fervour of his zeal extoll : How for the wandring Ark hee doth provide 860 A certain place for ever to abide : And how for ever every his designe Is ordered all by th' Oracle Divine.	Epitome of <i>David's</i> wars * Nabal
Against self- killing.	Upon the wings of mine (self-tasked) Rime, Through the cleer Welkin of our Western clime, He onely bear his <i>Musick</i> and his <i>Mars</i> (His holy <i>Songs</i> , and his triumphant <i>Wars</i>) : Loe there the sacred Mark whereat I aime ; And yet this Theam I shall but mince and maim, So many Yarnes I still am fain to strike 870 Into this Web of mine intended WEEK.			

s valour
ictories.

The *Twelve stout Labours* of th' *Amphitruionide*
(Strongest of Men) are justly magnifi'd :
Yet, what were They but a rude Massacre
Of Birds, and Beasts, and Monsters here and there ?
Not Hoasts of Men and Armies overthrow'n ;
But idle Conquests ; Combats One to One :
Where boist'rous Limbs, and sinnews strongly knit,
Did much availle with little ayd of Wit.
Bears, Lions, Gyants, foyl'd in single fight, 88o
Are but th' Essayes of our redoubted Knight :
Under his Arms sick *Aram* deadly droops ;
Unto his pow'r the strength of *Edom* stoops ;
Stout *Amalek* even trembles at his name ;
Proud *Ammon's* scorn he doth returne with shame ;
Subdueth *Soba* ; foys the *Moabite* ;
Wholly extirps the down-trod *Jebusite* ;
And (still victorious) every month, almost,
Combats and Conquers the *Philistian* Hoast ;
So that, *Alcide's* massie Club scarce raught 89o
So many blows, as *David* Battels fought.

apey.

Th' expert great * Captain, who the *Pontiks* quaild,
Won in strange Wars ; in Civill fights he faild :
But *David* thrives in all ; and fortunate,
Triumphs no lesse of *Saul's* intestine hate,
Of *Ishbosheth's* and *Absalon's* designes,
Then of strong *Aram*, and stout *Philistines*.
Good-Fortune alwayes blows not in the Poop
Of valiant *Cesar*, shee defeats his Troup,
Slays his Lieutenants ; and (among his Friends) 90o
Stabb'd full of Wounds, at length his Life she ends :
But *David* alwayes feels Heav'n's gracious hand ;
Whether in person Hee himselfe command
His royall Hoast ; or whether (in his stead)
By valiant *Joab* his brave Troups be led ;
And happinesse, closing his aged eye,
Ev'n to his Toomb consorts him constantly.
Fair victory, with Him (even from the first)
Did pitch her Tent : his Infancy she nurst
With noble Hopes, his stronger years she fed 91o
With stately *Tropheis*, and his hoary head
She crowns & comforts with (her cheerfull Balms)
Triumphant *Laurels* and victorious *Palms*.
The Mountains stoop to make him easie way ;
And *Euphrates*, before him, dryes away :
To Him great *Jordan* a small leap doth seem ;
Without assault, strong Cities yeeld to Him :
Th' Engine alone of His far-fear'd Renown
Beats (Thunder-like) Gates, Bars, and Bulwarks
down ;
Gad's goodly Vales, in a gore Pond hee drenches ; 92o
Philistian Fires, with their own bloud he quenches :
And then in *Gob* (pursuing still his Foes)
His wrath's just Tempest on fell Giants throws.
O strong, great *Worthies* (will some one day say,
When your huge Bones they plough-up in the clay)
But, stronger, greater, and more WORTHY Hee,
Whose Heav'n-lent Force & Fortune made you be
(Maugre your might, your massie spears & shields)
The fatt'ning dung-hill of those fruitfull Fields.

His enemies, scarcely so soon he threats 93o
As overthrow's, and utterly defeats.
On *David's* head, God doth not spin good hap ;
But pours it down abundant in his Lap :
And Hee (good Subject) with his Kingdom, ever
T' increase th' Immortall Kingdom doth endeavour.
His swelling Standards never stir abroad,
Till hee have call'd upon th' Almighty God ;
Hee never conquers but (in heav'nly Songs)
Hee yeelds the Honour where it right belongs :
And evermore th' Eternal's sacred praise 94o
(With Harp and Voyce) to the bright Stars doth raise.

Scarce was hee borne, when in his Cradle, prest His Po[et]sie.
The Nightingale to build her tender nest :
The Bee within his sacred mouth seeks room
To arch the Chambers of her Honey-comb :
And th' heav'nly *Muse*, under his roof descending
(As in the Summer with a train down-bending,
Wee see some *Meteor*, winged brightly-fair
With twinkling rayes, glide through the crystall Aire,
And suddenly, after long-seeming flight, 95o
To seem amid the new-shav'n Fields to light)
Him softly in her Ivory arms shee folds,
His smiling face she smilingly beholds :
Shee kisses him, and with her *Nectar* kisses
Into his Soule shee breathes a Heav'n of Blissess ?
Then laies him in her lap : and while shee brings
Her Babe a-sleep, this *Lullabie* she sings.

Live, live (sweet-Babe) the Miracle of Mine,
Live ever Saint, and grow thou all Divine :
With this Celestiall Winde, where-with I fill 96o
Thy blessed bosom, all the World full-fill :
May thy sweet Voyce, in Peace, resound as far
And speed as fair as thy drad Arm in War :
Bottom nor Bank, thy Fame's Sea never bound :
With double Laurels be thy Temples crown'd.
See (Heav'n-sprung spirit) see how th' allured North,
Of thy Child's-cry (shrill sweetly warbling forth)
Al-ready tastes the learned, dainty pleasures.
See, see (young Father of all sacred Measures)
See how, to hear thy sweet harmonious sound, 97o
About thy Cradle here are thronging (round)
Woods, but with ears : Flouds, but their fury stop-
ping :

Tigres, but tame : Mountains, but alwayes hopping :
See how the Heav'ns, rapt with so sweet a tongue,
To list to thine, leave their own Dance and Song.

O Idiot's shame, and Envie of the Learned !
O Verse right-worthy to be ay eterned !
O richest Arras, artificiall wrought
With liveliest Colours of Concept-full Thought !
O royall Garden of the rarest Flowers 98o
Sprung from an Aprill of spirituall Showers !
O Miracle ! whose star-bright beaming Head
When I behold, even mine own Crown I dread.

Never else-where did plenteous Eloquence,
In every part with such magnificence
Set forth her Beauties, in so sundry fashions
Of Robes and Jewels (suting sundry passions)

Excellency of the
Psalmes of *David*.

As in thy Songs : Now like a Queen (for Cost)
 In swelling Tissues, rarely-rich imbost
 With precious stones : neat, City-like, anon, 990
 Fine Cloth, or silk, or Chamlet puts shee on :
 Anon, more like some handsome Shepherdesse,
 In courser Clothes shee doth her cleanly dresse :
 What-e're she wear, Wooll, Silk, or Gold, or Gems,
 Or Course, or Fine ; still like her Self she seems ;
 Fair, modest, cheerfull, fitting time and place,
 Illustring all even with a heav'n-like grace.
 Like proud loud *Tigris* (ever-swiftly roud'd)
 Now, through the Plains thou pour'st a Flood of gold :
 Now, like thy *Jordan*, (or *Meander*-like) 1000
 Round-winding nimbly with a many-Creek,
 Thou run'st to meet thy self's pure streams behind
 thee,
 Mazing the Meads wher thou dost turn & wind thee.
 Anon, like *Cedron*, through a straighter Quill,
 Thou strainest out a little Brook or Rill,
 But yet so sweet, that it shall ever be
 Th' immortal *Nectar* to Posterity :
 So cleer, that *Poesie* (whose pleasure is
 To bathe in Seas of Heav'nly Mysteries)
 Her chastest feathers in the same shall dip, 1010
 And deaw withall her choycest workmanship :
 And so devout, that with no other Water
 Devoutest Souls shall quench their thirst hereafter.
 Of sacred *Bards* Thou art the double Mount,
 Of faith-full Spirits th' Interpreter profound :
 Of contrite Hearts the cleer Anatomy :
 Of every Sore the Shop for remedy ;
 Zeal's Tinder-box : a Learned Table, giving
 To spirituall eyes, not painted *Christ*, but living.
 O divine Volume, *Sion*'s cleer dear Voyce, 1020
 Saints' rich exchequer, full of comforts choice :
 O, sooner shall sad *Boreas* take his wing
 At *Nilus*' head, and boyst'rous *Auster* spring
 From th' ycie fouds of *Iceland*, then thy Fame
 Shall be forgot, or Honour fail thy Name :
 Thou shalt survive throughout all Generations,
 And (plyant) learn the language of all Nations :
 Nought but thine Airs through air & sea shal sound,
 In high-built Temples shall thy Songs resound,
 Thy sacred Verse shall cleer God's cloudy face, 1030
 And, in thy steps the noblest Wits shall trace.
 Grosse Vulgar, hence ; with hands profanely vile,
 So holy things presume not to defile,
 Touch not these sacred stops, these silver strings :
 This Kingly Harp is onely meet for Kings.
 And so behold, toward the farthest North,
 Ah see, I see upon the Banks of *FORTH*
 (Whose forceful stream runs smoothly serpentine)
 A valiant, learned, and religious King,
 Whose sacred Art retuneth excellent 1040
 This rarely-sweet celestiall Instrument :
 And *David*'s Truchman, rightly doth resound
 (At the World's end) his eloquence renown'd.
Dombertan's *Clyde* stands still to hear his voyce :
 Stone-rowling *Tay* seems thereat to rejoyce ;

The trembling *Cyclads*, in great *Lusmond-Lake*.
 After his sound their lusty gambols shake ;
 The (Trees-brood) Bar-geese, mid th' *Hebridian wave*.
 Unto his Tune their far-flown wings do wave ;
 And I my selfe in my pide * *Pleid* a-slope, 1050
 With Tune-skild foot after his Harp do hop.

Thus, full of God, th' Heav'n *Sirene* (Prophet-wise)
 Pours-forth a Torrent of *mel-Melodies*,
 In *DAVID*'s praise. But *DAVID*'s foule defect
 Was yet un-seen, un-censur'd, un-suspect.
 Oft in fair *Flows* the banefull *Serpent* sleeps :
 Sometimes (we see) the bravest *Courser* trips ;
 And somtimes *David*'s Deaf unto the Word
 Of the World's Ruler, th' everlasting Lord ;
 His Song sweet fervor slakes, his Soul's pure Fire 1060
 Is damp't and dimm'd with smoak of foule desire,
 His Harp is layd aside, hee leaves his *Layes*,
 And after his fair Neighbour's Wife hee neighs.
 Fair *Bersabé*'s his Flame, even *Bersabé*
 In whose chaste bosom (to that very day)
 Honour and Love had happy dwelt together,
 In quiet life, without offence of either :
 But, her proud Beauty now, and her Eyes' force,
 Began to draw the Bill of their Divorce ;
 Honour gives place to Love : and by degrees 1070
 Fear from her heart, shame from her fore-head
 flees.

The Presence-chamber, the High street, the Temple.
 These Theaters are not sufficient ample
 To shew her Beauties, if but Silk them hide :
 She must have windows each-where open wide
 About her Garden-Baths, the while therein
 She basks & bathes her smooth Snow-whiter skin :
 And one-while set in a black Jet-like Chair,
 Perfumes, and combs, and curls her golden hair :
 Another-while under the Crystall brinks, 1080
 Her Alabastrine well-shapt Limbs shee shrinks
 Like to a Lilly sunk into a glasse :
 Like soft loose *Venus* (as they paint the *Lasse*)
 Born in the Seas, when with her eyes' sweet-flames,
Tonnies and *Triton*, shee at once inflames :
 Or like an Ivorie Image of a *Grace*,
 Neatly inclos'd in a thin Crystall Case :
 Another-while, unto the bottom dives,
 And wantonly with th' under Fishes strives :
 For, in the bottom of this liquid Yce, 1090
 Made of *Musdick* work, with quaint device
 The cunning work-man had contrived trim
 Carpes, Pikes, and Dolphins, seeming even to swim.

Ishai's great son, too-idly, walking hie
 Upon a *Tarras*, this bright star doth spy ;
 And sudden dazed with the splendor bright,
 Fares like a Prisoner, who new brought to light
 From a *Cymmerian*, dark, deep dungeon,
 Feels his sight smitten with a radiant Sun.
 But too-too-soon re-cleer'd, he sees (alas) 1100
 Th' admired Tracts of a bewitching Face.
 Her sparkling Eye is like the Morning Star ;
 Her lips two snips of crimson Sattin are :

* A kind of
 mantle made of
 thin chequer
 Cloth, worn by
 the Hebrews
 Scimitar: an
 now much used
 with us in
 clothes.

Bersabé's name

David's name

- Of God or Man) shall by their insolence 1220
 Even justifie thy bloody foule offence.
 Thou sinn'dst in secret : but *Sol's* blushing eye
 Shall be eye-witnesse of their villanie :
 All *Israel* shall see the same : and then,
 The Heav'n-sunk Cities in *Asphaltis* Fen,
 Out of the stinking Lake their heads shall show,
 Glad, by thy Sons, to be out-sinned so.
 Thou, thou (inhumane) didst the Death conspire
 Of good *Uriah* (worthy better Hire),
 Thou cruell didst it : therefore, Homicide, 1230
 Cowardly treason, cursed Paricide,
 Un-kinde Rebellion, ever shall remain
 Thy house-hold Guests, thy house with bloud to stain.
 Thine own against thine own shall thrill their darts :
 Thy Son from thee shall steal thy people's hearts :
 Against thy Self hee shall thy Subjects arm,
 And give thine age many a fierce alarm,
 Till hang'd by th' hair 'twixt Earth, and Sky
 (His gallows' pride, shame of the World's bright Eye)
 Thine owne Leutenant, at a crimson spout, 1240
 His guilty Soule shall with his Lance let-out,
 And (if I fail not) O what Tempest fell
 Beats on the head of harm-lesse *Israel* !
 Alas ! how many a guiltlesse *Abramide*
 Dyes in three daies, through the too-curious Pride !
 In hate of thee, th' Air (thick and sloathfull) breeds
 No slow Disease ; both young and old it speeds ;
 All are indifferent : For through all the Land
 It spreads, almost in turning of a hand :
 To the so-sick, hard seem the softest plumes : 1250
 Flames from his eies, from's mouth coms Jakes-like
 fumes :
 His head, his neck ; his bulk, his legs doth tire ;
 Outward, all water : inward, all a-fire :
 With a deep Cough his spongy Lungs he wastes :
 Black Bloud and Choler both at once he casts :
 His voyce's passage is with Biles-belayd,
 His Soul's Interpreter, rough, foul, and flayd :
 Thought of the Grief its rigor oft augments
 'Twixt Hope and Fear it hath no long suspense :
 With the Disease Death joyntly traverseth : 1260
 The infection's stroke is even the stroke of Death.
 Art yeelds to th' anguish : Reason stoops to rage :
 Physician's skill, himselfe doth still engage.
 The streets too still : the Town all out of Town :
 All Dead or Fied : unto the hallowed ground
 The howling Widow (though she lov'd him dear)
 Yet dares not follow her dead Husband's Beer,
 Each mourns his losse, each his own case complains
 Pel-mel the living with the dead remains.
- As a good-natur'd and well-nurtur'd Childe, 1270
 Found in a fault (by's Master sharply milde)
 Blushing and bleaking, betwixt shame and fear,
 With down-cast eies laden with many a tear,
 More with sad gesture, then with words, doth crave
 An humble Pardon of his Censor grave :
 So *David*, hearing th' holy Prophet's Threat,
 Hee apprehends God's Judgments dradly great ;
- And (thrill'd with fear) flies for his sole defence
 To pearly Tears, Mournings, and sad Laments :
 Off goes his Gold ; his glory treads hee down, 1280
 His Sword, his Scepter, and his precious Crown :
 He fasts, he prays, he weeps, he grieves, he grones,
 His hainous sins he bitterly bemones :
 And, in a Cave hard-by, he roareth out
 A sigh-full Song, so dolefully devout,
 That ev'n the Stone doth groan, and pierc't withall,
 Lets its salt tears with his sad tears to fall.
 Ay-gracious Lord (thus sings he night and day) *Psal. 5.*
 Wash, wash my Soule in thy deep Mercie's Sea :
 O Mercy, Mercy Lord, aloud he cries ; 1290
 (And Mercy, Mercy, still the Rock replies).
 O God, my God, sith for our grievous Sin
 (Which will-full wee so long have weltred in) *Applicat.*
 Thou powr'st the Torrents of thy Vengeance down *France.*
 On th' *Asure* Field with *Golden Lillies* sow'n :
 Sith every moment thy just Anger drad
 Roars, thunders, lightens on our guilty head :
 Sith Famine, Plague, and War (with bloody hand)
 Doe all at once make havock of this Land :
 Make us make use of all these Rods aright ; 1300
 That wee may quench with our Tears'-water quite
 Thine Ire-full Fire : our former Vices spurn ;
 And, true-reform'd, Justice to Mercy turn.
- And so, O Father, (Fountain of all Good*
Ocean of Justice, Mercie's bound-lesse Floud)
Since, for Our Sins, exceeding all the rest,
As most ingratefull, though most rarely blest,
After so long Long-Sufferance of Thine :
So-many Warnings of thy Word divine :
So-many Threatnings of thy dreadfull Hand : 1310
So-many Dangers scapt by Sea and Land :
So-many Blessings in so good a King :
So-many Blossoms of that fruit-full Spring :
So-many Foes abroad ; and False at home :
So-many Rescues from the rage of Rome ;
So-many Shields against so many Shot :
So-many Mercies in that Powder-Plot
(So light regarded and so soon forgot).
- Since, for Our Sins so many and so great,*
So little mov'd with Promise or with Threat, 1320
Thou, now at last (as a just jealous God)
Strik'st us thy Selve with thine immediate Rod,
Thy Rod of PESTILENCE : whose rage-full smart,
With deadly pangs piercing the strongest heart,
Tokens of Terror leaves us where it lights :
And so infects us (or at least affrights)
That Neighbour neighbour, Brother brother shuns ;
The tendrest Mother dares not see her Sons ;
The neerest Friend his dearest Friend doth flye ;
Yea, scarce the Wife dares close her Husband's eye. 1330
For, through th' Example of our Vicious life,
As Sin breeds Sin, and Husband marr's the Wife,
Sister proude; Sister, Brother hardens Brother,
And one Companion doth corrupt another : *Simile.*
- The like !*
England
many ye
gether p
afflicted
plague.
- David's repent-*
ance.



The Magnificence.

THE
SECOND BOOK
OF THE
FOURTH DAY OF
THE II. WEEKE, OF
BARTAS.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Death-summon'd DAVID, in his sacred Throne
Instals (instructs) his young Son SALOMON :
His (please-God) Choice of WISDOM, wins him Honor,
And Health, and Wealth (at once) to wait upon her :
His wondrous Doom, quick Babe's Claim to decide :
Mis-Matches taxt, in His with PHARAONIDE :
Their pompous Nuptials: Seav'n Heav'n-Masquers there.
The glorious TEMPLE, Buildd richly-rare.
Salem's Renown drawes Saba to his Court: 10
King JAMES, to His brings BARTAS, in like sort.*

Happy are you (O You delicious Wits)
That stint your Studies, as your *Fury* fits :
That in long Labours (full of pleasing pain)
Exhaust not wholly all your learned brain :
That changing Note, now light, and grave anon,
Handle the Theam that first you light upon :
That, here in *Sonnets*, there in *Epigrams*,
Evaporate your sweet Soule-boyling Flames.
But my dear Honor, and my sacred Vows, 20
And Heav'n's decree (made in that Higher-House)
Hold mee fast fetter'd (like a Gally-slave)
To this hard Task. No other care I have,
Nought else I dream of ; neither (night nor day)
Ayme at ought else, or look I other way :
But (alwaies busie) like a Mil-stone seem
Still turned round with the same rapid stream.
Thence is 't that oft (maugre *Apollo's* grace)
I humme so harsh ; and in my Works inchase

Simile.

Lame, crawling Lines, according to the Fire, 30
Which (more or lesse) the whirling *Poles* inspire :
And also mingle (Linsie-woolsie-wise)
This gold-ground Tissue with too-mean supplies.
You, all the year long, do not spend your wing :
But during onely your delightfull Spring
(Like Nightingales) from bush to bush you play,
From tune to tune, from Myrtle spray to spray ;
But I, too-bold, and like the Swallow right,
Not finding where to rest mee, at one flight
A bound-lesse ground-lesse Sea of Times I passe, 40
With *Auster* now, anon with *Boreas*.
Your quick Career is pleasant, short, and eath ;
At each Land's-end you sit you down and breathe
On some green bank ; or, to refresh you, finde
Some Rosie-arbour, from the Sun and winde :
But end-lesse is my Course ; for, now I glide
On Yce ; then (dazled) head-long down I slyde :
Now up I climb : then through the Woods I crawl,
I stray, I stumble, sometimes down I fall.
And, as base Mortar serveth to unite 50
Red, white, gray Marble, Jasper, Galactite :
So, to connex my queint Discourse, sometimes
I mix loose, limping, and ill-polisht Rimes.
Yet will I not this Work of mine give o're :
The Labour's great, my courage yet is more ;
My heart's not yet all voyd of sacred heat :
There's nothing glorious but is hard to get.
Hils were not seen but for the Vales betwixt
The deep indentings artificial mixt

	Let Drums, and Trumpets, and shrill Fifes, & Flutes Serve thee for Citterns, Virginals, and Lutes : Trot up a Hill ; run a whole Field for Race ; Leap a large Dike ; Tosse a long Pike, a space : Perfume thy head with dust and sweat ; appear	180	
	Captain and Souldier. Souldiers are on fire, Having their King (before them marching forth) Fellow in fortune, witness of their Worth. I should inflame thy heart with learning's love ; Save that I know what divine habits move Thy profound Spirit : onely, let th' ornament Of Letters wait on th' Art of <i>Regiment</i> : And take good heed, lest as excesse of humour In Plants, becomes their Flowring Life's consumer ; So too-much Study, and delight in Arts,	190	
	Quench the quick vigour of thy Spirituall parts, Make thee too-pensive, over-dull thy Senses, And draw thy Mind from Publick cares of Princes. With a swift-winged soule, the Course survey Of Night's dim Taper and the Torch of Day : Sound round the Cels of the Ocean dradly-deep ; Measure the Mountains' snowie tops and steep : Ferret all Corners of this neather Ball ; But to admire the Maker's Art in all, His Power and Prudence : and, resemble not	200	
Smile.	Some simple Courtier, or the silly Sot That in the base-Court all his time hath spent, In gazing on the goodly Battlement, The chamfred Pillers, Plinths, and Antique Bosses, Medals, Ascents, Statues, and strange Colosses ; Amaz'd and musing upon every piece Of th' uniforme, fair stately Frontispice ; Too-too-self-rapt (through too-self-humouring) Losing himselfe, while others finde the King.		
	Hold-even the ballance, with clean hands, clos'd eyes,	210	
	Revenge severely Publike Injuries : Remit thine Own. Hear the Cries, see the Tears Of all distressed poor Petitioners. Sit (oft) thy self in Open Audience : Who would not be a Judge, should be no Prince. For, <i>Justice</i> Scepter and the Martiall Sword Ought never sever, by the sacred Word. Spare not the Great ; neither despise the Small :		
Smile.	Let not thy Lawes be like the Spider's Caul, Where little Flies are caught and kild ; but great Passe at their Pleasure, and pull down their Net.	220	
	Away with Shepheards that their Flocks deface ; Chuse Magistrates that may adorn their Place ; Such as fear God, such as will judge uprightly : Men by the servants judge the Master lightly. Give to the vertuous ; but thy Crown-demain Diminish not : give still to give again ; For there too-deep to dip, is Prodigalitie ; And to dry-up the Springs of Liberalitie.		
	But above all (for God's sake) Son, beware, Be not intrapt in Women's wily snare.	230	
<i>Hic labor, hoc opus.</i>	I fear, alas (good Lord, supremely sage, Avert from mine th' effect of this Præsaige)		
	Alas ! I fear that this sweet Poyson will My house here-after with all Idols fill. But, if that neither vertue's sacred love, Nor fear of Shame thy wanton Minde can move To watch in Armes against the Charms of those ; At least, be warned by thy Father's Woes. Fare-well my Son : th' Almighty calls me hence : 240 I passe, by Death, to Life's most excellence ; And, to go Raign in Heav'n (from world-cares free) The Crown of <i>Israel</i> I resign to thee. O thou that often (for a Prince's Sin) Transport'st the Scepter, even from Kin to Kin, From Land to Land ; let it remain with Mine : And, of my Sons' Sons (in successive Line) Let that All-Powerfull dear-drad Prince descend, Whose glorious Kingdome never shall have end : Whose yron Rod shall Satan's Rule undoe ;	250	
	Whom <i>Jacob</i> trusts in : whom I thirst for too. <i>DAVID</i> deceast : His Son (him tracking right)	260	See of G
	With heart and voyce worships the God of might ; Enters his Kingdome by the Gate of Piety ; Makes Hymns and Psalms in laud of the true Deity : Offers in <i>Gibeon</i> ; where, in Spirit he sees (While his Sense sleeps) the God of Majesties,		His
	The Lord of Hoasts : who crown'd with radiant flames, Offers him choyce of these four lovely Dames :		
	First, <i>Glory</i> , shaking in her hand a pike (Not Maid-like Marching, but brave Souldier-like)	260	See of G
	Among the Stars her stately head shee bears, A silver Trumpet shrill, a-slope shee wears, Whose Winde is praise, and whose <i>Stentorian</i> sound Doth far and wide o'r all the world rebound. Her wide-side Robes of Tissue passing price, All Story-wrought with bloody Victories, Triumphs & Tropheis, Arches, Crowns and Rings : And, at her feet, there sigh a thousand Kings. Not far from her, comes <i>Wealth</i> , all rich-bedight	270	Of E
	In <i>Rhea's</i> , <i>Thetis</i> , <i>Pluto's</i> Treasures bright : The glittering stuff which doth about her fold Is rough with rubies, stiffe with beaten gold. With either hand from hollow steans shee pours <i>Pactolian</i> surges and <i>Argolian</i> showrs. Fortune and Thrift, and Wakefulnesse and Care, And Diligence, her daily Servants are. Then cheerfull <i>Health</i> , whose brow no wrinkle bears.	280	Of E
	Whose cheek no palenesse, in whose eye no tears ; But like a childe, shee's pleasant, quick, and plump, Shee seems to fly, to skip, to daunce, & jump : And Life's bright Brand in her white hand doth shine : Th' <i>Arabian</i> Bird's rare plumage (platted fine) Serves her for Sur-coat : and her seemly train, Mirth, Exercise and Temperance sustain. Last, <i>Wisdom</i> coms, with sober countenance :	290	Wise
	To th' ever-Bowrs her oft a-loft t' advance, The light Mamuques wing-lesse wings she has : Her gesture cool, as comely-grave her pase : Where e'r shee go, she never goes without Compass and Rule, Measure and Weights about :	290	

Hee knows her measure. And hee knows beside,
 How *Coloquintida* (duely apply'd)
 Within the darknesse of the Conduit-Pipes, 410
 Amid the winding of our in-ward Tripes,
 Can so discreetly the *White humour* take;
Rheubarb, the *Yellow*; *Hellebore*, the *Black*:
 And, whether That in our weak Bulks be wrought,
 By drawing 't to them; or by driving 't out.
 In brief, from th' Hysop to the Cedar-Tree,
 Hee knows the Vertue of all Plants that be.
 Hee knows the Reason why the Wolf's fell tooth
 Gives a horse swiftnesse; and his footing, sloth: 420
 Why the Sex-changing, fierce *Hyena's* eye
 Puts curstest Curs to silence suddenly:
 Why th' irefull Elephant becommeth tame
 At the approaching of the fleecie Lamb:
 Why th' eye-bold Eagle never fears the flash
 Or force of Lightning, nor the Thunder-clash:
 Why the wilde Fen-Goose (when keeps warme her eggs
 With her broad feet under her heatfull legs,
 And tongue-lesse, cries) as wing-lim'd, cannot fly,
 Except shee (glad) Seas briny glasse descry.
 Hee knoweth also, whether that our stone 430
 Be caked Earth, or exhalation;
 Whether the Metals (that we daily see)
 Be made of Sulphur and of Mercury;
 Or, of some Liquor by long Cold condens't,
 And by the Heat well purified and cleans'd;
 Or, of a certaine sharp and cindrous humor,
 Or whether hee that made the Waving Tumor;
 The motly Earth; and th' Heav'nly Sphears refin'd;
 All-mighty, made them such as now we finde.
 Hee comprehends from whence it is proceeding, 440
 That spotted *Jasper*-stones can staunch our bleed-
 ing:
Saphires, cure eyes, the *Topas* to resist
 The rage of Lust; of drink the *Amethyst*:
 And also, why the clearest *Diamant*
 (*Jealous*) impugns the thefts of th' *Adamant*.
 Tunes, Measures, Numbers, and Proportions
 Of Bodies with their Shadows, als' hee kons;
 And (fill'd with *Nectar*-deaws, which Heaven drips)
 The Bees have made honey within his lips. 450
 But he imbraceth much more earnestly
 The gainfull Practice then cold Theory:
 Nor reaks hee so of a Sophistick pride
 Of prattling knowledge (too-self-magnifi'd)
 As of that goodly Art to govern well
 The sacred Helms of *Church* and *Common-weal*,
 And happily to entertain in either,
 A harmony of Great and Small together.
 Especially Hee's a good *Justicer*,
 And to the Laws doth life and strength confer.
 And, as the highest of *Bigaurian* Hils 460
 Aye bears his head up-right, and never yeelds
 To either side, scorns Winde and Rain and Snow,
 Abides all weathers with a cheerfull brow;
 Laughs at a Storm, and bravely tramples under
 His stedly knees, the proud, loud-rowling Thunder:

So hee's a Judge inflexibly-upright,
 No Love, nor Hatred of the guilty wight
 (What e'r hee wear for Calling, small or great)
 His Venging blade can either blunt or whet;
 Hee spurneth Favours, and he scorneth Fears; 470
 And under foot hee treadeth private tears:
 Gold's radiant Lustre never bears his Eye;
 Nor is hee led through Ignorance a-wry.
 His Voyce is held an Oracle of all;
 The soule of Laws hee wisely can exhale:
 In doubtfull Cases he can subtilize,
 And wyliest pleaders' hearts anatomize.
 Scarce fifteen times had *Ceres* (since his Birth)
 With her gilt Tresses glorifi'd the Earth;
 When hee decides, by happy Wisdom's means 480
 The famous quarrell of two crafty Queans.
 Is 't possible, O Earth (thus cries the first)
 But that (alas) thou shouldst for anger burst,
 And swallow quick this execrable Quean!
 Is 't possible (O gracious Sovereign)
 That comming new from doing such a deed
 So horrible, she shamelesse dares proceed
 T' approach thy sight, thy sacred Throne t' abuse,
 Not begging pardon, but ev'n bent t' accuse?
 Last night, with surfeit and with sleep sur-cloyd, 490
 This care-lesse Step-dam her own Child o'r-layd:
 And softly then (finding it cold and dead)
 Lays it by mee, and takes mine in the stead.
 Here, old, bold strumpet, take thy bastard brat,
 Hence with thy Carion, and restore me that,
 Restore mee mine, my lovely living Boy,
 My hope, my hap, my love, my life, my joy.
 O cruell chance! O sacrilegious!
 Shall thy foule lips my little Angell busse?
 At thy fond prattling, shall hee prett'ly smile? 500
 And tug, and touze thy greazie locks the-while?
 And all his Child-hood fill thy soule with glee?
 And, grown a man, sustaine thine age and thee?
 While wretched I have onely, for my share,
 His Birth's hard Travell, and my burthen's Care,
 His rest-lesse rocking, wiping, washing, wringing;
 And to appease his wayward Cries with singing?
 O most unhappy of all Women-kinde!
 O Child-lesse Mother! O why is my Minde
 More passion-stirred, then my hand is strong? 510
 But rather then Ile pocket up this wrong,
 To be reveng'd, Ile venture two for one,
 Ile have thy life although it cost mine owne.
 O filthy Bitch! Vile Witch (sayes th' other tho)
 O! who would think that Wine could mad one so?
 O impudent! though God thou fearest not, fear
 The King's cleer judgement, who God's place doth
 bear.
 Art not content t' have call'd (or rather cry'd)
 Mee Whore, and Thief, Drunkard, and Paricide:
 But thou wilt also have my Childe, my dear 520
 (Whom with so strong a knot Love links so neer)
 My Babe, my Blisse? Yea marry (Minks) and shall:
 Who takes my Childe, shall take my life with-all.

The on
 between
 Harlot
 live Ch

<p>Just <i>David's</i> just Son, for thy Father's sake, For his dear love, for all that he did make Of thee a Child, when hee (re-childing) sought With childish sport to still thy cryes, and taught (Or 'gan to teach) with language soft and weak, Thy tender tongue some easie tearme to speak : Or, when (all bloody, breath-lesse, hot hee came) 530 Laden with spoyles of Kings hee overcame, Hee ran t' imbrace thee, rockt thee in his Targe, And when thou cry'dst, upon his shoulder large Did set thee up, while thou his beard didst tug, Playd'st with his nose, about his neck didst hug, Gap'st on his glittering Helm, and smil'dst to see Another SALOMON there smile on thee : And underneath his dancing Plume didst play Like Bird in bush ; sporting from spray to spray ; I doe adjure thee to attend my Plea : 540 By the sweet name of thy dear <i>Bersabé</i>, Who, in the night, shivering for cold, so oft, Hath bow'd her self over thy Cradle soft ; Who both the bottles of her <i>Nectar</i> white Hath spent upon thee, hundred times a night ; Who on thy head hath set her pearly Crown, And in thy life liv'd more then in her Owne ; I doe adjure thee (O great King) by all That in the World wee sacred count or call, To doe me Right : and if, too-milde, alas, 550 Too mercifull thou wilt not Sentence passe Of just revenge for my received wrong ; Yet, reave mee not what doth to mee belong, What liberall Nature hath bestow'd on mee, What I am seis'd-of (without thank to thee) ; For pity do not my heart blood deprive, Make me not Childless ; having Child a-live. While both, at once, thus to the King they cry, 'Tis mine, 'tis mine : thou ly'st ; and thou dost lye : 560 The partiall People divers Verdict spend ; Some favour th' one, others the other friend : As when two Gamesters hazzard (in a trice) Fields, Vine-yards, Castles, on the Chance of Dice, The Standers-by, diversly stirr'd with-in, Wish, some that This, & some that That may win : Waver twixt Hope and Fear : and every one's Mov'd, with the moving of the guilefull Bones. Onely, the King demurrs : his prudent ears Finde, like, both reasons, both complaints, both 570 tears : The infant's face could not discipher whether Of both should be the very Mother : neither Could calculation of their ages, cleer The Judge's doubt, nor any proof appear. Then, thus He weighs (but as in dreaming wise) ; Th' industrions Judge, when all proofs fail him, flies Unto Conjectures drawn (the probablist) Out of the Book of Natur's learned brest ; Or to the Rack : Now, Mother's love (thinks hee) Is Nature's own unchangeable Decree : And there's no Torture that exceeds the pains 580 Which a kinde Mother in her Childe sustains.</p>	<p>Then (as awake) Come, Come, no more a-doo, Dispatch (saith he) Cleave the quick Childe in two, Look that the Sword be sharp ; in such a case, Needs must our Pitty give our Justice place : Justice (ye see) can judge him whole to neither : Divide him therefore, and give half to either. O difficult ! but thus the King descrites Their hearts' deep secrets : all discover'd lies, The vizor's off ; their Tongues, sincerely prest 590 With true instinct, their very Thoughts exprest ; Be 't (said the Stepdam) so, sith 't must be so ; Divide him justly from the top to toe. No (said the other) rather, I renounce My right in him, take thou him all at once, Enjoy him all ; Ile rather have him thine A-live, and whole, then dead and mangled, mine. Thine (quoth the King) he's thine by Birth (I see) Thine by thy Love, and thine by my Decree. Now, as wth Gold grows in the self-same Mine 600 Much <i>Chrysocholle</i>, and also Silver fine ; So supreme <i>Honour</i>, and <i>Wealth</i> (matcht by none) Second the <i>Wisdom</i> of great SALOMON. He far and neer commands by Land and Seas ; A hundred Crowns do homage unto His ; His neerest Bounds, <i>Nile's</i> Sea and <i>Sidon</i> seem, And <i>Euphrates</i> bows his moyst horns to Him ; <i>Peru</i>, they say (supposing <i>Ophir</i> so) By yeerly Fleets into his <i>Fisk</i> doth flow ; In <i>Sion</i> Gold's as common as the Sand ; 610 As Pebles, Pearles ; Through-out all <i>Jury</i> Land, There seems an Ocean of all happinesse To over-flow ; and all do all possesse ; Each under his own Vine and his own Tree, His Grapes and Figs may gather quietly. Thus hee abounds in Bliss ; not so to change-ill Man into Beast, but make of Man an Angel ; To praise th' Immortall, who to him hath given Even here a Taste of the delights of Heav'n. This great, wise, wealthy, and well-spoken King 620 His sweet renown o'r all the World doth ring ; The <i>Tyrian</i>, for Confederate desires him ; <i>Pharaoh</i> for Son ; th' Alien no lesse admires him Than his own Subject ; and his eyes' sweet flames, As far as <i>Nilus</i>, fire the flower of Dames. O SALOMON, seest thou not (O mis-hap !) This Marriage is no Marriage, but a Trap ? That such a mongrell Match of differing Creed, Of mortall quarrels is th' immortall seed ; That Ox and Asse can never well be broke 630 To draw one Plough together in one yoke ? Who-ever weds a Miscreant, forth-with Divorceth God : our Faith still wavereth ; It needs an Aide and not a Tempter nigh, Not th' instrument of th' old Deceiver slie, Not deadly poysen in our Coach to couch, Sleep in our bosome, and our breast to touch, And breathe into us (in a kinde of kissing) An Ir-religion of the Serpent's hissing.</p>	<p>The doubt admir- ably decided.</p> <p>600 Simile.</p> <p>The wonderful Prosperity of <i>Salomon</i> & his people.</p> <p>Mis-Matches justly taxed.</p>
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A pleasant description of Love's fruitfull Grove.

She that from *Egypt* comes (O King) is none 640
 Flesh of thy Flesh, nor yet Bone of thy Bone :
 But a strange Bone, a barbarous Rib, a Peece
 Impoysoned all with *Memphian* Leprosies.
 But, thou wilt say, thy Love hath stript yer-while
 Her spotted suit of Idol-serving *Nile* :
 And clad her all, in Innocence, in white ;
 Becomm by Faith a true born *Abramite*.
 It might be so : and to that side I take,
 The rather, for that *sacred Beauties'* sake,
 Where-of shee is a figure. Yet, I fear 650
 Her Train will stain thy Kingdome every-where,
 Corrupt thy Court : and God will be offended
 To have his People with strange People blended ;
 The mighty Lord, who hath precisely said,
 You shall not theirs, nor they your daughters wed.
 Under the gentle *Equinoctiall Line*,
 Fair amorous Nature waters freshly-fine
 A little *Grove* clad in eternall green,
 Where all the year long lusty *May* is seen,
 Suiting the Lawns in all her pomp and pride 660
 Of lively Colours, lovely varifi'd :
 There smiles the ground, the starry-flowers each one,
 There mount the more, the more th' are trod upon :
 There all grows toyl-less ; or if tild it were,
 Sweet *Zephyrus* is th' onely Husband there.
 There *Auster* never roars, nor Hail dis-leaves
 Th' immortall Grove, nor any branch hereaves.
 There the straight Palm-Tree stoopeth in the Calm
 To kiss his Spouse, his loyall Female Palm :
 There with soft whispers whistling all the year 670
 The broad-leav'd Plane-tree Courts the Plaine his
 Pheer ;
 The Poplar woos the Poplar, & the Vine
 About the Elme her slender armes doth twine ;
 Th' Ivie about the Oak : there all doth prove,
 That there all springs, all grows, all lives in *Love*
 Opinion's Porter, and the Gate shee bars
 'Gainst *Covetise*, cold *Age*, and sullen *Cares*,
 Except they leave-off and lay down before
 Their troublous load of *Reason* at the doore ;
 But opens wide, to let-in Bashfull-Boldness, 680
 Dumb-speaking Signs, Chill-Heat, & Kindled-coldness,
 Smooth-soothing vows, deep sorrows soon appeas'd,
 Tears sudden dry'd, fell Angers quickly pleas'd,
 Smiles, Wylie-Guiles, quaint witty-pretty Toyes,
 Soft *Idleness*, and ground-less bound-less Joyes,
 Sweet *Pleasure* plunged over head and ears
 In sugred *Nectar*, immateriall Fears,
 Hoarse Wakes, late Walks, Pain-pleasing kindly cruell,
 Aspiring *Hope* (*Desire's* immortall fuell)
 Licentious Loosness, Prodigall Expence, 690
 Inchaunting Songs, deep Sighs, and sweet Laments.
 These frolick *Lovelings* fraighted Nests do make
 The balmy Trees' o'r-laden Boughs to crack ;
Beauty layes, *Fancie* sits, th' inflamed heat
 Of *Love* doth hatch their Couvies nicely-neat :
 Some are but kindled yet, some quick appeare,
 Some on their backs carrie their Cradles dear,

Some douny-clad, some (fledger) take a twig
 To perch-upon, some hop from sprig to sprig :
 One, in the fresh shade of an Apple-Tree 700
 Lets hang its Quiver, while soft-pantingly
 'T exhales hot Vapour : one, against a Sparrow
 Tries his stiff Bow and Gyant-stooping Arrow :
 Another slie sets lime-twigs for the Wren,
 Finch, Linot, Tit-mouse, Wag-tail (Cock & Hen) :
 See, see how some their idle wings forsake,
 And (turn'd of Flyers, Riders) one doth take
 A Thrush, another on a Parret rides,
 This mounts a Peacock, that a Swan bestrides,
 That manageth a Pheasant : this doth make 710
 The Ring-Dove turn ; that brings the Culver
 back :
 See how a number of this wanton Frie
 Do fondly chase the gawdie Butter-flie :
 Som with their flowrie Hat, som with their hands
 Som wth sweet Rose-boughs, som wth Myrtle wands :
 But, th' horned Bird, with nimble turns, beguiles
 And scapes the snares of all these Loves a-whiles.
 Leave wags (Cries *Venus*) leave this wanton Play :
 For so, in stead of Butter-Flyes, you may,
 You may (my Chicks) a Childe of *Venus* strike : 720
 For, some of mine have Horns and all alike.
 This said, eftswoones two twins whose gold-head darts
 Are never steeped but in Royall hearts ;
 Come, Brother dear (said either) come let 's to 't,
 Let 's each a shaft at yon two bosoms shoot.
 Their winged words th' effect ensues as wight,
 Two or three steps they make to take their flight,
 And quick-thick shaking on their sinnewie side
 Their long strong sarceels, richly triple-di'd
 Gold-Azure-Crimsin ; th' one aloft doth soar 730
 To *Palestine*, th' other to *Nilus* shore.
Pharo's fair daughter (wonder of her Time)
 Then in the blooming of her beautie's Prime, PHARO!
 Was quaintly dressing of her Tress-full head
 Which round about her to the ground did spread :
 And, in a rich gold-seeled Cabinet,
 Three Noble Maids attend her in the seat.
 One with a piece of double-dented Box
 Combs out at length her goodly golden locks :
 Another 'noynts them with Perfumes of price : 740
 Th' other with bodkin, or with fingers nice,
 Frizzles and Furls in Curls and Rings a-part ;
 The rest, loose dangling without seeming Art,
 Wave too and fro, with cunning negligence
 Gracing the more her Beauties' excellence :
 When, arm'd with Arrows, burning brightly keen,
 Swift Swallow-like, one of these Twins comes in ;
 And, with his left wing hiding still his Bow,
 Into her bosom shot, I wot not how.
 My side ! my heart (the Royall Maid cries out)
 O ! I am slain : But, searching all about, 750 *Love's*
 O ! I am slain : But, searching all about, *Favr*
 When shee perceiv'd no bloud, nor bruise ; alas
 It is no wound ; but, sleeping on the grasse,
 Some snake (saith shee) hath crept into mee quick,
 It gnawes my heart : ah, help mee, I am sick :

Have mee to bed : eigh mee, a friezing-frying,
 A burning cold torments mee living-dying.
 O cruell Boy, alas, how mickle Gall
 Thy baenfull shaft mingles thy Mell withall !
 The Royall Maid, which with her Mates was wont 760
 Smile, skip and dance on Field's inammeld front,
 Love's solenesse, sadnesse, and Self-privacie ;
 Sighes, sobs & throbs, & yet shee knows not why :
 The sumptuous pride of massie *Piramides*
 Presents her eyes with Towns of *Jebusides* ;
 In *Nile's* cleer Crystall shee doth *Jordan* see ;
 In *Memphis, Salem* ; and un-warily
 Her hand (unbidden) in her Samplar sets
 The King of *Juda's* Name and Counterfeits.
 Who, medi'ting the Sacred *TEMPL's* plot, 770
 By th' other Twin at the same time is shot :
 The shaft sticks fast, the wound 's within his veins :
 Sleep cannot bring a-sleep his pleasing pains ;
PHARONIDA's his heart, *PHARONIDA*
 Is all his Theam to talk-of, night and day ;
 With-in his soule a civill War hee feeds :
 Th' all-seeing Sun now early backs his Steeds,
 Now mounts his Mid-day, and then setteth soon :
 But still his Love stands at the hot high Noon.
 He rides not his brave Coursers (as hee wont) 780
 Nor reads, nor writes, nor in his Throne doth moft
 To hear the Widow's Cause ; neglects his Court,
 Neglects his Rule ; Love rules him in such sort.
 You prudent Legats, Agents for this Marriage,
 Of Rings and Tablets you may spare the Carriage :
 For, witty Love bath with his lovely shaft
 In either's heart grav'n other's lively Draught ;
 Each lives in other, and they have (O strange !)
 Made of their burning hearts a happy Change.
 Better abroad, then home, their hearts' delight ; 790
 Yet long their bodies to their hoasts t' unite.
 Which soon ensues : the Virgin 's shortly had
 From Mother's armes imbracing gladly-sad ;
 And th' aged Father, weeping as hee spake,
 Bids thus adieu when shee her leave doth take ;
 Sweet Daughter dear, *Osiris* be thy guide,
 And loving *Isis* blesse thee and thy Bride
 With golden fruit ; and dayly without cease
 Your mutuall Loves may as your years increase.
 Wives, Maids & Children, youſg & old each-where, 800
 With looks & vows from Turrets follow her ;
 Calm *Nilus* calmer then it wont is grow'n,
 Her Ships have merry windes, the Seas have none ;
 Her footing makes the ground all fragrant-fresh ;
 Her sight re-flowres th' *Arabian* Wilderness ;
Jury rejoyces, and in all the way
 Nothing but Trumpets, Fifes and Timbrels play ;
 The flow-crown'd People, swarming on the Green,
 Crie still, *God save, God save, God save the Queen* ;
 May shee be like a scion, pale and sick 810
 Through th' over-shading of a Sire too thick ;
 Which being transplanted, free, sweet aire doth
 sup,
 To th' sweating Clouds her grovie top sends up,

And prospers so in the strange soyl, that (till'd)
 Her golden Apples all the Orchard gild.
 No streets are seen in rich *JERUSALEM* :
 For, under-foot fine scarlet paveth them,
 Silks hang the sides, and over-head they hold
 Archt Canopies of glistring Cloth of gold.
 They throng, they thrust, an ebbing-flowing Tide, 820
 A Sea of Folk follows th' adored Bride :
 The joyfull Ladies from their windows shed
 Sweet shows of flours upon her radiant head ;
 Yet jealous, lest (dy'd in their native grain)
 Her Rosie Cheeks should Natur's Roses stain.
 But loe, at last, th' honour of Majestie,
 Glory of Kings, King *SALOMON* draws nigh :
 Loe, now both Lovers enter-glancing sweet
 (Like Sun and Moon, when at full view they
 meet
 In the mid-month) with amorous raye's reflection 830
 Send mutuall Welcoms from their deep affection :
 Both a-like young, like beautifull, like brave,
 Both grac't a-like ; so like, that whoso have
 Not neer observ'd their heads' unlikenesses,
 Think them two *Adons*, or two *Venuses*.
 These novice Lovers at their first arrive
 Are bashfull both ; their passions strangely strive :
 The soule's sweet Fire his ruby flames doth
 flush
 Into their Faces in a modest blush :
 Their tongues are t' d, their star-bright eye seems
 vail'd 840
 With shame-fac't *Cipres* ; all their senses fall'd.
 But, pompous *Hymen*, whither am I brought ?
 Am not I (heathen) under th' happy Vault
 Where all the Gods, with glorious mirth enhanc't,
 At *Thetis's* Nuptials ate, and drank, and danc't ?
 Here, th' *Idumeans's* mighty *Jove* treads under
 His tripping feet, his bright-light burning Thunder. *Salomon's*
 A-while he layes his Majesty aside, *nuptials.*
 To court, and sport, and revell with his Bride ;
 King, playes the Courtier ; Sovereign, Suter 'coms ; 850
 And seems but equall with his Chamber-Grooms :
 But yet, what e'r hee doe, or can devise,
 Disguised glory shineth in his eyes.
 Here, many a *Phabus*, and here many a *Muse*
 On Heav'nly Layes so rarely-sweet doe use
 Their golden bowes, that with the rapting sound
 Th' Arches & Columns wel-nigh dance the Round.
 Here many a *Juno*, many a *Pallas* here,
 Here many a *Venus* and *Diana* cleer
 Catch many a gallant Lord, according as 860
 Wealth, Beauty, Honour, their affection drawes.
 Here, many a *Hebt* fair, here more then one
 Quick-serving *Chiron* neatly waits upon
 The Beds and Boords, and pliant bears about
 The bowles of *Nectar* quickly turned out ;
 And th' over-burnded Tables bend with weight
 Of their *Ambrosiall* over-filled freight.
 Here, many a *Mars* un-bloudy Combats fights ;
 Here, many a *Hermes* findes out new delights ;

	Here, many a horned <i>Satyr</i> , many a <i>Pan</i> , 870 Here, <i>Wood-Nymphs</i> , <i>Flood-Nymphs</i> , many a <i>Fairy</i> <i>Fawn</i>		Bordred with Pheasants, Eagles winged-black, And Elephants with Turrets on their back ; Pointed with Diamonds, powdered and imboast 930 With Emeralds, perfum'd with wondrous Cost.
	With lusty frisks and lively bounds bring-in Th' Antike, <i>Morisko</i> , and the <i>Mattachine</i> : For, even God's Servants (God knows how) have supt The surgred baen of <i>Pagan</i> Rites corrupt.		The third leads quicker on the selfesame Arch Mar. His <i>Pyrrhik</i> Gallard, like a star-like March : His face is fiery ; Many an Amethyst, And many a Jasper of the perfectest Doth brightly glister in the double gilt Of the rich Pommell, and the precious Hilt
	But, with so many lively Types, at will, His rich rare Arras shall some other fill : Of all the sports, Ile onely chuse one <i>Measure</i> , One stately <i>Mask</i> compos'd of sage-sweet pleasure ; 880 A <i>Dance</i> so chaste, so sacred, and so grave (And yet so gracefull, and so lofty-brave) As may besem (except I mee abuse) Great SALOMON, and my celestiall <i>Muse</i> .		Of his huge Fauchin, bow'd from hand to heel ; His boystrous body shines in burnisht Steel : His Shield flames bright with gold, imbossed high 940 With Wolves and Horse seem-running swiftly by, And frieng'd about with sprigs of Scammony, And of <i>Euphorbium</i> , forged cunningly.
	The Tables voided of their various Cates, They rise at once : and, suiting their Estates, Each takes a Dame, and then to Dance they come Into a stately, rich, round-arched Room, So large and lightsom, that it right they call <i>The Universall</i> , or <i>the World's great Hall</i> .		But, O fair <i>Fairy</i> , who art thou, whose eyes Venus Inflame the Seas, the Ayre, the Earth, and Skies? Tell us, what art thou, O thou fairest Fair, That trimm'st the Trammels of thy golden hair With Myrtle, Thyme and Roses ; and thy Brest Gird'st with a rich and odoriferous * <i>Cest</i> , *A Spont Where all the wanton brood of sweetest Loves 950 Doe nestle close ; on whom the Turtle-Doves, Pigeons, and Sparrows day and night attend, Cooing and wooing wheresoe'r thou wend :
	O what delight, to see so rich a show Of Lords and Ladies dancing in a row All in a Round, reaching so far and wide O'r all the Hall to foot-it side by side ! Their eyes' sweet splendor seems a <i>Pharos</i> bright, With clinquant Rayes their Body's clothed light : 'Tis not a Dance, but rather a smooth sliding, All move alike, after the Musick's guiding : Their Tune-skill'd feet in so true Time doe fall, That one would swear one Spirit doth bear them all : They poste un-moving ; and, though swift the passe, 900 'Tis not perceiv'd : of hundred thousand pase, One single back they : Round on Round they dance, And, as they traverse, cast a fruitfull glance.		Whose Robe's imbroidered w th Pomgranat boughs, Button'd with Saphires, edg'd with Beryll rowes : Whose capering foot, about the starry floor, The Dance-gulde Prince now follows, now 's before? Art thou not Shee, that with a chaste-sweet flame Did'st both our Brides' hearts into one heart frame? And, was not Hee, that with so curious steps, 960 Mercury. Next after thee, so nimbly turns and leaps ; Say, was not Hee the witty Messenger, Their eloquent and quick Interpreter ? How strange a suit ! His medly Mantle seems Scarlet, Wave-laced with Quick-silver streams ; And th' end of every Lace, for tuft, hath on A precious Porphyre, or an Agate stone : A crie of Hounds have here a Deer in Chase ; There a false Fox, here a swift Kid they trace : There Larks and Linots, and sweet Nightingals 970 (Fain'd upon fained Trees) with wings and tails Loose hanging, seem to swell their little throats, And with their warbling, shame the Cornet's notes. Light Fumitory, Parsly, Burnet's blade, And winding leafe his crispy Locks beshade : Hee's light and lively, all in Turns and Tricks ; In his great Round, hee many small doth mix ; His giddy course seems wandring in disorder ; And yet there's found, in this disorder, order.
The MASK of Planets.	Just in the middle of the Hall ; <i>a-sloop</i> (Even from the floor unto the very top) A broad rich <i>Baldrick</i> there extendeth round, In-laid with gold upon an azure ground ; Where (cover'd all with Flames) in wondrous art Five <i>Lords</i> , two <i>Ladies</i> dance ; but each a-part.		Avoyd base Vulgar, back Profane, stand-by ; 980 These sacred Revels are not for your eye : Come gentle Gentles, Noble Spirits, draw neer, Praise through the Praise, come take your places here, To see at full the Bride-groom and the Bride, A lovely Pair, exactly beautif'd
Saturn.	Here trips an Old-man in a Mantle dy'd 910 Deep Leaden-hue, and round about him ty'd With a Snake-girdle biting off her tail. Within his Robes' stuff (in a winding trail) Creeps Mandrake, Comin, Rue and Hellebore ; With lively figures of the Bear and Boar, Camell, and Asse (about to bray well-nigh) : There the <i>Strimonian</i> Fowl seems ev'n to cry ; The Peacock, even to prank. For Tablet fine About his neck hangs a great Cornaline, Where some rare Artist (curiousing upon 't) Hath deeply cut Time's triple-formed Front : His pase is heavie, and his face severe ; His Body here, but yet his Minde else-where. 920		
Jupiter.	There the Lord <i>Zedec</i> him more spritely bears, Milde, fair and pleasant : on his back he wears Tin-colour'd Tissue, figur'd all with Oaks, Ears, Violets, Lillies, Olives, Apricocks ;		

- With rare perfections, passing all the rest,
Sole-happy Causes of this sumptuous Feast.
Loe where they come : O what a splendor bright
Mine eyes do dazle ! O thou primer Light !
Sun of the Sun, thy Rayes' keen point rebate, 990
Thy dread-spread Fire a little temperate ;
O, dart (direct) on thy fair Spouse a-space
Thine eyes' pure light, the lustre of thy Face ;
For, I no longer can endure it, I
Am burnt to ashes : O, I faint, I dye.
But, blessed Couple, sith (alas) I may-not
Behold you both unmasked (nay, I can-not).
Yet in these Verses let mee tell (I pray)
Your Dance, your Courting, and your rich array.
- Lama. The Queen 's adorn'd down to her very heels 1000
In her fair hair (whence still sweet deaw distils)
Halfe hanging down ; the rest in rings and curls,
Platted with strings of great, round, orient Pearls :
Her gown is Damask of a Silver-ground,
With Silver Seas all deeply-frienged round ;
With Gourds & Moon-wort branched richly-fair,
Flourisht with beasts that onely eat the Ayre.
But why, my Muse, with pencill so precise,
Seek'st thou to paint all her rich Rarities ?
Of all the Beauties, Graces, Honours, Riches, 1010
Wherewith rich Heav'n these Maskers all in-
riches,
Shee's even the Mother ; and then, as a Glasse,
On the Beholders their effects shee casts.
- sol. A Garland, braided with the Flowry foulds
Of yellow Citrons, Turn-Sols, Mary-Golds,
Beset with Bal'nites, Rubites, Chrysolites,
The royall Bride-groom's radiant brows be-dights :
His saffron'd Ruffe is edged richly-neat
With burning Carbuncles, and every set
Wrought rarely-fine with branches (draw'n upon) 1020
Of Laurell, Cedar, Balm, and Cinnamon :
On his Gold-grounded Robe the Swan so white
Seems to his honour some new Song t' indite.
The Phenix there builds both her nest and tomb ;
The Crocodile out of the waves doth come ;
Th' amazed Reaper down his sickle flings ;
And sudden Fear grafts to his Ancles wings.
There the fierce Lion, from his furious eye,
His mouth and nostrils, fiery Flames lets-flie ;
Seems with his whisking train his rage to whet ; 1030
And, wrath-full ramping, ready even to set
Upon a Heard of fragrant Leopards ;
When loe, the Cock (that light his rage regards)
A purple Plume timbers his stately Crest ;
On his high Gorget and broad hardy Brest
A rich Coat-Armour (Or and Azure) shines,
A friende of raveld gold about his Loins,
In lieu of Bases. Beard as red as bloud,
A short Beak bending like the Eagle's brood ;
Green-yellow Eyes, where Terrour's Tent is pight, 1040
A Martiall gait, and spurred as a Knight ;
Into two arches his proud Train divides,
With painted wings hee claps his cheerfull sides,
- Sounds his shrill Trumpet, and seems with his sight
The Lion's courage to have daunted quite.
These happy Lovers, with a practis'd pase,
Forward and backward and a-side doe trace ;
They seem to dance the *Spanish Pavane* right :
And yet their Dance, so quick and lively-light,
Doth never pass the Baldrick's bounds (at all) 1050
Which grav'n with Star-beasts over-thwarts the Hall.
When the brave Bride-groom tow'rds Mount *Silo*
traces,
A thousand Flowrs spring in his spritefull pases :
When towards Mount *Olivet* he slides, there grows
Under his feet a thousand Frosty Snowes :
For, the Floor, beaten with his Measures ever,
Seems like the Footing of the nimble Weaver.
This lovely Couple now kisse, now recoil :
Now with a lowring eye, now with a smile :
Now Face to Face they Dance, now side by side, 1060
With Course un-equall ; and the tender Bride,
Receives strange Changes in her Countenance,
After her Lover's divers-seeming glance.
If unawares some, Envious, come between
Her and her Love, then is shee sad be-seen,
Shee shuts her eye, shee seems ev'n to depart ;
Such force hath true Love in a noble heart.
But all that's nothing to their Musick choyce ;
Tuning the warbles of their Angell-Voyce
To Foot and Violl, and Care-charming Lute, 1070
In amorous Ditty thus doe they dispute ;
- O "Bright-ey'd Virgin ! O how fair thou art !
"O how I love thee, My Snow-winged Dove !
"O how I love thee ! Thou hast rapt my heart.
"For thee I Die : For thee I Live, my Love.
"How fair art thou, my Dear ! How dear to mee !
"Dear Soule (awake) I faint, I sink, I swoun
"At thy dear Sight : and when I sleep, for Thee
"Within my brest stil wakes my sharp-sweet world. 1079
- The Epithalamy.
"My Love, what Odours thy sweet Tress it yeelds !
"What Amber-greece, what Incense breath'st thou out
"From purple fillets ! and what Myrrh distils
"Still from thy Fingers, ring'd with gold about !
"Sweet-heart, how sweet is th' odour of thy praise !
"O what sweet airs doth thy sweet air deliver
"Unto my Burning Soule ! What hony Layes
"Flow from thy throat ! thy throat a golden River.
"Among the Flowrs, my Flowr's a Rose, a Lilly :
"A Rose, a Lilly ; this a Bud, that blow'n :
"This fragrant Flowr first of all gather will-I, 1090
"Smell to it, kisse it, wear it as mine owne.
"Among the Trees, my Love's an Apple-Tree,
"Thy fruitfull Stem bears Flowr & Fruit together :
"I'll smell thy Flowr, thy Fruit shall nourish mee,
"And in thy shadow will I rest for ever."
- While *Hesperus* in Azure Waggon brought
Millions of Tapers over all the Vault,

The building of
the TEMPLE.

These gorgeous Revels to sweet Rest give place,
And the Earth's *Venus* doth Heav'n's *Venus* trace.
These Spousals past the King doth nothing minde 1100
But *The Lord's House*; there is his care confin'd :
His Checker's open, hee no cost respects ;
But sets a-worke the wittiest Architects.
Millions of hands be busie labouring,
Through all the Woods, wedges, and beetles ring :
The tufted tops of sacred *Libanon*,
To climb Mount *Sion*, down the stream are gone :
Forrests are saw'd in Transoms, Beams and Somers,
Great Rocks made little, what wth Saws & Hammers :
The sturdy Quar-man with steel-headed Cones 1110
And massie Sledges slenteth out the stones,
Digs through the bowels of th' Earth baked stiff,
Cuts a wide Window through a horned Cliff
Of ruddy Porphyre, or white Alabaster,
And masters Marble, which no time can master.
One melts the White-stone with the force of Fire ;
Another, level'd by the *Lesbian* Squire,
Deep under ground (for the Foundation) joyns
Well-polisht Marble, in long massie Coins ;
Such, both for stuff, and for rare artifice, 1120
As might beseem some royall Frontispice.
This heaves a Chapter ; that a Frize doth frame :
This carves a Cornich ; that prepares a Jambe :
This forms a Plynth ; that fits an Architrave :
This planes a Plank ; and that the same doth
grave :
Gives life to Cedars dead, and cunningly
Makes Wood to move, to sigh and speak well-nigh :
And others, rearing high the sacred Wall,
By their bold Labours Heav'n it selfe appall :
Cheerly they work, and plie it in such sort 1130
As if they thought long Summer-dayes too-short.
As in Grape-Harvest, with unwearie pains,
A willing Troup of merry-singing Swains
With crooked hooks the strouting Clusters cut,
In Frails and Flaskets them as quickly put,
Run bow'd with burdens to the fragrant Fat,
Tumble them in, and after pit-a-pat
Up to the Waste ; and, dancing in the Must,
To th' under-Tub a flowry showr doe thrust ;
They work a-vie, to th' eie their Work doth grow, 1140
Who saw 't i' th' Morning, scarce at Night can know
It for the same : and God himselfe doth seem
T' have ta'en to task this Work, and work for them
While in the Night sweet Sleep restores with rest
The weary limbs of Work-men over-prest.
Great King, whence came this Courage, *Titan*-like,
So many Hills to heap upon a rick ?
What mighty Rowlers, and what massie Cars
Could bring so far so many monstrous Quars ?
And what huge strength of hanging vaults embow'd 1150
Bears such a weight above the winged Cloud ?
If on the Out-side I doe cast mine eye,
The Stones are joy'n'd so artificially,
That if the Mason had not checker'd fine
**Syrian*.
**Syre's* Alabaster with hard Serpentine,

Simile.

And hundred Marbles no lesse fair then firm :
The whole, a whole Quar one might rightly term.
If I look In, then scorn I all with-out ;
Surpassing Riches shineth all about :
Floor, Sides and Seeling cover'd triple-fold, 1160
Stone lin'd with Cedar, Cedar limn'd with Gold :
And all the Parget carv'd and branched trim
With Flowrs and Fruits, and winged Cherubim.
I over-passe the sacred Implements,
In worth far passing all these Ornaments ;
The Art answers to the stuff, the stuff to th' use.
O perfect Artist ! thou for Mould did'st chuse
The World's *Idia* : For, as first the same
Was sever'd in a Three-fould divers Frame,
And God Almighty rightly did Ordain 1170
One all Divine, one Heav'nly, one Terrene ;
Decking with Vertues one, with Stars another.
With Flowrs, & Fruits, & Beasts, & Birds, the other :
And plaid the Painter, when he did so gild
The turning globes, blew'd seas, & green'd the
field,
Gave precious Stones so many-coloured luster,
Enameld Flowrs, made Metals beam and giuster ;
The Carver, when he cut in leaves and stems
Of plants, such veins, such figures, files and beams :
The Founder, when hee cast so many Forms 1180
Of winged Fowls, of Fish, of Beasts, of Worms.
Thou dost divide this *Sacred House* in Three ;
Th' HOLY OF HOLIES, wherein none may bee
But God, the Cherubins, and (once a year)
The *Sacred Figure* of Perfection dear,
Of God's eternall Son (Sin's sin-lesse check)
The everlasting true MELCHISEDEC :
The fair *mid-TEMPLE*, which is ope alone
To Sun-bright *Levits*, who on *Israel* shone
With Rayes of Doctrine ; and who, feeding well 1190
On the *Lawe's* Hony, seem in Heav'n to dwell ;
And th' utter PORCH, the People's residence,
The Vulgar's Ile, the World of Elements ;
And various Artist honour'st all the Parts
With *Myron's*, *Phidias'*, and *Appelles' Arta*.
This Pattern pleas'd thee so, th' hast fram'd by it
Th' eternall Watch-births of thy sacred Wit :
Thy pithy Book of *Proverbs*, richly-grave,
Unto the PORCH may right relation have ;
For that it gives us Oeconomick Lawes, 1200
Rules Politick, and private civill Sawes ;
And (for the most) those Lessons generall
At Humane matters ayme the most of all.
Ecclesiastes the *Mid-TEMPLE* seems :
It treadeth down what ever Flesh esteems
Fair, pleasant, precious, glorious, good or great ;
Drawes us from earth, and us in Heav'n doth seat :
And, all the World proclaiming *Vain of Vains*,
Man's happinesse in God's true Fear maintains.
SANCTUM-SANCTORUM in thy *Song of Songs*, 1210
Where, in *Mysterious Verse* (as meet belongs)
Thou marriest *Yacob* to Heav'n's glorious King,
Where thou (devoted) dost divinely sing

CHRIST'S and his CHURCHE'S *Epithalamy*:
 Where (sweetly-rapt in sacred Extasie)
 The faithfull Soule talks with her God immense,
 Hears his sweet Voyce, her selfe doth quintessence
 In the pure flames of his sweet-piercing eyes
 (The Cabinets where Grace and glory lies),
 Enjoys her Joy, in her chaste bed doth kisse 1220
 His holy lips (the Love of loves) her Blisse.
 When hee had finisht and had furnisht full
 The *House of God*, so rich, so beautifull ;
 O God, said *Salomon*, great *Onely-Trine* !
 Which of this *Mystick* sacred House of Thine
 Hast made mee Builder ; build mee in the same
 A living Stone. For thy dear DAVID'S name,
 On DAVID'S branches DAVID'S blisse revive ;
 That on his Throne his Issue still may thrive.
 O All-comprising, None-comprised Prince, 1230
 Which art in Heav'n by thy Magnificence,
 In Hell by Justice, each-where by thy Powr's,
 Dwell here, dear Father, by thy Grace (to Ours).
 If, in a doubtfull Case, one needs must swear,
 Loose thou the Knot, and punish thou severe
 Th' audacious Perjure ; that hence-forth none chance
 Tax thee of Mallice, or of Ignorance.
 If our dis-flowered Trees, our Fields Hail-torn,
 Our empty Ears, our light and blasted Corn,
 Presage us Famine ; If, with ten-fold chain, 1240
 Thy hand hath lockt the Water-gates of Rain ;
 And, tow'rds this House wee, humbled, cast our eye,
 Hear us, O Lord, hear our complaint and crie.
 If, Captives, wee in a strange Land bewail,
 If in the Wars our Force and Fortune fail ;
 And, tow'rds this House we, humbled, cast our eye,
 Hear us, O Lord, hear our complaint and crie.
 If Strangers, mov'd with rumour of thy Miracles,
 Come here to Offer, to consult thine Oracles,
 And in this House do kneel religiously ; 1250
 Hear them, O Lord, hear their complaint and crie :
 Hear them from Heav'n ; and, by thy Favours prest,
 Draw to thy TEMPLE, North, South, East, and
 West.
 The passe-Man *Wisidome* of th' *Isaacian* Prince,
 A light so bright, set in such eminence
 (Un-hideable by envious Arrogance,
 Under the Bushell of black Ignorance)
 Shines every where, illusters every place :
 Among the rest it Lightens in the Face
 Of the fair Princesse, that with prudent hand 1260
 The soft *Arabian* Scepter doth command ;
 The Queen of *Saba*, where continuall Spring
 Red Cinnamon, Incense and Myrrhe doth bring ;
 Where private men do Prince-like Treasures hold,
 Where Pots be Silver, Bedsteads beaten Gold ;
 Where Walls are rough-cast wth the richest Stones,
 Cast in Devices, Emblems, Scutchions.
 Yet leaving all this Greatnesse of her owne,
 Shee comes to view the State of SALOMON,
 To hear his Wisidome, and to see his Citie, 1270
 Refuge of Vertues, School of Faith and Pitie.

ation of the
de.

Queen of

You that do shut your eyes against the rayes
 Of glorious Light, which shineth in our dayes ;
 Whose spirits, self-obstin'd in old musty Error,
 Repulse the *Truth* (th' *Almightie's sacred Mirror*)
 Which day & night at your deaf Doors doth knock ;
 Whose stubbornnesse will not at all un-lock
 The sacred *Bible*, nor so much as look
 (To talk with God) into his holy Book :
 O, fear you not, that this great Princesse shall 1280
 Of thank-less Sloth one day condemne you all ?
 Who (both a Woman, Queen, and Pagan born)
 Ease, Pleasures, Treasures, doth despise and scorn ;
 To passe with great pains, and with great expence,
 Long weary Journeys full of diffidence,
 And nobly travels to another Land
 To hear the words but of a (mortall) Man ?
 Her Time's not lost : there (rapt) shee doth con-
 temple
 The sumptuous beauties of a stately TEMPLE,
 The lofty Towns of hundred Towns in one, 1290
 A pompous Palace, and a Peer-lesse Throne,
 Walls rich without ; furnisht in richer sort :
 Number of Servants doth adorne the Court,
 But more their Order. There, no noise is heard,
 Each his owne Office onely doth regard :
 And (in one instant) as the quaverings
 Of a quick Thumb move all the divers strings
 Of a sweet Guittern ; and, its skill to grace,
 Causeth a Treble sound, a Mean, a Base :
 So SALOMON, discreetly with a beck, 1300
 A wink, a word, doth all the Troupes direct :
 Each of his Servants hath his proper Lesson,
 And (after his Degree) each hath his fashion.
 This Queen, yer parting from her fragrant Iles,
 Arm'd her with Riddles and with witty Wiles,
 T' appose the King ; and she resolves shee will
 With curious Questions sift and sound his Skill.
 But loe what *Oedipus* ! The Law-learn'd Sage,
 Which at the Bar hath almost spent his age,
 Cannot so soon a common Doubt decide, 1310
 Where Statutes, Customs, and Book-Cases guide,
 As hee dissolves her *Gordian*-knots, and sees
 Through all her nights, and ev'n at pleasure frees
 Such doubts, as doubt-less might have taskt, t' untwist,
 The *Brachman*, *Druide*, and *Gymnosophist* :
 And knowing, Good becoms more Good, the more
 It is en-common'd, hee applies therefore
 T' instruct her in the Faith ; and (envious-idle)
 His brains' rich Talent buries not in Idle.
 Alas, I pity you : alas (quoth Hee) 1320
 Poor Soules besotted in Idolatry,
 Who worship Gold and Silver, Stocks and Stones,
 Men's Workmanship, and Fiends' Illusions ;
 And, who (by your sage *Magies*' Lore mis-led)
 So-many Godlings have imagined ;
 Madame, there is but one sole God, most-High,
 The Eternall King ; nay, self-Eternitie,
 Infinite, All in all, yet out of all,
 Of Ends the End, of Firsts Original,

A just reproofe
of all obstinate
Recusants.

Of Lights the Light, Essence surpassing Essence, 1330
 Of Pow'rs pure Act, of Acts the very Puissance;
 Cause of all Causes, Ocean of all Good,
 The Life of Life, and of all Beauty Floud;
 None-seen All-Seer, Starr's-guide, Sight of Seeing,
 The Uni-form, which gives all forms their Being.
 God, and One, is all One: whose the Unitle
 Denies, hee (Atheist) disannuls Divinity:
 Th' Unity dwels in God, i' th' Fiend the Twine;
 The greater World hath but one Sun to shine,
 The lesser but one Soule, both but one God, 1340
 In Essence One, in Person *Trinely*-odde.
 Of this great Frame, the parts so due-devis'd,
 This Bodie, tun'd so, measur'd, sympathis'd,
 This TEMPLE, where such Wealth and Order meet,
 This Art in every part cannot proceed
 But from one Pattern; and that but from one
 Author of all, who all preserves alone.
 Else should wee see in set Batalions
 A hundred thousand furious Partizans;
 The World would nurse civill intestine Wars, 1350
 And wrack it selfe in it self's factious Jars.
 Besides, God is an infinite Divinity:
 And who can think of more then one Infinity?
 Seeing the one restrains the other's might,
 Or rather reaves its name and being quite.
 Therefore (O Pagans) why do you confine
 The infinite in narrow Walls of Lime?
 Why shut you him in a base Trunk or Tree;
 Why paint you Whom no mortall eye can see?
 Why offer you your carnall services 1360
 Unto the Lord, who a meer Spirit is?
 Why then doe you (said shee) by our example,
 Inclose th' Immortall in this earthly TEMPLE?
 Lock him within an *Arke*? and, worse then wee,
 Feed him with Fumes, and bloody Butchery?
 This *Sacred House* so fair (reply'd hee then)
 Is not to contain God, but godly men
 Which worship him: and we doe not suppose
 That Hee, whose Arms do Heav'n & Earth inclose,
 Is closed in a *Chest*: but th' ancient Pact, 1370
 The solemne Cov'nant, and the sure Contract,
 Which leagues us with our God, & each wth other,
 And (holy Bond) holds Heav'n and Earth together:
 As for our *Incense, Washings, Sacrifices,*
 They are not (as is thought) Our vain Devices;
 But, God's their Author, and himselfe Ordains
 These Elements, whereby hee entertains
 And feeds our understanding in the hope
 Of his dear Son (of all These things the Scope);

Setting before us th' Onely Sacrifice, 1380
 Which in CHRIST'S Blood shall wash-out all our
 vice.
 Come then, O Lord, Come thou Lawes finisher,
 Great King, great Prophet, great Self's Offerer:
 Come, come thou thrice Great Refuge of our State
 Come, thou our Ransome, Judge and Advocate:
 Milde Lamb, Salve-Serpent, Lion generous,
 Un-challeng'd Umpire betwixt Heav'n and Us,
 Come thou the Truth, the Substance and the
 End
 Of all our Offerings (whither all doth tend):
 Come O MESSIAS, and doe now begin 1390
 To Reign in *Sion*, to triumph o'r Sin;
 And, worshipped in Spirit and Truth, restore
 Upon the Earth the Golden age of yore:
 Accept this Queen, as of all Heathen Princes
 The dear First-Fruits; take on thee our Offences,
 That, stript of *Adam's* sinfull sute, in fine
 With sacred Angels wee in Heav'n may shine.
 The Queen, nigh sunk in an amazefull Swoun,
 Bespake him thus; My Lord, prattling renown 1400
 Is wont in flying to increase so far,
 That shee proclaims things greater then they are;
 And, rarest Spirits resemble Pictures right, *Sunk.*
 Whereof the rarest seem more exquisite
 Far-off, then neer; but, so far as thy Fame
 Excels all Kings, thy Vertues passe the same:
 Thy peer-less Praise stoops to thy Learned tongue,
 And envious bruit hath done thy Wisdome wrong.
 So may I say, even so (O SCOTTISH King) *Applicatin*
 Thy winged Fame, which far and wide doth ring, *the King's*
 From th' edge of *Spaine* hath made mee ventrously 1410 *Majesty.*
 To crosse the Seas, thy *Britain's* end to see:
 Where (Lord!) what saw I? nay, what saw I not?
 O King (Heav'n-chosen, for some speciall Plot)
 World's Miracle, O Oracle of Princes?
 I saw so much, my Soule mistrusts my Senses.
 A gray-beard's Wisdome in an amber-bush,
 A *Mars*-like Courage in a Maid-like blush,
 A settled Judgement with a supple Wit,
 A quick Discourse, profound and pleasing yet;
Virgil and *Tully*, in one spirit infus'd, 1420
 And all Heav'n's Gifts into one Head diffus'd.
 Persist, O King, glory on glory mount;
 And as thy Vertues thine owne Fame surmount,
 So let thy future passe thy former more,
 And goe-before those that have gone-before:
 Excell thy selfe; and, brave, grave, godly Prince,
 Confirm my Song's eternall Evidence.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

- Line 6, 'quick' = living. Cf. l. 75.
 .. 7, 'taxt' = adjudged, accused: *ib.* 'Pharonide'
 = Pharonida. See l. 733, etc.
 .. 42, 'eath' = easy.
 .. 51, 'Galactite'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
 .. 52, 'connex' = connect, bind together.
 .. 67, 'dunker' = little?
 .. 99, 'gold-seled' = gold-ceilinged.
 .. 100, 'let' = hinder.
 .. 101, 'masie Heart' = heart full of mazes, as a
 garden-labyrinth.
 .. 106, 'Sophy' = wise great ruler.
 .. 115, 'Husband' = husbandman.
 .. 142, 'affects' = affections, passions.
 .. 151, 'impetrate' = entreat.
 .. 172, 'Targe' = shield.
 .. 174, 'Cask' = helmet.
 .. 187, 'Regiment' = government.
 .. 204, 'chamfred' = furrowed, hollowed, or grooved.
 .. 252, 'tracking' = tracing, following in footsteps—
frequenter.
 .. 266, 'wide-side Robes.' So John Davies of Here-
 ford in 'Humour's Heauen on Earth' (p.
 6, st. 4 of our edn. of Davies):—
 'Poliphagus a sute of Saten ware,
 Made wide and side.' = wide and long.
 .. 274, 'steans' = stone vessels or jars of baked clay.
 .. 284, 'Sur-coat' = over-coat.
 .. 288, 'Mamuques'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
 .. 302, 'preuent' = anticipate.
 .. 316, 'Sereans' = Cereans? or Syrians?—but see
 Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
 .. 337, 'sconce' = lantern.
 .. 361, 'Flame-bred Flie' = Pyrausta (*πυραυστής*, as
 in margin), also pyralis (*πυραλίς*) a winged
 insect that was supposed to live in fire.
 Pliny, *N. H.* II, 36, 42, § 119, *et alibi*.
 .. 362, 'Farfalla'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
 .. 452, 'recks' = reckons.
 .. 499, 'busse' = kiss and embrace.
 .. 522, 'Minks' = miss, 'fine lady'?
 .. 567, 'Bones'—the material of which the 'dice'
 were made.
 .. 601, 'Chrysocholle'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
 .. 609, 'Fisk' = query 'fist,' *i.e.* hand?
- Line 632, 'Miscreant' = infidel, heathen or unbeliever.
 .. 665, 'Husband' = husbandman, as before.
 .. 695, 'Covvies' = coveys.
 .. 711, 'Culver' = wood-pigeon or dove generally.
 .. 729, 'sarrels' = pinion of a hawk's wing.
 .. 742, 'furls' = rolls or twists up.
 .. 759, 'Mell' = honey.
 .. 835, 'Adons' = Adonis. See Glossarial Index for
 full note on this in relation to an early
 notice of Shakespeare by Thomas Edwards.
 .. 873, 'Morisko . . . Mattachine.' See Glossarial
 Index, *s.v.*
 .. 895, 'clinguant.' See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
 .. 906, 'Baldrick.' *Ibid.*
 .. 919, 'Cornaline.' *Ibid.*
 .. 920, 'curiousing'—note this verb-form.
 .. 938, 'Fauchin' = falchion.
 .. 942, 'Scammony.' See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
 .. 947, 'Trammels' = nets. See Glossarial Index for
 parallels.
 .. 974, 'Burnet's blade.' See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
 .. 1007, 'beasts that onely eat the Ayre' = chameleons.
 .. 1034, 'timbers' = strengthens and adorns.
 .. 1108, 'Transoms' = cross-beams: but see Glos-
 sarial Index, *s.v.*, for this and other tech-
 nical terms.
 .. 1111, 'slenteth' = slitteth. Cf. p. 242, l. 188.
 .. 1119, 'Coins' = coigns.
 .. 1134, 'strouting'—see full note in Glossarial Index,
 with parallel from Herrick.
 .. 1135, 'Frails'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*; *ib.* *Flas-*
kets.—*Ibid.*
 .. 1136, 'Fat' = vat.
 .. 1140, 'a-vie'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
 .. 1149, 'Quars' = quarries.
 .. 1162, 'Parget.' See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
 .. 1192, 'utter' = outer.
 .. 1254, 'Isaacian' = descendant of Isaac—*frequenter*.
 .. 1258, 'illusters' = makes illustrious, transfigures.
 .. 1274, 'self-obstin'd' = self-obstinate.
 .. 1288, 'contemple' = contemplate, *r.g.*
 .. 1306, 'appose' = pose.
 .. 1335, 'uni-form' = one-form.
 .. 1407, 'bruit' = report.
 .. 1413, 'Plot' = design.
 .. 1416, 'amber-bush' = yellow-beard. G.



The Schisme.

THE
THIRD BOOKE
OF THE
FOURTH DAY OF
THE II. WEEKE, OF
BARTAS.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Rejecting Old, Young-Counsel's rash ROBOAM
Loseth Ten Tribes, which fall to JEROBOAM.
Hee, Godding Calves, makes Israel to Sin :
His Scepter therefore shortly fails his Kin.
BA'Z', ZIMRI, OMRI, ACHAB (worst of all)
With JEZABEL. Elias conquers Ba'l :
Commands the Clouds : rapt-up to Heav'n, alive,
Elisha's Works : his bones the dead revive.
SAMARIA's tragick Siege. A Storm at Sea,
For Jona's sake : repentant NINTIVE.*

10

The misery of a
State distracted
by factions into
Civill Wars.

Here sing I ISAAC's civill Brawls and Broils ;
Jacob's Revolt : their Cities sack, their Spoils ;
Their cursed Wrack, their *Godded Calves* : the
rent

Of th' *Hebrew Tribes* from th' *Ishean's* Regiment.

Ah ! see we not, some seek the like in *France* ?

With rage-full swords of civill Variance,

To share the sacred *Gaulian* Diadem ?

To strip the *Lillies* from their native stem ?

And (as it were) to *Cantonize* the State

Whose Law did aw *Imperiall Rhine* (of late)

Tiber and *Iber* too ; and under whom

Even silver *Jordan's* captive foulds did foam.

But, let not us, good Lord, O let not us

Serve servilely a hundred Kinglings thus,

Application.

20

Deprecation.

In stead of one great Monarch : never let
The lawfull Heir from his owne Throne be beat ;
This Scepter yearly to be new possess ;
Nor every Town to be a Tyrant's nest ;
Keep all intire, re-establish prudent Reign,
Restore the Sword to *Justice's* hand again ;
That, blest with Peace, thy blessed Praise (O Lord)
My thankfull Lays may more and more record.

30

THE GENERALL *States of Israel*, gathered all,
By thousands now, within strong *Sichem's* Wall ;
All joyntly name ROBOAM for their King,
But (strictly stout) his Pow'r thus limiting :

A Profis
Amazeb
Kozan

Command (say they) and Rule in *Abram's* Fold,
Not as a Wolf, but as Shepheard should :

The Pu
tulate v
new Ki

Slacken the reans of our late Servitude :
Lighten our gall'd backs of those Burthens rude,
Those heavie Imposts of thy Father (fierce) ;
Represe the rapin of thine Officers :

40

So, wee will serve thee, life and goods at-once :
If other-wise ; thy service wee renounce.

Here-with amaz'd, the moody Prince, in post
Sends for those Ancients which had swayed most
His Father's Counsails : and hee *seems* to crave
Their sage Advices, in a case so grave.

God hath not made, say they (jumping together)
Subjects for Kings, but Kings for Subjects rather :
Then, let not thine (already in distresse)
Be gnaw'n by others ; by thy self much lease.

50 The Cu
the an
Nobis

	A zealous Prophet from the Lord there came, 170 Who boldly thus his brutish rage doth blame : O odious House, O execrable Cell, O Satan's Forge, O impious Shop of Hell ! Accursed Altar, that so braves and boasts Against the Altar of the Lord of Hoasts ! Behold, from <i>David</i> shall a King return That on thy stones thy own Priests' bones shall burn : Thus saith the Lord ; and this shall be the Signe (Prodigiously to seal his Word in mine) Thou now in th' instant shalt in sunder shatter, 180 And in the Ayre shall thy vile cinders scatter.	Who, with a sigh (or with a whistle, rather) Can call the North, South, East, and West together : Who, at a beck, or with a wink, commands 230 Millions of millions of bright-winged-bands : Who with a breath, brings (in an instant) under The proudest Pow'rs : whose arrows are the Thunder. While yet they sang, fell <i>Discord</i> reaching-far, Hij[e]s to the <i>Heathen</i> that encamped are : Clean through her mantle (tattered all in flakes) Appears her brest all-over gnaw'n with Snakes, Her skin is scarr'd, her teeth (for rage) doe gnash, The Basilisk with-in her eyes doth flash ; And, one by one, shee plucks-off (in despight) 240 Her hairs (no hairs, but hissing Serpents right) And, one by one shee severally bestowes 'em Through all the Camp, in every Captain's bosom ; Blowes every vein full of her furious mood, Burns every Souldier with the thirst of blood : And, with the same blade that shee died once In valiant <i>Gedeon's</i> (Brother-slaught' red) Sons, Shee sets the Brother to assall the Brother, The Son the Sire, and dearest friends each-other. The swords, new draw'n against their Enemies, 250 Now (new revolted) hack their owne Allies : And <i>Mars</i> so mads them in their mutuall Jar, That strange, turns civill ; civill, household War : Proud <i>Edom</i> heaws <i>Moab</i> and the <i>Ammonite</i> ; <i>Ammon</i> hunts <i>Edom</i> and the <i>Moabite</i> ; <i>Moab</i> assaults <i>Ammon</i> and <i>Edom</i> too ; And each of them wars first with th' other two, Then with themselves : then <i>Ammon Ammon</i> thrills, <i>Moab</i> wounds <i>Moab</i> , <i>Edom Edom</i> kills. From Hoast to Hoast, blind-fold Despair, in each, 260 Disports her selfe ; those that are one in speech, Under one Colours, of one very coat, Combat each other, cut each other's throat. Rage-full confusion every-where commands : Against his Captain the Lievtenant stands, The Corporall upon his Serjant flies, And basest Boyes against their Masters rise. Nay, drad <i>Bellona</i> passeth fiercely further, Th' own Uncle doth his owne dear Nephew murber, The Nephew th' Uncle with the like repayes, 270 Cosen thrills Cosen, Kins-man Kins-man slayes : Yea, even the Father kills his Son most cruell, And from one belly springs a bloody Duell ; Twins fiercely fight : and while each woundeth other, And draws the life-bloud of his half-selfe Brother, Feels not his owne to fail, till in the place Both fall ; as like in fury as in face : But, strength at length (not stomach) falls in either ; And, as together born, they dye together. The faithfull Hoast draws neer, and gladly goes 280 Viewing the bodies of their breath-lesse Foes. Men, Camels, Horse (some saddled, some with- out) Pikes, Quivers, Darts, lye mingled all about The bloody Field ; and from the Mountains nigh The Rav'ns begin with their pork-porking cry :	Discord Description of Discord.	Miraculous slaughter of Heathen by muscular divided an themselves.	The crueltie of such a C together by cens.
Simile.	Take, take the Sot, said then th' ungodly Prince, And (as hee spake in rage-full vehemence) Reacht-out his arm : but, instantly the same So strangely with'red and so numb became, And God so rustied every joynt, that there (But as the Body stird) it could not stir : Th' unsacred Altar sudden slent in twain ; And th' ashes flying through th' un-hallowed Fane, Blinde the blinde Priests ; as in the Summer (oft) 190 The light, white Dust (driv'n by the Winde aloft) Whirling about, offends the tendrest eye, And makes the Shepheards (with-out cause) to cry. O holy Prophet (prays the Tyrant then) Dear man of God, restore my hand again : His hand is heal'd. But (obstinate in ill) In His Calf-service Hee perseveres still ; Still runs his race, still every day impairs, And of his Sins makes all his Sons his heirs. The King of <i>Juda</i> little better proves, 200 His Father's by-paths so <i>Abijam</i> loves ; The People, pliant to their Prince's guise, Forget their God, and his drad Law despise. God, notwithstanding (of his speciall grace) Entails the <i>Scepter</i> to the sacred race Of his dear <i>David</i> : and hee bindes with boughs Of glorious Laurels their victorious brows ; And evermore (how-ever Tyrants rave) Some form of Church in <i>Sion</i> hee will have.				
Aza.	<i>Aza</i> , <i>Abijam's</i> Son, <i>Jehosopha</i> 210 The son of <i>Aza</i> (rightly zealous) hate All Idol-gods : and, warring with successe, Dung <i>Isaac's</i> Fields with Forrain carcasses. In <i>Aza's</i> ayd fights th' arm armi-potent, Which shakes the Heav'ns, rakes Hills, and Rocks doth rent, Against black <i>Zerah's</i> overdaring boast, That with drad deluge of a Million-Hoast O'r-flow'd all <i>Juda</i> ; and, all sacking (fell) Transported <i>Africk</i> into <i>Israel</i> : He fights for his ; who, seeing th' <i>Ammonite</i> , 220 The <i>Idumean</i> , and proud <i>Moabite</i> , In battell 'ray, caus'd all his Hoast to sing This Song aloud, them thus encouraging : Sa, sa (my hearts) let 's cheerly to the charge ; Having for Captain, for Defence and Targe, That glorious Prince to whom the raging Sea Hath heretofore, in foaming pride, giv'n way :				

The Welkin's studded with new Blazing-Stars,
 Flame-darting Lances, fiery Crowns and Cars,
 Kids, Lions, Bears, wrapt in prodigious Beams,
 Dreadfull to see : and *Phæbus* (as it seems)
 Weary of travell in so hot a time,
 Rests all the while in boyling *Cancer's* clime.
 Hills, lately hid with snow, now burn amain :
 May hath no Deaw, nor February Rain :
 Sad *Atlas* Nieces, and the *Hunter's* Star 410
 Have like effect as the *Canicular* :
Zephyre is mute, and not a breath is felt,
 But hectick *Auster's*, which doth all things swelt,
 And (panting-short) puffs every-where upon
 The with'red Plains of wicked *Shomeron* ;
 Th' unsavory breath of Serpents crawling o're
 The *Lybians*' pest-full and un-blest-full shore.
 Now Herbs to fail, and Flowrs to fall began ;
 Myrtles and Bays for want of moist grew wan :
 With open mouth the Earth the aide doth crave 420
 Of black-blew Clouds : cleer *Kishon's* rapid wave
 Wars now no more with Bridges arched round ;
Soreck, for shame, now hides him under ground ;
Mohmur, whose murmur troubled with the noise
 The sleeping Shepheards, hath not stream, nor voice,
Cedron's not *Cedron*, but (late) *Cedron's* bed,
 And *Jordan's* Current is as dry, as dead :
 The beam-brow'd Stag, & strong-neckt Bull do lie
 On pale-fac't banks of *Arnon* (also drie) 430
 But, neither sup, nor see the Crystall Wave,
 Over the which so often swom they have :
 The lusty Courser, that late scorn'd the ground,
 Now lank and lean, with crest and courage downd,
 With rugged tongue out of his chained mouth,
 With hollow-flanks panting for inward drouth,
 Rouling his Bit, but with a feeble rumor,
 Would sweat for faintness, but he wanteth humour :
 The Towr-back't Camel, that best brooketh Thirst,
 And on his bunch could have transported yerst
 Neer a whole Houshold, now is able scant 440
 To bear himselfe, hee is so feebly-faint.
 Both young and old, both of the base and best,
 Feel a fell *Etna* in their thirstie brest :
 To temper which, they breathe, but to their woe :
 For, for pure ayre, they sup into them, so,
 A putride, thick, and pestilentiaall fume,
 Which stuffs their Lights, and doth their lives consume.
 There's not a Puddle (though it strangely stink)
 But dry the draw 't, Sea-Water's dainty Drink :
 And fusty-Bottles, from beyond-Sea, (South) 450
 Bring *Nile* to *Somer*, for the King's own mouth.
 For, though the Lord th' whole Land of *Syria* smites,
 Th' heat of his anger on *Samaria* lights
 With greatest force ; on *base* furious Prince implies
 The Prophet Cause of all these miseries.
 Therefore, hee fearing *Achab's* ragefull hate,
 Down to Brook *Cherith's* hollow banks him gate ;
 Where, for his Cooks, Caters, and Wayters tho,
 From the four windes the winged people goe.

The miserable
 effects thereof.

Thence, to *Sereptha* ; where hee craves the ayde 460
 Of a poor Widow : who thus mildly said,
 Alas ! fain would I, but (God wot) my store
 Is but of bread for one meal, and no more :
 Yet, give mee (saith hee) give mee some (I pray) ;
 Who soweth sparing, sparing reapeth aye :
 Sure, a good turn shall never guerdon want ;
 A Gift to Needlings is not given, but lent :
 'Tis a Well of Wealth, which doth perpetuall run :
 A fruitfull Field which thousand yeelds for one.
 While thus he said, and staid ; the Widow glad, 470
 Gives to him frankly all the bread shee had :
 Shee lost not by 't : for, all the *Famine*-while,
 That rag'd in *Tyrs*, her little Flowr and Oyle
 Decreased not, yet had shee plenty still,
 For her and hers to feed in time their fill.
 At length befell fell Death to take-away
 Her onely Son, and with her Son her Joy :
 Shee prayes her Guest, and hee implores his God,
 And stretching him upon the breath-less Lad,
 Thus cries aloud : Vouchsafe mee, Lord, this boon, 480
 Restore this child's soule, which (it seems) too-soon
 Thou hast bereft : O ! let it not be said,
 That here for nought I have so oft been fed :
 Let not my presence be each-where abhorr'd ;
 Nor Charity with thee to want Reward.
 As a small seedling of that fruitfull Worm,
 Which (of it selfe) fine shining Sleeves doth form,
 By the warm comfort of a Virgin brest,
 Begins to quicken, creepeth (as the rest)
 Re-spins a-fresh, and, in her witty loom, 490
 Makes of her corps her corps a precious Toomb :
 This Childe (no Man, but Man's pale Modle
 now)
 With death i' th' bosom, horror on the brow,
 The bait of Worms, the booty of the Beer,
 At sacred words begins his eye to rear ;
 Swimming in Death, his pow'rs do re-assemble,
 His spirits (rewarm'd) with-in his artir's tremble ;
 Hee fetcht a sigh ; then lively rising too,
 Talks, walks, and eats, as hee was wont to do.
 Fain would the Mother have besought the Seer 500
 T' have past the rest of his cold Old-age here :
 But th' holy Spirit him sudden hence doth bring
 Unto *Samaria* to th' incensed King ;
 Who rates him thus : O Basilisk ! O Bane !
 Art not thou hee that sow'st the *Isaacian* Plain
 With Trouble-Tares ? Seditious, hast not thou
 Profan'd the Lawes of our Fore-fathers now ?
 Broken all Orders, and the Altars bann'd
 Of th' holy Gods, Protectors of our Land ?
 Since thy fond Preaching did here first begin, 510
 More and more heavie hath Heav'n's anger bin
 Upon us all ; and *Ba'l*, blasphem'd by thee,
 Hath since that season never left us free
 From grievous Plagues : it is a Hell wee feel,
 Our Heav'n is Brass, our Earth is all of Steel.
 No, no, O King (if I the Truth shall tell)
 Thou, thou art hee that troublest *Israel*.

The lib
 tion, in
 the blas
 phemy
 laid up
 Gospel
 preaches

As Mists, and Rains, and Hail, and hoarie Plumes,
 And other Fierie many-formed Fumes ;
 Amid the Air tumultuous Satan roules ;
 And not the Saints, the happy, Heav'nly Soules.
 Nor is he nailed to some shining Wheel,
Ision-like continually to reel ;
 For CHRIST his flesh, transfigur'd, and divine, 640
 Mounted above the Arches *Crystalline* :
 And where CHRIST is, from pain and passion free,
 There (after death) shall all his Chosen be.
Elijah therefore climbs th' *Emperiall Pole* ;
 Where, ever-blest in body and in soule,
 Contemns this World, becomes an Angel bright,
 And doth him firm to the TRINE-ONE unite.
 But how, or why should Hee this vantage have
 Yer CHRIST (right call'd the *first-fruits* of the
 Grave) ?
 O happy passage ! O sweet, sacred Flight ! 650
 O blessed Rape ! thou rapest so my sprite
 In this Dispute, and mak'st my weaker wit
 So many wayes to cast-about for it,
 That (I confess) the more I doe contend,
 I more admire, and less I comprehend.
 For lack of wings, then, biding here below
 With his Successor, I proceed to show,
 How, soon as hee took-up his Cloak (to bear it)
 Within *Elisha* shin'd *Elijah's* Spirit ;
 By pow'r whereof, immediatly hee cleaves 660
 An un-couth way through *Jordan's* rapid waves ;
 Past hope hee gives to the *Sunamian* Wife
 A Son ; and soon restores him dead to life :
 With sudden blindness smites the *Syrian* Troup,
 The which in *Dothan* did him round incoup :
 Increaseth bread, and of a pound of Oyle
 Fills all the Vessels in a town that while :
 His hoary head (in *Bethel*) laught to scorn,
 Is veng'd by Bears, on forty children torn :
Naaman's cleans'd ; and for foule *Simonie*, 670
Gehazi's punisht with his Leprosie :
 Mends bitter Broath, hee maketh Iron swim
 As porie Cork, upon the Water's brim.
 Rich *Jericho's* (sometimes) *sal-peatry* soyl,
 Through brinie springs that did about it boyl,
 Brought forth no fruit, & her un-wholsom Brooks
 Voyded the Town of Folk, the Fields of Flocks :
 The Towns-men, therefore, thus besought the Seer,
 Thou seest our Citie's situation here
 Is passing pleasant ; but the ground is naught, 680
 The Water worse : we pray thee mend the fault,
 Sweeten our Rivers : make them pleasanter,
 Our Hills more green, our Plains more fertiler.
 The Prophet cals but for a Cruse of Salt
 (O strangest cure !) to cure the brynie fault
 Of all their Floods : and, casting that in one
 Foul stinking Spring, heals all their streams anon :
 Not for an hour, or for a day, or twain,
 But to this Day they sweet and sound remain.
 Their Valley, walled with bald Hills before, 690
 But even a horror to behold, of-yore ;

seus, or
 iha.

Is now an *Eden*, and th' All circling Sun,
 For fruitfull Beauty ; sees no Paragon.
 There (labour-less) mounts the victorious Palm,
 There (and but there) grows the all-healing Balm,
 There ripes the rare cheer-cheek *Myrobalan*,
 Minde-gladding Fruit, that can un-old a Man.
 O skilfull Husbands, give your fattest Plains
 Five or six earths ; spare neither cost nor pains,
 To water them ; rid them of weeds and stones, 700
 With Muck and Marle batten and baste their bones ;
 Unlesse God blesse your Labour and your Land,
 You plough the Sea, and sow upon the sand.
 This, *Fury* knows ; a Soyl sometimes (at least)
 Sole Paradise of all the proudest East :
 But now the brutest and most barren place,
 The curse of God, and all the World's disgrace ;
 And also *Greece*, on whom Heav'n's (yerst so good)
 Rain nothing now but their drad *Furie's* Flood.
 The grace of God is a most sure Revenue, 710
 A Sea of Wealth, that ever shall continue,
 A never-falling Field, which needs not ay
 The cool of Night, nor comfort of the Day.
 What shall I say ? This sacred Personage
 Not onely profits to his proper Age ;
 But, after life, life in his bones hee leaves,
 And dead, the dead hee raiseth from their graves.
 Nor is *Elisha* famous more for Miracles,
 Then for the Truth of his so often Oracles :
 Hee shows the Palms and Foils of *Israel*, 720
Benhadad's death, the Reign of *Hasael* :
 Beyond all hope, and passing all appearance,
 Dejected *Yoram's* neer relief hee warrants.
 For, now the *Syrian*, with insulting Powrs,
 So strict besiegeth the *Samaritan* Towrs,
 That even al-ready in each nook agrising,
 Fell, wall-break (all-break) *Famine* ill-advising
 Howls hideously : even the bare bones are seen
 (As sharp as knives) thorow the empty skin
 Of the best bred : and each-man seems (almost) 730
 No man indeed but a pale ghastly Ghost.
 Some snatch the bread from their own Babes, that
 pine ;
 Some eat the Draff that was ordain'd for Swine,
 Some do defile them with forbidden flesh,
 Som bite the grass their hunger to refresh ;
 Some, gold for Bird's-dung (weight for weight) ex-
 change :
 Some, of their Boots make them a Banquet strange,
 Some fry the Hay-dust, and it savory finde :
 Some, Almond-shels and Nut-shels gladly grinde,
 Some mince their Father's Wils, in Parchment writ, 740
 And so devoure their birth-right at a bit.
 The King, when (weary) hee would rest awhile,
 Dreams of the dainties he hath had yer-while,
 Smacks, swallows, grindes both with his teeth and
 jaws ;
 But, onely winde his beguil'd belly draws :
 And, then awaking, of his own spare Dyet
 Robs his own breast, to keep his Captains quiet,

The siege on
 Famine of
 Samaria.

Shee, that her voyce and visage shifts so oft :
 Shee that in Counsaills strives to lift aloft
 Irresolution, to be President
 (Canker of Honour, curse of Government) :
 Shee that even trembles in her surest Arms,
 Starts at a leaf, swouns at report of harms :
 Beleeves all, sees all ; and so swayeth all, 870
 That, if shee say, The Firmament doth fall :
 There be three Suns : This, or that Mountain
 sinks :

Paul's Church doth reel, or the foundation shrinks :
 It is belev'd, 't is seen : and, seis'd by Her,
 The other Senses are as apt to erre.

Clashing of Arms, rattling of yron Cars,
 Murmur of Men (a World of Souldiers)
 Neighing of Horse, noise of a thousand Drums
 With dreadful sound from the next Vale there coms.

The Syrian Camp, conceiving that the Troups 880
 Of Nabathites, Helthites, and Ethiops,

Hyr'd by th' Isaacians, came from every side,
 To raise their Siege, and to repel their pride ;
 Fly for their lives, disordered and disperst
 (Amid the Mountains) so well-ordered yerst.

One, in his Cap-case leaves-behinde his Treasure :

To bridle's horse another hath not leasure ;
 Another, hungry on the grasse hath set
 His break-fast out, but dares not stay to eat.
 One thinks him far, that yet hath little gone : 890

Another wins him in plain ground, anon
 Hee breaks his neck into a Pit : another
 Hearing the Boughs that brush against each other,
 And doubting it to be the Conquerer,
 Hee, wretched, dies of th' onely wound of FEAR.

As after tedious and continuall rain,
 The honey-Flies haste from their Hives again,
 Suck here and there, and bear into their bowr
 The sweetest sap of every fragrant flour :
 So from besieg'd Samaria each man hies, 900
 Unto the Tents of fear-fled Enemies :
 Wherein, such store of corn and wine they pill,
 That in one day their hungry Town they fill :
 And in the Gate the Croud, that issueth,
 Treads th' unbelieving Courtier down to death ;
 So that (at once) even both effects agree
 Just with Elisha's holy Prophecie.

From this School comes the Prophet Amethite,
 The twice-born Preacher to the Ninivite.

Jonas, begon : hie, hie thee (said th' Almighty) 910
 To Ninivé, that great and wanton City :
 Cry day and night, cry out unto them all ;
 Yet forty dayes, and Ninivé shall fall.

But, 'gainst th' Eternall, Jonas shuts his ear,
 And ships himself to sail another-where :
 Wherefore, the Lord (incensed) stretcht his arm,
 To wrack the wretch in sudden fearfull storm.

Now, Nereus foams, and now the furious waves
 All topsie-turned by th' Eolian slaves,
 Do mount & roule : Heav'n wars against the waters, 920
 And angry Thetis Earth's green bulwarks batters :

A sable ayr so muffles-up the Sky,
 That the sad Sayers can no light descrie :
 Or, if some beam break through their pitchy night,
 'Tis but drad flashing of the Lightning's light.

Strike, strike our saile (the Master cries) amain,
 Vaile misne and sprit-sail : but hee cries in vain ;
 For, in his face the blasts so bluster ay,
 That his Sea-gibb'rish is straight born away.

Confused cries of men dismay'd in minde, 930
 Sea's angry noise, loud bellowing of the Winde,
 Heav'n's Thunder-claps, the tackles whisteling
 (As strange Musicians) dreadfull descant sing.

The Eastern winde drives on the roaring train
 Of white-blew billows, and the clouds again
 With fresh Seas crosse the Sea, and shee doth send
 (In counter-change) a rain with salty-blend.

Heav'ns (head-long) seem in Thetis' lap to fall,
 Seas scale the skies, and God to arm this All

Against one ship, that skips from stars to ground, 940
 From wave to wave (like Balloons windy bound)
 While the sad Pilot, on a foamy Mount,

Thinks from the Pole to see Hel's pit profound ;
 And, then, cast down unto the sandy shole,
 Seems from low Hell to see the lofty Pole ;
 And feeling foes within, and eke without,
 As many waves, so many deaths doth doubt.

The billows, beating round about the ship,
 Unchawk her keel, and all her seams unrip ;
 Whereby the waters, entring uncontroul'd, 950

Ebbing abroad, yet flow apace in hold :
 For every Tun the plied Pump doth rid,
 A floud breaks in ; the Master mastered
 With dread and danger (threatning every-way)
 Doubts where to turn him, what to doe, or say,
 Which wave to meet, or which salt surge to flye ;
 So yeelds his charge, in Sea to live or dye.

As, many Canons, 'gainst a Castle bent, 960
 Make many holes, and much the rampire rent,
 And shake the wall, but yet the latest shock
 Of fire-wing'd Bullets batters down the Rock :
 So, many mounts, that muster 'gainst this Sail,
 With roaring rage doe this poor ship assail :
 But yet the last (with foaming fury swoln,
 With boystrous blasts of angry tempests boln)
 Springs the main-mast: the mast with boystrous
 fall

Breaks down the deck, and sore affrights them all.

Pale Idol-like, one stands with arms a-crosse :
 One moans himself ; one mourns his children's loss :
 One, more then death, this form of death affrights : 970

Another calls on Heav'n's un-viewed Lights :
 One, 'fore his eyes his Ladie's looks beholds :
 Another, thus his deadly fear unfolds :

Curst thirst of gold ! O how thou caustest care !
 My bed of Doun I change for hatches bare :
 Rather then rest, this stormy war I chose :

T' enlarge my fields, both land and life I lose :
 Like peizlesse plume, born-up by Boreas' breath,
 With all these wings I soar, to seek my death,

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

- Line 4, 'Goddling' = making god of. So 'godded' l. 14.
- „ 12, 'Isaac's' = Israelites.
- „ 15, 'Ishean' = Jessean: *ib.* 'Regiment' = government.
- „ 20, 'Cantonize' = republicanize?
- „ 50, 'jumping' = agreeing. See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
- „ 56, 'Mill'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
- „ 92, 'snibbing' = snubbing.
- „ 122, 'tang'd'—see Glossarial Index *s.v.*
- „ 165, 'un-eath' = not easily.
- „ 188, 'slent.' Cf. p. 236, l. IIII.
- „ 258, 'thrills' = pierces. So l. 271.
- „ 285, 'pork-porking'—imitative word.
- „ 296, 'broached' = spiked.
- „ 410, 'Nieces' = neezes (from cold).
- „ 436, 'rumor'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
- „ 447, 'Lights' = lungs.
- „ 487, 'Sleaves'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
- „ 525, 'Schismick' = schismatic.
- „ 537, 'mell' = mix or intertwine.
- Line 540, 'censure' = judge, conclude.
- „ 550-555. See Index of Names, *s.n.*
- „ 661, 'uncouth' = out of the ordinary order.
- „ 673, 'porie' = full of pores.
- „ 674, 'sal-peetry' = salt-petre-y.
- „ 689, 'But to this Day,' etc.—and still, as I can testify—having pitched my tent by 'Elisha's Spring,' and not only drank of it, but bathed in the full-volumed pool-abounding stream.
- „ 696, 'Myrobalan' = myrrh-balm.
- „ 697, 'un-old' = make youthful.
- „ 701, 'batten' = manure well.
- „ 726, 'agrising'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
- „ 783, 'gobbets' = fragments.
- „ 902, 'pill'—poll or spoil.
- „ 927, 'misne' = mizzen: *ib.* 'sprit-sail'—so named still.
- „ 1049, 'Mummy'—anciently exported for medicinal and other uses.
- „ 1055, 'Port' = gate. G.

	Was now top-full : and, Dogs already stood Fawning and yawning for their promis'd bloud. Heav'ns haste their work. Now in tumultuous wise 'Gainst <i>Achab's</i> Son doe his own Souldiers rise ; <i>Yehu</i> 's their Captain : who foresees, afar, How-much, dispatch advantageth in War ; And, politick, doubles his Armie's speed To get before ; yea, before <i>Fame</i> , indeed.		
	<i>Joram</i> , surpriz'd in feeble Bulwarks then (Unfurnished of Victuals and of Men) And, chiefly wanting royall fortitude, Un-kingly yeelds unto the Multitude. Bold <i>Nimshai's</i> Son, Sir <i>Yehu</i> , what's this Thing ? What mean these Troupes ? what would you of the King ? Where shall the bolt of this black thunder fal Say, bringst thou Peace ? or bringst thou war withall ? Said <i>Joram</i> , loud : but, <i>Yehu</i> louder saith, No (wretch) no Peace, but bloody wars and death.	60	
Simile.	Then fled the King : and (as a Ship at Sea, Hearing the Heav'ns to threaten every way, And Winter-Storms with absent Stars compact, With th' angry Waters to conspire her wrack, Strives not to ride it out, or shift abroad, But plies her Oars, and flies into the Road) Hee jerks his Jades, and makes them scour amain Through thick and thin, both over Hill and Plain. Which, <i>Yehu</i> spying, and well-eying too, As quick resolveth what he hath to doe ; Cries, Boy, my Bow : then nocks an arrow right, His left hand meets the head, his breast the right. As bends his Bow, he bends ; lets goe the string : Through the thin air the winged shaft doth sing King <i>Joram's</i> Dirge ; and, to speed the more, Pierces behinde him, and peeps-out before.	70	
Simile.	The Prince now hurt (that had before no heart) Fals present dead, and with his Courtly-Cart Bruiz'd in the Fall (as had the <i>Thisbite</i> said) The Field of <i>Naboth</i> with his bloud beraid : And <i>Salem's</i> King had also there his due, For joyning hands with so profane a Crew. Then the proud Victor leads his loyall Troupes Towards the Court (that all in silence droops) ; And more for Self-love, then for God's pure zeale, Means to dispatch, th' Earth's burden <i>Yezabel</i> .	80	
	The Queen had inkling : instantly she sped To curl the Cockles of her new-bought head : The Saphyr, Onyx, Garnet, Diamond, In various forms cut by a curious hand, Hang nimbly dancing in her hair, as spangles : Or as the fresh red-yellow Apple dangles (In Autumn) on the Tree, when to and fro The Boughs are waved with the winds that blow.	90	
<i>Yezabel.</i>	The upper garment of the stately Queen, Is rich gold Tissue, on a ground of green ; Where th' art-full shuttle rarely did encheck The * cangeant colour of a Mallard's neck :	100	
Her pride.	'Tis figur'd o'r with sundry Flowers and Fruits, Birds, Beasts, & Insects, creeping Worms, & Neuts,		
* Changeable.			
	Of Gold-Smith's Work : a fringe of Gold about, With Pearls and Rubies richly-rare set-out, Borders her Robe : and every part descries Cunning and Cost, contending for the prize. Her neat, fit, Startups of green Velvet bee, Flourisht with silver ; and beneath the knee, Moon-like, indented ; butt'ned down the side With <i>Orient</i> Pearls as big as <i>Filberd's</i> pride.	110	
	But, besides all her sumptuous equipage (Much fitter for her State then for her age) Close in her Closet, with her best complexions, Shee mends her Face's wrinkle-full defections : Her cheek shee cherries, and her Eye shee cheers, And fains her (fond) a Wench of fifteen years ; Whether she thought to snare the Duke's affec- tion ; Or dazle, with her pompous Pride's reflection, His daring eyes (as <i>Fowlers</i> with a Glasse, Make mounting Larks com down to death space) : Or, were it, that in death shee would be seen (As't were) interr'd in <i>Tyrian</i> Pomp, a Queen.	Her p	
	Chaste Ladie-Maids, here must I speak to you, That with vile <i>Painting</i> spoyl your native hue (Not to inflame yonglings, with wanton thirst, But to keep fashion with these times accurst) When one new ta'en in your seem-beautie's snare, That day and night to <i>Hymen</i> makes his prayer, At length espies (as who is it but spies ?) Your painted breasts, your painted cheeks and eyes, His Cake is dough ; God dild you, hee will none ; Hee leaves his sute, and thus he saith anon : What shall I doe with such a wanton Wife, Which night and day would cruciate my life With jealous pangs ? sith every-way shee sets Her borrow'd snares (not her own hairs) for Nets To catch her Cuckoos ; with loose, light Attires, Opens the doore unto all lewd Desires : And, with vile Drugs adultering her Face, Closely allures th' Adulterer's imbrace.	120	A ju agn (pret Cous
	But, judge the best : suppose (saith hee) I finde My Lady chaste in body and in minde (As sure I think) : yet, will shee mee respect, That dares disgrace th' eternall Architect ? That (in her pride) presumes his Work to tax Of imperfection ; to amend his tracts, To help the Colours which his hand hath laid, With her frail fingers with foul dirt beraid ? Shall I take her that will spend all I have, And all her time, in pranking proudly-brave ? How did I dote ! the Gold upon her head, The Lillies of her breasts, the Rosie-red In either cheek, and all her other Riches, Wherewith she bleareth sight, & sense bewitches, Is none of hers : it is but borrow'd stuff, Or stoln, or bought, plain Counterfeit in proof : My glorious Idol I did so adore, Is but a Visard, newly varnish'd o'r With spauling Rheums, hot Fumes, and Ceruses : Fo, phy ; such poysons one would loath to kisse :	130	140
		150	160

pplication.

Such is this People : for, in plenteous show'rs
When God his blessings upon *Isaak* pow'rs
Then are they *Isaak's* Sons ; but, if with thunder
Hee, wrath-full, tear the *Hebrew* Tree in sunder,
These Traytors rake the boughs, and take the fruit ;
And (*Pagans* then) the *Jews* they persecute.

*And such are those, whose wily, waxen minde
Takes every Seal, and sails with every Winde ;
Not out of Conscience, but of Carnall Motion,* 290
Of Fear, or Favour, Profit or Promotion :
*Those that, to ease their Purse, or please their Prince,
Pern their Profession, their Religion mince :*
*Prince-Protestants, Prince-Catholiks ; Precise,
With Such a Prince ; with other, otherwise :*
*Yea, oldest Gangrens of blinde-burning Zeal
(As the King's Evill) a new KING can heal.*

*And those Scene-servers that so loud have cride
'Gainst Prelats sweeping in their silken Pride,
Their wifull Dumbnesse, forcing others dumb* 300
*(To Sion's grievous Losse, and gain of Rome)
Their Courting, Sporting, and Non-residence,
Their Avarice, their Sloth and Negligence :*
*Till some fat Morsels in their mouths doe fall ;
And then, as choakt, and sudden chang'd with-all,
Themselves exceed in all of these, much more
Then the Right-Reverend whom they taxt before.*

*And those Chamaleons that consort their Crew ;
In Turky, Turks : among the Jews, a Jew :*
In Spain, as Spain : as Luther, on the Rhine : 310
With Calvin here : and there with Bellarmine :
Loose, with the Lewd : among the gracious, grave :
With Saints, a Saint : and among Knaves, a Knave.

*But all such Neuters, neither hot nor cold,
Such double Halters between GOD and GOLD,
Such Luke-warm Lovers will the Bride-groom spue
Out of his mouth : his mouth hath spoke it true.*

O ISRAEL, I pity much thy case :
This Sea of Mischiefs, which in every place
So over-flows thee, and so domineers ; 320
It drowns my soule in griefs, mine eyes in tears :
My heart 's through-thrilled with your miseries
Already past ; your Father's Tragedies.
But (O!) I dy ; when in the sacred stem
Of royall JUDA, in *Jerusalem*,
I see fell Discord, from her loathsome Cage,
To blow her poyson with ambitious rage ;
Sion to swim in bloud ; and *Achab's* Daughter
Make *David's* House the Shambles of her slaughter.

Ithaliah.

Cursed *Athaliah* (shee was called so) 330
Knowing her Son, by *Nimsi's* Son, his foe
(For *Yoram's* sake) to be dispatcht ; disloyall,
On th' holy Mount usurps the Scepter Royall ;
And, fearing lest the Princes of the Bloud
Would one-day rank her where of right she should,
Shee cuts their throats, hangs, drowns, destroys them
all,

Not sparing any, either great or small ;
No, not the infant in the Cradle lying
Help-lesse (alas !) and lamentably crying

(As if bewalling of his wrongs unknown) ; 340
No (O extreme!) shee spareth not her own.

Like as a Lion, that hath tatter'd here *Simile*
A goodly Heifer, there a lusty Steer,
There a strong Bull (too-weak for him by halfe)
There a fair Cow, and there a tender Calf ;
Strouts in his Rage, and wallows in his Prey,
And proudly doth his Victory survey ;
The grasse all goary, and the Heard-groom up
Shiv'ring for fear upon a-pine-Tree's top :
So swelleth shee, so growes her proud Despight ; 350
Nor Aw, nor Law, nor Faith shee reaks, nor Right.

Her Cities are so many Groves of Thieves ;
Her Court a Stew, where not a chaste-one lives ;
Her greatest Lords (giv'n all, to all excesse)
In stead of Prophets in their Palaces
Have Lectures read of Lust and Surfeting,
Of Murder, Magick, and Impoisoning.

While thus she builds her tott'ring Throne upon
Her children's bones, *Jehosheba* saves one, 360
One Royall Imp, yong *Joash*, from the pile
(As when a Fire had fiercely rag'd awhile
In some fair House, the avaricious Dame
Saves som choice Casquet from the furious flame)
Hides him, provides him ; and, when as the Sun
Six times about his Larger Ring hath run,

Jehoiada, her husband, brings him forth
To the chief Captains and the Men of worth ;
Saying ; Behold, O Chiefs of *Juda*, see,
See here your Prince, great *David's* Progeny, 370
Your rightfull King : if mee you credit light,
Beleeve this Face, his Father's Picture right ;
Beleeve these Priests, which saw him from the first,
Brought to my house, there bred, and fed, and
nurs't.

In so just Quarrell, holy Men-at-arms,
Employ (I pray) your anger and your Arms ?
Plant, in the Royall Plot, this Royall Bud ;
Venge *Obed's* bloud on strangers' guilty bloud :
Shake-off, with shouts, with fire & sword together,
This Woman's yoke, this Furie's bondage rather.

Then shout the People with a common cry, 380 *Joash*
Long live King Joash ; long, and happily :
*God save the King : God save the noble seed
Of our true King ; and ay may They succeed.*

This news now bruted in the wanton Court,
Quickly the Queen coms in a braving sort
Towards the Troup ; and spying there anon
The sweet young *Prince* set on a royall Throne,
With Peers attending him on either hand,
And strongly guarded by a gallant Band ;
Ah ! Treason, Treason, then shee cries aloud : 390
False *Joiada*, disloyall Priest, and proud,
Thou shalt abide it : O thou House profane !
I'll lay thee levell with the ground again :
And thou, yong Princox, Puppet as thou art,
Shalt play no longer thy proud Kingling's Part
On such a Kixey stage ; but, quickly stript,
With wery Rods thou shalt to death be whipt :

And so, goe see thy Brethren, which in Hell
Will welcome thee, that hadst not them Farewell.

But suddenly the Guard layes hold on her,
And drags her forth, as 't were a furious Cur,
Out of the sacred Temple; and with scorn,
Her wretched corps is mangled, tugg'd and torn.

Th' High-Priest, inspired with a holy zeal,
In a new League authentickly doth seal
Th' obedient People to their bounteous Prince:
And both, to God; by joynt obedience.

Now, as a Bear-whelp, taken from the Dam,
Is in a while made gentle, meek and tame
By winty usage; but if once it hap
Hee get som Grove, or thorny Mountain's top,
Then plays hee *Rex*: tears, kils, and all consumes,
And soon again his savage kind assumes:
So *Joash*, while good *Joads* survives,
For Piety with holy *David* strives;

But, hee once dead, walking his Father's wayes,
(Ingrately-false) his Tutor's * son hee slayes.
Him therefore shortly his own servants slay;
His Son, soon after, doth them like repay;
His people, him again: then *Amasiah*
Uzziah follows, *Joatham* *Uzziah*.

As one same ground indifferently doth breed
Both food-fit Wheat and dizzie Darnell seed;
Baen-baening * Mug-wort, and cold Hemlock too;
The fragrant Rose, and the strong-senting Rue:
So, from the Noblest Houses oft there springs
Some monstrous Princes, and some vertuous Kings;
And all-fore-seeing God in the same Line
Doth oft the god-lesse with the godly twine,
The more to grace his Saints, and to disgrace
Tyrants the more, by their own proper Race.

Ahas, betwixt his Son and *Joathan*
(Hee bad, they good) seems a swart *Mauritan*
Betwixt two *Adons*: *Ezechiah*, plac't
Between his Father and his Son, is grac't
(Hee good, they bad) 'twixt two Thorns a Rose;
Whereby his Vertue the more vertuous showes,
For, in this Prince, great *DAVID*, the divine,
Devout, just, valiant, seems again to shine.
And, as wee see from out the sev'rall Heat
Of th' *ASIAN* Princes, self-surnamed *Great*
(As the *great Cham*, *great Turk*, *great Russian*,
And if lesse *Great* more glorious *Persian*)
Araxis, *Chesel*, *Volga*, and many more
Renowned Rivers, Brooks, and *Flouds*, *don flow*,
Falling at once into the *Caspian Lake*
With all their streams his streams so proud to
make:

So, all the Vertues of the most and best
Of Patriarchs, meet in this Prince's breast:
Pure in Religion, Wise in Counselling,
Stout in Exploiting, Just in Governing;
Un-peft in Sun-shine, un-appeall'd in Storms
(Not, as not feeling, but not fearing Storms)
And therefore bravely hee repels the rage
Of proudest Tyrants (living in his Age)

And (ay un-daunted) in his God's behalf
Hazzards at once his Scepter and himself.

For, though (for Neighbours) round about him reigne
Idolaters (that would him gladly gain)
Though Godlings, here of wood, and there of stone,
A Brazen here and there a Golden one,
With Lamps and Tapers, even as bright as Day,
On every side would draw his mind astray:

Though *Assur's* Prince had with his Legions fell
Forrag'd *Samarra*, and in *Josel*
Quencht the small Faith that was; and utterly
Dragg'd the Ten Tribes into Captivity,
So far, that ev'n the tallest Cedar-Tree
In *Libanus* they never since could see:

Yet, *EZECHIAH* serves not Time; nor Fears
The Tyrant's fury: neither roars with Bears,
Nor howls with Wolves, nor ever turns away;
But, godly-wise, well-knowing that Delay
Gives leaves to Ill; and Danger still doth wait
On lingering, in Matters of such weight;

Hee first of all sets-up th' Almighty's Throne;
And under that, then, hee erects his own,
Th' establishing of God's pure *Law* again,
Is as the Preface of his happy Reigne.

The Temple purg'd, th' High-places down hee
pashes,
Fels th' hallow'd groves, burns th' Idol-gods to ashes,
Which his own Father serv'd; and *Zeal*-full, brake
The *Brazen Serpent*, *Moses* yere't dild make.

For, though it were a very Type of *CHRIST*,
Though first it were by th' *Holy-Ghost* devis'd,
And not by Man (whose hold blinde fancy's pride
Deforms God's Service, strays on either side,
Flatters it self in his Inventions vain,
Presumes to school the Sacred Spirit again,
Controls the Word, and (in a word) to hot
In his own fashion to serve God, or not)

Though the Precept of *Ancient use* defend it,
Though *Multitude*, though *Abstruse* command it
(True Miracles, approv'd in conclusion,
Without all gulls of Men's or Fiends' Illusion)
The King yet spurs not to destroy the same,
When to occasion of Offence it came;

But, for th' Abuse of a fond People's will,
'Takes that away which was not really ill;
Much less possible him (through all his Land)
One rag, one tuft, in one sign to stand
Of *Idolatry*, in his Supremacy
Blindly brought in, without the Word's Commission,
This scabrous Hate of all *Atheismation*,

This rayall Work of thorough *Reformation*,
This worthy Action wants not *Assumption*:
God, who his grace by *manys* doth dispense,
Who knows them that truly honour him,
To *EZECHIAH* not so much doth commit
His sure Defence, as his *Confidant*.

His *Guard*'s his *Life*, who knows who him doth hate,
His *Issue* hee leaves about (both day and night)
On the wide wings of *Immortality*:

400

410

420

430

440

450

470 His constancy in the service of God, and zealous reformation of all abuses in the same.

480

490

500

510

pattern
collest

To *Gath* Hee guideth his victorious Troup,
Hee makes proud *Gaza* to his Standards stoup,
Strong *Ascalon* Hee razeth to the ground :
And punishing a People wholly drown'd
In Idolism, and all rebellious Sins,
Addes to his Land the Land of *Philistins*.
Yea, furthermore, 'tis Hee that him with-draws 530
From out the bloody and ambitious paws
Of a fell Tyrant, whose proud bounds extend
Past bounds for breadth, and for their length past end ;
Whose swarms of Arms, insulting every-where,
Made all to quake (ev'n at his name) for fear.

Already were the *Calo-Syrian* Town's
All sackt, and seized by th' *Assyrian* Pow'r's :
And, of all Cities where th' *Isaicians* reign'd,
Onely the great *Jerusalem* remain'd ;

Railing *Rabsakeh*
in the name of his
Master *Zenacheri*
braving
and blaspheming
against God and
good king *Ezechiah*.

When *Rabsakeh*, with railing insolence, 530
Thus braves the *Hebrus* and upbraids their Prince
(Weening, them all with vaunt-full threats to snib)
Thus saith th' Almighty, great *Zenacheri* :
O *Salem's* Kingling, wherefore art thou shut
In these weak walls? is thine affianc put
In th' ayd of *Egypt*? O deceitfull prop !
O feeble stay ! O hollow-grounded hope !

Egypt's a staffe of Reed ; which, broken soon,
Runs through the hand of him that leans there-on.
Perhaps thou trustest in the Lord thy God : 540

What ! whom so bold thou hast abus'd so broad,
Whom to his face thou daily hast defid'd,
Depriv'd of Altars, robb'd on every side
Of his High-places, hallow'd-Groves, and all
(Where yerst thy Fathers wont on him to call)
Whom (to conclude) thou hast exiled quite
From every place, and with profane despite
(As if condemned to perpetuall dark)

Keep'st him close-Prisoner in a certain Ark?
Will Hee (can Hee) take *Sion's* part and Thine ; 550
And with his Foes will Hee unjustly joyn?
No (wretched) know, I have His Warrant too
(Expresse Commission) what I have to doe :

I am the Scourge of God : 'tis vain to stand
Against the pow'r of my victorious hand :
I execute the counsails of the Lord :
I prosecute his vengeance on th' abhorr'd
Profaners of his Temples : and if Hee
Have any Pow'r, 'tis all conferr'd to mee.

Yeeld therefore, *Ezechia*, yeeld ; and waigh 560
Who I am ; who thou art : and by delay
Blow not the Fire which shall consume the[e] quite,
And utterly confound the *Israelite*.

Alas ! poor People, I lament your hap :
This lewd Impostor doth but puff you up
With addle hope, and idle confidence
(In a delusion) of your God's Defence,
Which of the Gods, against my pow'r could stand,
Or save their cities from my mightier hand?
Where's *Hamath's* God? where's *Arpad's* God
becom? 570

Where *Sephervaim's* God? and where (in summ)

Where are the Gods of *Heva*, and *Iva* too?
Have I not conquer'd all? So will I doe
You and your God ; and I will lead you all
Into *Assyria*, in perpetuall Thrall :
I'll have your *Manna*, and your *Aron's Rod*,
I'll have the *Ark* of your Almighty God,
All richly furnisht, and new furbisht o'r,
To hang among a hundred Tropheis more :
And your great God shall in the Roule be read 580
Among the Gods that I have Conquered ;
I'll have it so, it must, it shall be thus,
And worse then so, except you yeeld to us.

Scarce had hee done, when *Ezechias*, gor'd
With blasphemies so spewd against the Lord,
Hies to the Temple, tears his purple weed,
And fals to Prayer, as sure hold at need.

O King of All, but Ours, especially ;
Ah ! sleep'st thou Lord? What boots it, that thine ey 590
Pierceth to Hell, and even from Heav'n beholds
The dumbest Thoughts in our hearts' in-most folds,
If thou perceiv'st not this proud Challenger,
Nor hear'st the barking of this foul-mouth'd Cur?
Not against us so much his threats are meant,
As against Thee : his Blasphemies are bent
Against Thy Greatnesse ; whom hee (proudly-rude)
Yokes with the Godlings which hee hath subdu'd.

'Tis true indeed hee is a mighty Prince,
Whose numbrous Arms, with furious insolence,
Have over-born as many as with-stood, 600
Made many a Province even to swim in blood,
Burnt many a Temple ; and (insatiate still)
Of neighbour Gods have wholly had their will.
But, O ! What Gods are those? Gods void of Bee-
ing

(Save, by their hands that serve them) Gods un-seeing.
New, up-start Gods, of yester-dayes device ;
To Men indebted, for their Deities :
Gods made with hands, gods without life, or breath ;
Gods, which the Rust, Fire, Hammer conquereth.

But, thou art Lord, th' invincible alone, 610
Th' All-seeing GOD, the Everlasting ONE :
And, whoso dares him 'gainst thy Pow'r oppose,
Seems as a Puff which roaring *Boreas* blows,
Weening to tear the *Alps* off at the Foot,
Or Clouds-prop *Athos* from his massie Root :
Who but mis-speaks of thee, hee spets at Heav'n,
And his owne spettle in his face is driven.

Lord, shew thee such : take on thee the Defence
Of thine owne glory, and our innocence :
Cleer thine own name of blame : let him not thus 620
Triumph of Thee, in triumphing of us :
But, let there (Lord) unto thy Church appear
Just Cause of Joy, and to thy Foes of fear.

God hears his Cry, and (from th' Imperial Round)
Hee wrathfull sends a winged Champion down ;
Who, richly arm'd in more then humane Arms,
Mowes in one night of Heathen men at Arms,
Thrice-three-score thousand, & five thousand more
Feld round about ; beside, behinde, before.

Prayer, the
Refuge of
godly.

Miraculous
slaughter
Assyrians.

imie.	Here, his two eyes, which Sun-like brightly turn, 630 Two armed Squadrons in a moment burn : Not much unlike unto a fire in stubble, Which, sodain spreading, still the flame doth double, And with quick succour of some Southern blasts Crick-crackling quickly all the Country wastes. Here the stiff storm, that from his mouth he blows Thousands of Souldiers each on other throwes ; Even as a Winde, a Rock, a sodain Floud Bears down the Trees in a side-hanging Wood ; Th' Yew over-turns the Pine, the Pine the Elm, 640 The Elm the Oak, th' Oak doth the Ash o'er-whelm ; And from the top, down to the vale below, The Mount's dis-mantled and even shamed, so. Here, with a Sword (such as that sacred blade For the Bright Guard of <i>Eden's</i> entry made) Hee hacks, he heaws ; and sometimes with one blow A Regiment hee all at once doth mow : And, as a Cannon's thundry roaring Ball, Batt'ring one Turret shakes the next withall, 650 And oft in Armies (as by proof they finde) Kils oldest Souldiers with his very winde : The whiffing flashes of this Sword so quick, Strikes dead a many, which it did not strike. Here, with his hands hee strangles all at-once Legions of Foes. O Arm that Kings dis-thrones : O Army-shaving Sword ! Rock-razing Hands ! World-tossing Tempest ! All-consuming Brands ! O, let some other (with more sacred fire, Then I, inflam'd) into my Muse inspire The wondrous manner of this Overthrow, 660 The which (alas !) God knowes, I little know : I but admire it in confused sort ; Conceive I cannot ; and, much lesse report. Come-on, <i>Zenacherib</i> : where's now thine Hoast ? Where are thy Champions ? Thou didst lately boast, Th' hadst in thy Camp as many Souldiers, As Sea hath Fishes, or the Heav'ns have Stars : Now, th' art alone : and yet, not all alone : Fear and Despair, and Fury wait upon Thy shame-full Flight : but, bloody Butcher, stay : 670 Stay, noysom Plague, fly not so fast away, Fear not Heav'n's Fauchin : that foul brest of thine Shall not be honor'd with such wounds divine : Nor shalt thou yet in timely bed decease ; No : Tyrants use not to Depart in Peace : As bloud they thirsted, they are drown'd in bloud ; Their cruell Life a cruell Death makes good. For (O just Judgement !) lo, thy Sons (yer-long) At <i>Nisroch's</i> Shrine revenge the <i>Hebreus'</i> wrong : Yea, thine owne Sons (foul eggs of fouler Bird) 680 Kill their own Father, sheath their either sword In thine owne throat ; and, heirs of all thy vices, Mix thine own bloud among thy Sacrifices. This Miracle is shortly seconded By one as famous, and as strange, indeed. It pleas'd the Lord with heavie hand to smite King <i>Ezechiah</i> ; who, in dolefull plight,	Upon his bed lies vexed grievously, Sick of an Ulcer past all remedy. Art fails the Leach, and issue falleth Art, 690 Each of the Courtiers sadly wails a-part His losse and Lord : Death, in a mourn-full sort, Through every Chamber daunteth all the Court ; And, in the City, seems in every Hall T' have light a Taper for his Funerall. Then <i>Amos'</i> * Son, his bed approaching, pours From plentious lips these sweet & golden show'rs ; But that I know, you know the Lawes Divine, But that your Faith so every-where doth shine, But that your Courage so confirm'd I see ; 700 I should, my Liege, I should not speake so free ; I would not tell you, that incontinent You must prepare to make your Testament : That your Disease shall have the upper hand : And Death already at your Door doth stand. What? fears my Lord? Know you not here beneath Wee always sail towards the Port of Death ; Where, who first anch'reth, first is glorified? That 't is decreed, confirm'd, and ratified, That (of necessity) the fattall Cup, 710 Once, all of us must (in our turn) drink up ? That Death's no pain, but of all pains the end, The Gate of Heav'n, and Ladder to ascend? That Death's the death of all our storms and strife, And sweet beginning of immortall Life? For, by one death a thousand deaths wee slay : There-by, we rise from body-Toomb of Clay, There-by, our Soules feast with celestially food, There-by, we come to th' Heav'nly Brother-hood, There-by, w' are chang'd to Angels of the Light, 720 And, face to face, behold God's beauties bright. The Prophet ceast : and soon th' <i>Isaacian</i> Prince, Deep apprehending Death's drad form and sense, Unto the Wall-ward turns his weeping eyes : And, sorrow-torn, thus (to himselfe) he cries : Lord, I appeal, Lord (as thine humble childe) From thy just <i>Justice</i> to thy <i>Mercy</i> milde : Why will thy strength destroy a silly-one, Weakned and wasted even to skin and bone ; One that adores thee with sincere affection, 730 The wrack of Idols, and the Saint's protection : O ! shall the good thy servant had begun For <i>Sion</i> , rest now by his death undone ? O ! shall a Pagan After-king restore The Groves and Idols I have raz'd before ? Shall I dye Childeless? shall thine Heritage In vain expect that glorious golden Age Under thy CHRIST? O ! mercy, mercy, Lord : O Father milde, to thy dear Childe accord Some space of life : O ! let not, Lord, the voice 740 Of Infidels at my poor death rejoyce. Then said the Seer ; Bee of good cheer, my Liege : Thy sighes and tears and prayers so besiege The throne of pittie, that, as pierc't with-all, Thy smiling Health God yeeldeth to re-call,	* The prophet <i>Isaiah</i> . A comfortable Visitation of the sick. 710 720 A prayer for a sick Person, <i>mutatis mutan-</i> <i>dis</i> . 730 740 The King's Praier heard and his life prolonged 15. years.
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	Wils, to his Temple (three daies hence) thou mount, Retracts his Sentence, and corrects his count, Makes Death go back, for fifteen yeers : as lo, This <i>Dial's</i> shadow shall here back-ward go.	
The Sun goes back.	His Word's confirm'd with wonderfull effect : For, lo, the <i>Dial</i> , which doth houres direct (Life's-guider, Day's-divider, Sun's-consorter, Shadow's dull shifter, and Time's dumb reporter) Puts-up-again his passed hours (perforce) And back-ward goes against his wonted course. 'Tis Noon at Mid-night ; and a triple morn Seems that long day to brandish and adorn : <i>Sol</i> goes, and coms ; and, yer that in the Deep Of <i>Atlas</i> ' shade hee lay him down to sleep, His bright, light-winged, gold-shod wheels do cut Three times together in the self-same rut.	750
	Lord ! what are we ? or, what is our deserving ! That, to confirm our Faith (so prone to swerving) Thou daign'st to shake heav'n's solid Orbs so bright ; Th' Order of Nature to dis-order quite ? To make the Sun's Teem with a swift slow pase, Back, back to trot ; and not their wonted Race ? That, to dispell the Night so blindely-black, Which siels our souls, thou mak'st the shade go back	
	On <i>Ahas Dial</i> ? And, as self-un-stable, Seem'st to revoke thine <i>Acts</i> irrevocable, Raze thine own Dooms (tost in unsteddy storm) And, to reform us, thine own speech reform ; To give thy Self the Lie : and (in a word) As Self-blam'd, softly to put-up thy Sword ? Thrice glorious God ! thrice great ! thrice gracious Here-in (O Lord) thou seem'st to deal with us, As a wise Father, who with tender hand Severely shaking the correcting Wand, With voyce and gesture seems his Son to threat : Whom yet indeed hee doth not mean to beat ; But, by his curb of fained Rigour, aims To awe his Son : and so him oft reclaims.	770
Simile.	This Prince no sooner home to Heav'n returns, But <i>Israel</i> back to his vomit turns ; Him re-bemires : and, like a head-strong Colt, Runs headlong down into a strange Revolt. And, though <i>Josias</i> , Heav'n-dear Prince (who young Coms wisely-old, to live the older long) Had re-advanc't the sacred Lawes divine, Propt <i>Sion's</i> Wall (all ready to decline) With his own back ; and, in his happy Reign, The Truth re-flowr'n, as in her Prime again : Yet <i>Jacob's</i> Heirs strive to resemble still A stiff-throw'n Bowl, which running down a Hill, Meets in the way some stub, for rub, that stops The speed a space ; but instantly it hops, It over-jumps ; and stays not, though it stumble, Till to the botom up-side-down it tumble.	780
Simile.	With puissant Hoast proud <i>Nebuchadnessar</i> Now threatned <i>Juda</i> with the worst of War : His Camp comes marching to <i>Jerusalem</i> , And her old Wals in a new Wall doth hem.	790
<i>Nebuchadnessar</i> resiegeth erusalem.		800
	The busie-Builders of this newer Fold, In one hand, Swords, in th' other, Trowels hold : Nor selder strikes with blades then hammers there ; With firmer foot the Sieged's shock to bear, Who seem a swarm of Hornets buzzing out Among their Foes, and humming round about, To spet their spight against their Enemies, With poysonie Darts, in noses, brows, and eyes. Cold <i>Capricorn</i> hath pav'd all <i>Juda</i> twice With brittle plates of crystall-crusted Ice, Twice glased <i>Jordan</i> ; and the Sappy-bloud Of Trees hath twice re-perrwig'd the Wood, Since the first siege : What ? said the younger sort, Shall wee grow old, about a feeble Fort ? Shall wee (not Martial, but more Mason-skild) Shall wee not batter Towrs, but rather build ? And while the <i>Hebrew</i> in his sumptuous Chamber Disports himselfe, perfum'd with Nard and Amber, Shall wee, swelting for Heat, shiv'ring for Cold, Here, far from home, lie in a stinking Hold ? Shall time destroy us ? shall our proper sloath Annoy us more then th' <i>Hebrew's</i> valour doth ? No, no, my Lord : let not our Fervour fault, Through length of Siege ; but let us to th' Assault. Let's win't and wear it : tut (Sir) nothing is Impossible to <i>Chaldean</i> courages. Contented, said the King : brave Blouds away, Go seek Renown, 'mid wounds and death, to-day. Now, in their breasts, brave <i>Honor's</i> Thirst began : Mee thinks, I see stout <i>Nabuzaradan</i> Already trouping the most resolute Of every Band, this plot to prosecute. Each hath his Ladder ; and, the Town to take, Bears to the Wall his Way upon his back : But, the brave Prince cleaves quicker then the rest His slender Firr-poles, as more prow's-full prest. Alike they mount, affronting Death together ; But, not alike in face, nor fortune neither : This Ladder, slippery plac't, doth slide from under : That, over-sloap, snaps in the midst asunder ; And souldiers, falling, one another kill (As with his weight, a hollow Rocky-Hill, Torn with some Torrent, or Tempestuous windes, Shivers it selfe on stones it under-grindes) : Some, rashly climb'd (not wont to climb so high) With giddy brains swim headlong down the Sky : Some over-whelm'd under a Mil-stone-storm, Lose, with their life, their living bodie's form. Yet mounts the Captain, and his spacious Targe Bears off a Mountain and a Forrest large Of Stones and Darts, that flie about his ears ; His teeth do gnash, he threats, he sweats, & swears : As steady there, as on the ground hee goes ; And there, though weary, hee affronts his Foes, Alone ; and halffy-hanging in the ayr, Against whole Squadrons standing firmly fair : Upright he rears him, and his Helmet brave (Where, not a Plume, but a huge Tree doth wave)	810 820 830 840 850 860
		<i>Nabuzaradan</i> <i>A Scab'd</i> Simile.

	Reflecting bright, above the Paripet, Affrights th' whole Citie with the shade of it. Then, as halfe Victor, and about to venter Over the Wall, and ready even to enter ; With his bright Gantlet's scaly fingers bent Grasping the coping of the battlement, His hold doth fail, the stones un-fastned, fall Down in the Ditch, and (headlong) hee with-all : Yet, hee escapes, and gets again to shoar ;		
	Thanks to his strength : but, to his courage more.	870	
<i>rgal</i>	Now here (mee thinks) I hear proud <i>Nergal</i> rave : In War (quoth hee) Master or Match to have, By <i>Mars</i> I scorn ; yea, <i>Mars</i> himselfe in Arms ; And all the Gods with all their braving storms. O wrathfull Heav'ns, roar, lighten, thunder threat ; Gods, do your worst ; with all your batt'ries beat : If I begin, in spight of all your powrs I 'll scale your Wals, I 'll take your Crystall Towrs. Thus spewd the Curre ; and (as hee spake) withall	880	
<i>nile</i>	Climbs up the steepest of a dreadful Wall, With his bare-feet on roughest places sprawling, With hook-crookt hæds upon the smoothest crawling. As a fell Serpent, which som Shepheard-lad On a steep Rock encounters gladly-sad, Turning and winding nimbly to and fro, With wriggling pase doth still approach his Foe, And with a Hiss, a frisk, and flashing eye, Makes suddenly his faint Assailer flie : Even so the Duke, with his fierce countenance, His thundring-voice, his Helm's bright radiance, Drives <i>Pashur</i> from the Wals and <i>Jucal</i> too (A jolly Prater, but a Jade to doe ; Braver in Counsail then in Combat, far) With <i>Sephtiah</i> , tinder of this War ; And <i>Malchy</i> , hee that doth in Prison keep Under the ground (a hundred cubits deep) Good <i>Jeremy</i> , an instrument, alone Inspir'd with breath of th' ever-living ONE.	890	
	Let's fly, cries <i>Pashur</i> : fly this Infidell, Rather this Fiend, the which no weight can fell, What force can front, or who encounter can An armed Faulcon, or a flying Man ? While <i>Nergal</i> speeds his Victory too-fast, His hooks dis-pointed, disappoint his haste ; Prevent him, not of praise, but of the Prize Which (out of doubt) hee did his own surmize. Hee swears & tears : (what should ? what could hee more ?)	900	
<i>mile</i>	He cannot up, nor will he down, therefore. Unfortunate ! and vainly-valiant ! Hee's fain to stand like the <i>Funambulant</i> Who seems to tread the air, and fall hee must, Save his Self's weight him counter-poyseth just ; And save the Lead, that in each hand hee bears, Doth make him light : the gaping Vulgar fears, Amaz'd to see him ; weening nothing stranger Then Art to master Nature, lucre danger. At last, though loath (full of despight and rage) Hee slideth down into a horrid hedge,	910	
	Cursing and banning all the Gods ; more mad For the disgrace, then for the hurt hee had. Els-where the while (as imitating right The Kinde-blinde Beast, in russet Velvet dight) Covertly marching in the Dark by day, <i>Samgarnebo</i> seeks under ground his way. But <i>Ebedmelech</i> , warn'd of his Designes, With-in the Town against him counter-mines Courageously, and still proceedeth on, Till (resolute) hee bring both Works to one ; Till one strict Berrie, till one winding Cave Become the Fight-Field of two Armies brave.	920	Mines and Counter-mines.
	As the self-swelling Badgerd, at the bay With boldest Hounds (inured to that Fray) First at the entry of his Burrow fights, Then in his Earth ; and either other bites : The eager Dogs are cheer'd with claps and cries : The Angry Beast to his best chamber flies, And (angled there) sits grimly inter-gerning ; And all the Earth rings with the Terryes yearning : So fare these Miners ; whom I pittie must, That their bright valour should so darkly joust.	930	940
	Whil hotly thus they skirmish in the vault, Quick <i>Ebedmelech</i> closely hither brought A Dry-fat, sheath'd in latton plates with-out, With-in with feathers fill'd, and round about Bor'd full of holes (with hollow pipes of brass) Save at one end, where nothing out should pass ; Which (having first his <i>Jewish</i> Troups retir'd ; Just in the mouth of th' enter-Mine hee fir'd : The smoak whereof with odious stink doth make The <i>Pagans</i> soon their hollow Fort forsake : As from the Berries in the Winter's night The Keeper draws his Ferret (flesht to bite).	950	960
	Now <i>Rabshakeh</i> (as busie) other-where A rowling Tower against the Town doth rear, And on the top (or highest stage) of it A flying Bridge to reach the Courtin fit, With Pullies, poles ; and planked Battlements On every story, for his Men's defence. On th' other side, the Towns-men are not slow With counter-plots to counter-push their Foe : Now, at the wooden side, then at the front, Then at the Engins of the <i>Persian</i> Mount, With Brakes and Slings, and * <i>Phalariks</i> they play, To fire their Fortresse, and their Men to slay : But yet, a Cord-Mat (stifly stretcht about) Defends the Towr, and keeps their Tempests out.	970	*Instruments of Wars wherein wilde-fire is put.
	While thus they deale ; <i>Sephtiah</i> , desperate, Him secretly out of the City gat, And with a Pole of rozen-weeping Fir, So furiously hee doth himselfe bestir, That with the same the walking Fort hee fires : The cruell flame so to the top aspires, That (maugre bloud, shed from above in slaughter, And, from below, continuall spouting Water) It parts the fray : stage after stage it catches, And th' half-broild Souldiers headlong down it fetches.		

The King (still constant against all extremes)
 To press them nearer yet, with mighty beams
 Rears a new Plat-form, neerer to the Wall, 980
 And covers it, with three-fold shelter all ;
 The Timber (first) with Mud, the Mud with Hides,
 The Hides with Wool-sacks (w^{ch} all Shot derides).
 As th' Aire exhaled by the fiery breath
 Of th' Heav'nly Lion, on an open Heath,
 Or on the tresses of a tufted Plain,
 Pours-down at-once both Fire, and Hail, and Rain :
 So all at once the *Isaacian* Souldiers threw
 Flouds, Flames and Mountains on these Engins new :
 But th' hungry Flames the Muddy-damp repels ; 990
 The Mounts, the Wooll ; the drowning Flouds, the Fels.
 There-under (safe) the Ram with yron horn,
 The brazen-headed clov'n-foot Capricorn,
 The boistrous Trepane, and steel Pick-ax play
 Their parts apace, not idle night nor day.
 Here, thorough-riv'n from top to toe, the Wall
 On reeling props hangs ready ev'n to fall :
 There a vast-Engine thundreth upside-down
 The feeble Courtin of the sacred Town.

Simile.

If you have bin, where, you have seen somwhiles, 1000
 How with the Ram they drive-in mighty Piles
 In *Dover* Peer, to bridle with a Bay
 The Sand-cast Current of the raging Sea ;
 Swift-ebbing streams bear to the Sea the sound,
 Echo assisteth, and with shrill rebound
 Fils all the Town, and (as at Heav'nly Thunder)
 The Coast about trembles for fear and wonder ;
 Then have you heard and seen the Engins beating
 On *Sion's* Wals, and her foundations threatening.

Simile.

In fine, the *Chaldees* take *Jerusalem*, 1010
 And reave for ever *Jurie's* Diadem.
 The smoaky burning of her Turrets steep
 Seems ev'n to make the Sun's bright eye to weep :
 And wretched *Salem*, buri'd (as it were)
 Under a heap of her own Children dear,
 For lack of friends to keep her Obsequies,
 Constraineth sighs (even) from her Enemies :
 Her massie Ruines, and her Cinders show
 Her Wealth and Greatnesse yer her over-throw.
 A sudden horror seizeth every eye 1020
 That views the same : and every Passer-by
 (Yea, were hee *Gete*, or *Turk*, or *Troglodite*)
 Must needs, for pittie of so sad a Sight,
 Bestow some tears, some swelling sighs, or groanes
 Upon these batter'd sculs, these scatter'd stones.
 In Palaces, where lately (gilded rich)
 Sweet Lutes were heard, now luck-lesse Owles doe
 screech :

The sacred TEMPLE, held (of late) alone
 Wonder of wonders, now a heap of stone :
 The House of God (*the holi'st-holy-Place*) 1030
 Is now the house of Vermin vile and base :
 The Vessels, destin'd unto sacred use,
 Are now profan'd in Riot and Abuse :
 None scapeth wounds, if any scape with life :
 The Father's reft of Son, the Man of Wife :

Jacob's exil'd : *Juda's* no more in *Jury*,
 But (wretched) sighs under the *Chaldean* fury.
 Their King in chains, wth shame & sorrow thrill'd, *Hackney*
 Before his face sees all the fairest pill'd ;
 Yea, his own Daughters, and his Wives (alas !) 1040
 (Rich Vines and Olives of his lawfull Race)
 Whose love and beautie did his age delight,
 Shar'd to the Souldiers, ravisht in his sight.
 O Father, Father, thus the Daughters cry
 (About his neck still hanging tenderly)
 Whither (alas!) O, whither hale they us ?
 O, must wee serve their base and beastly Lusts ?
 Shall they dissolve our Virgin-zones ? Shall they
 (Ignoble Grooms) gather our *Maiden-May*,
 Our spot-lesse Flowr, so carefully preserv'd 1050
 For som great Prince, that mought have us deserv'd ?
 O Hony-dropping Hills wee yerst frequented,
 O Milk-full Vales, with hundred Brooks indented,
 Delicious Gardens of dear *Israel* ;
 Hills, Gardens, Vales, wee bid you all fare-well :
 Wee (will-wee-nill-wee) hurried hence, as slaves,
 Must now, for *Cedron*, sip of *Tygris*' waves ;
 And (weaned from our native Earth and Air)
 For *Hackney-Jades* be sold in every Fayr ;
 And (O heart's horror !) see the shame-lesse Foe 1060
 Forcing our Honours, triumph in our woe.
 All-sundring Sword ! and (O !) all-cindring Fire !
 Which (mercy-less) do *SION's* Wrack conspire,
 Why spare you us, more cruell (cry'd the Wives)
 In leaving ours, then reaving others' lives ?
 Your pity's pity-lesse, your Pardon Torture :
 For, quick dispatch had made our sorrows shorter ;
 But your seem-Favour, that prolongs our breaths,
 Makes us, alive, to dye a thousand deaths.
 For, O dear Husband, dearest Lord, can wee, 1070
 Can wee survive, absented quite from Thee,
 And slaves to those whose talk is nothing else
 But thy Disgrace, thy Gyves, and *Israel's* ?
 Can wee (alas !) exchange thy Royall bed
 (With cunning-cost rare-richly furnished)
 For th' ugly Cabbin and the louzie Couch
 Of some base Ruffon, or some beastly Slouch ?
 Can wee, alas ! can wretched wee (I say)
 Wee whose commands whole kingdoms did obay,
 Wee at whose beck even Princes' knees did bend, 1080
 Wee on whose Train there dayly did attend
 Hundreds of Eunuchs, and of *Maid's of Honour*
 (Kneeling about us in the humblest manner)
 To dresse us neat, and duly every Morn
 In silk and gold our Bodies to adorn ;
 Dresse others now ? work, on disgrace-full frame
 (Weeping the while) our *SION's* wofull flame ?
 Dragging like *Moys* ? drudge in their *Mils* ? &
 hold
 Brooms in our hands, for Scepter-Rods of gold ?
 Come, *Parrats* come, y' have prated now enough 1090
 (The Pagans' cry in their insulting ruff)
 On *Chalde* shoars you shall goe sigh your fill,
 You must with us to *Babel*: there at will

You may bewail : there, this shall be your plight,
Our Maids by day, our Bed-fellows by night.
And as they spake, the shame-less lust-full crew
With furious force the tender Ladies drew
Even from between th' arms of the wofull King,
Them haling rough, and rudely hurrying ;
And little lackt the act of most despight, 1100
Even in their Father's and their Husband's sight,
Who, his hard Fortune doth in vain accuse :
In vain hee raves, in vain hee roars and rews :
Even as a Lion pris'ned in his grate,
Whose ready dinner is bereft of late,
Roars hideously ; but his fell furie-storm
May well breed horror, but it brings no harm.

The proud fell *Pagans* do yet farther pass :
They kill, they tear, before the Father's face
(The more to gore : what Marble but would bleed ?) 1110
They massacre his miserable seed.

O ! said the Prince, can you lesse piteous be
To these Self-yeelders (prostrate at your knee)
Than sternly-valiant to the stubborn-stout
That 'gainst your rage courageously stood-out ?
Alas ! what have they done ? what could they doe
To urge revenge and kindle wrath in you ?
Poore silly Babes, under the Nurse's wing,
Have they conspir'd against the *Chaldean* King ?
Have they sweet Infants, that yet cannot speake, 1120
Broke faith with you ? Have these so youg & weak,
Yet in their Cradle in their Clouts, bewayling
Their woes to-com (to all Man-kinde, unfailing)
Dis-ray'd your Ranks ? Have these that yet do
craul

Upon all foure, and cannot stand, at all,
With-stood your Fury, and repulst your Powrs,
Frust'ed your Rams, fired your flying Towrs ?
And, bravely sallying in your face (almost)
Hew'n-out their passage thorough all your Hoast ?

O ! no *Chaldeans*, onely I did all : 1130
I did complot the King of *Babel's* fall :
I foyld your Troups : I fill'd your sacred Flood
With *Chaldean* bodies, dy'd it with your bloud.
Turn therefore, turn your bloody Blades on-me ;
O ! let these harm-less Little-ones go free ;
And stain not with the bloud of Innocents
Th' immortall *Tropheis* of your high Attents.
So, ever may the *Riphean* Mountains quake
Under your feet : so ever may you make
South, East, and West your own : on every Coast 1140
So, ay victorious march your glorious Hoast :
So, to your Wives be you thrice welcom home,
And so God bless your lawfull-loved womb
With Self-like Babes, your substance with increase,
Your selves (at home) with hoary haire in Peace.

le. But as a Rock, 'gainst wch the Heav'ns do thüder,
Th' Aire roars about, the Ocean rageth under,
Yeelds not a jot : no more this savage Crew ;
But rather, muse to finde-out Tortures new.
Here, in (his sight) these cruell *Lestrigons* 1150
Between them take the eldest of his Sons,

With keenest swords his trembling flesh they heaw,
One gobbet here, another there they streaw.
And from the veins of dead-live limbs (alas !)
The spirit-full bloud spins in his Father's face.
There, by the heels his second Son they take,
And dash his head against a Chimney's back ;
The scull is dasht in pieces, like a Crock,
Or earthen Stean, against a stony Rock :
The scatter'd batter'd brains about besmeard, 1160
Some hang (O horror !) in the Father's beard.
Last, on himselfe their savage furie flies,
And with sharp bodkins bore they out his eyes :
The Sun he loses, and an end-less night
Be-clouds for ever his twin-balled sight :
Hee sees no more, but feels the woes hee bears ;
And now for crystall, weeps hee crimson tears,
For, so God would (and justly too, no doubt)
That hee which had in *Juda* clean put-out
Th' immortall Lamp of all religious light, 1170
Should have his eyes put-out, should lose his
sight ;

And that his body should be outward blinde,
As inwardly (in holy things) his minde.

O Butchers (said hee) satiate your Thirst,
Swill, swill your fill of bloud, untill you burst :
O ! broach mee not with Bodkin but with Knife ;
O ! reave mee not my bodie's light, but life :
Give mee the sight not of the Earth, but Skies :
Pull-out my heart : O ! poach not out mine eyes.
Why did you not this barb'rous deed dispatch, 1180
Yer I had seen me an unseptred Wretch,
My Cities sackt, my wealthy subjects pill'd,
My Daughters ravisht, and my Sons all kill'd ?
Or else, why stayd you not till I had seen
Your (beast-like) Master grazing on the Green :
The *Medes* conspiring to supplant your Throne :
And *Babel's* glory utter overthrowne ?
Then had my soule with Fellow-Fals been eas'd :
And then your pain, my pain had part appeas'd.

O ragefull Tyrants ! moody Monsters, see, 1190
See here my Case ; and see your selves in mee.
Beware contempt : tempt not the Heav'nly Powrs,
Who thunder-down the high-aspiring Towrs
(But mildely pardon, and permit secure
Poor Cottages that lye below obscure)
Who Pride abhor ; who lifts us up so high,
To let us fall with greater infamie.
Th' Almighty sports him with our Crowns and us ;
Our glory stands so fickle-founded thus
On slippery wheels, already rowling down : 1200
He gives us not, but onely shews the Crown :
Our Wealth, our Pleasure, and our Honour too
(Whereat the Vulgar make so much adoe)
Our Pomp, our State, our All that can be spoken,
Seems as a glasse bright-shining, but soon broken.

Thrice-happy Hee, whom with his sacred arm,
Th' Eternall props against all Haps of Harm ;
Who hangs upon his providence alone,
And more prefers God's Kingdome then his own.

So happy be great BRITAINE Kings (I pray) 1210
Our Sovereigne JAMES, and all his Seed for ay ;
Our hope-full HENRY, and a hundred mo
Good, faithfull STUARTS (in successive row)
Religious, righteous, learned, valiant, wise,
Sincere to Vertue, and severe to Vice ;
That not alone These Dayes of Ours may shine
In Zeal-full Knowledge of the TRUTH divine,
And Wee (illightned with her sacred rayes)
May walk directly in the Saving wayes
Of faith-full Service to the ONE true Deitie, 1220
And mutuall Practise of all Christian Pietie ;
But, that our Nephews, and their Nephews (till
Time be no more) may be conducted still
By the same Cloud by day, and Fire by night
(Through this vast Desart of the World's despight)
Towards their Home the heav'nly CANAAN,
Prepared for us yer the World began :
That they with us, and wee (complete) with them
May meet triumphant in JERUSALEM ;
With-in whose Pearly Gates and Jasper Walls 1230
(Where th' Holy LAMB keeps his high Nuptials,
Where needs no shining of the Sun or Moon ;
For, God's own face makes there perpetuall Noon :
Where shall no more be Waylings, Woes, nor Cryes ;
For God shall wipe all tears from weeping eyes)

Shall enter nothing filthy or unclean,
No Hog, no Dog, no Sodomite obscene,
No Witch, no Wanton, no Idolater,
No Thief, no Drunkard, no Adulterer,
No wicked-liver, neither wilfull Lyer : 1240
These are without, in Tophet's end-lesse Fire.
Yet such as these (or some of these, at least)
Wee all have been : in som-what all have mist
(And, had wee broken but one Precept sole,
The Law reputes us guilty of the whole) :
But, wee are washed, in the Sacred-Floud ;
But, wee are purged, with the Sprinkled-Blood ;
But, by the Spirit, wee now are sanctifi'd ;
And, through the Faith in JESUS, justifi'd.
Therefore no more let us our selves defile, 1250
No more retorne unto our vomit vile,
No more profane us with Concupiscence,
Nor spot the garment of our Innocence :
But, constant in our Hope, fervent in Love
(As even al-ready conversant Above)
Proceed wee cheerly in our Pilgrimage
Towards our happy promis'd Heritage,
Towards That City of heart-bound-lesse Blisse
Which CHRIST hath purchast with his bloud, for his :
To whom, with FATHER, and the SPIRIT, therefore 1260
Be Glory, Praise, and Thanks, for evermore.

Amen Amen
 Amen.

FINIS.

PIBRAC. Quad. 5.

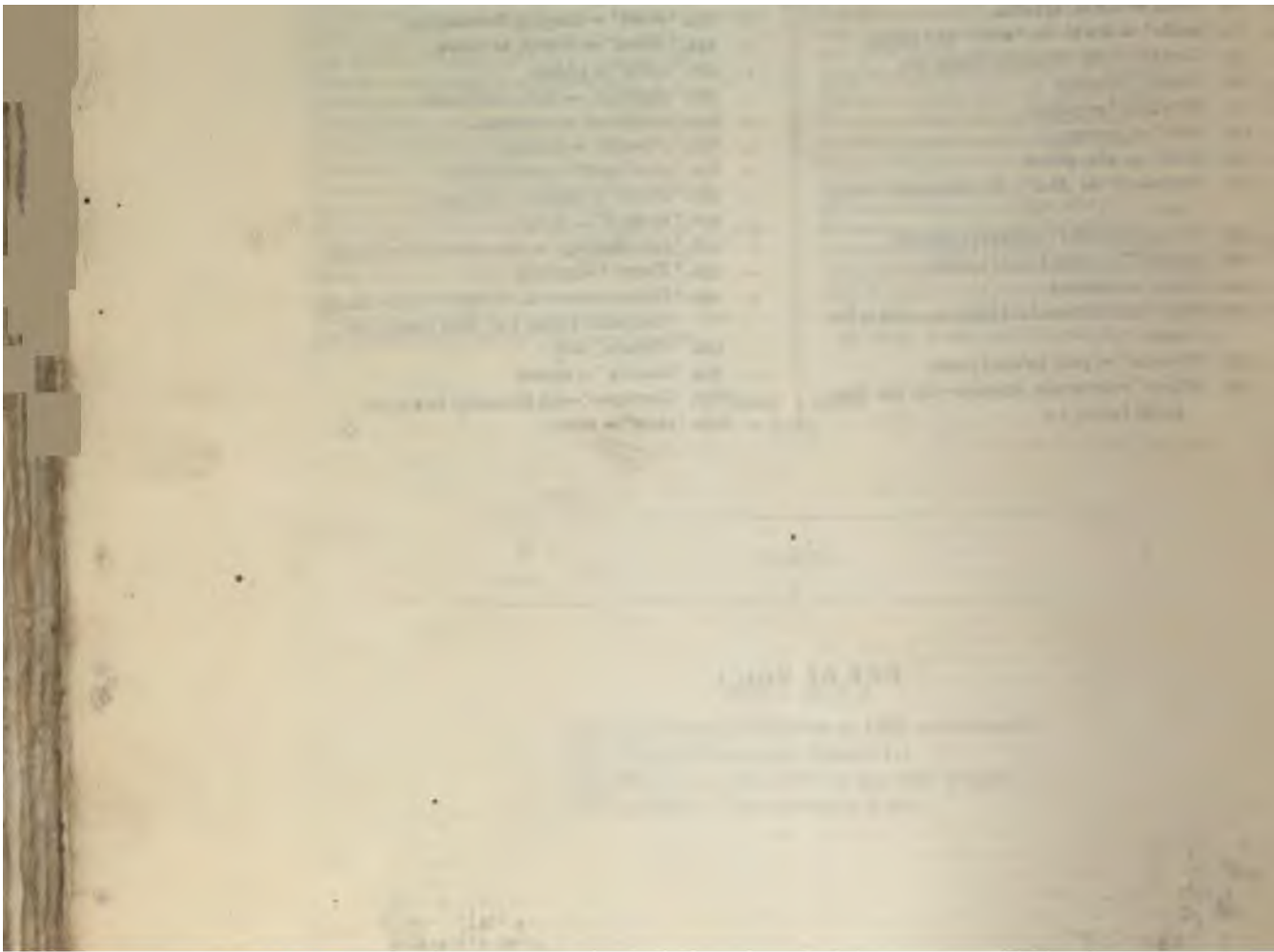
Say not, My hand This Work to END hath brought :
 Nor, This my Vertue hath attained to :
 Say rather thus ; This GOD by mee hath wrought :
 GOD's Author of the little Good I doe.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

- Line 6. *berna* = in a row or hierarchically
 .. 7. *Bum* = see I. 128-131.
 .. 30. *mach* = fits in the mouth and string.
 .. 37. *Cochin* = see Glossarial Index, etc.
 .. 109. *Near* = news.
 .. 114. *Sawtaper* = papers.
 .. 138. *Ell* = protect.
 .. 177. *gaid* = gl. *glaid*.
 .. 201. *Rathmair* as *Ell* = see Glossarial Index, etc.
 .. 320. *stirrig-der-ried* = through-pierced.
 .. 342. *starr l* = stored up or stored.
 .. 351. *varic* = venicles.
 .. 360. *Tap* = see Glossarial Index, etc., for a full note.
 .. 394. *Pranais* = pers. forward youth.
 .. 396. *Rissy* = uncertain, insecure—but see Glossarial Index, etc.
- Line 410. *stary* = *stare*.
 .. 423. *Amis* = sharing, associating.
 .. 424. *Mama* = A. form as before.
 .. 506. *zide* = added.
 .. 527. *Selling* = sb's. small goods.
 .. 539. *scasbrat* = numerous.
 .. 572. *Francis* = fishbone.
 .. 589. *pru i-ghal* = prowess-full.
 .. 590. *Borra* = burrow: cf. I. 592.
 .. 592. *Badger* = badger.
 .. 593. *starr-geruing* = intermingling or grinning.
 .. 595. *Terrus* = terraces.
 .. 594. *Dry-fis* = var. of *laine* = brass—but see Glossarial Index, etc., from Nares, etc.
 .. 594. *Trophus* = *stok*.
 .. 599. *Certis* = certain.
 .. 1150. *Leorigua* = see Glossarial Index, etc.
 .. 1159. *stas* = stone. G.

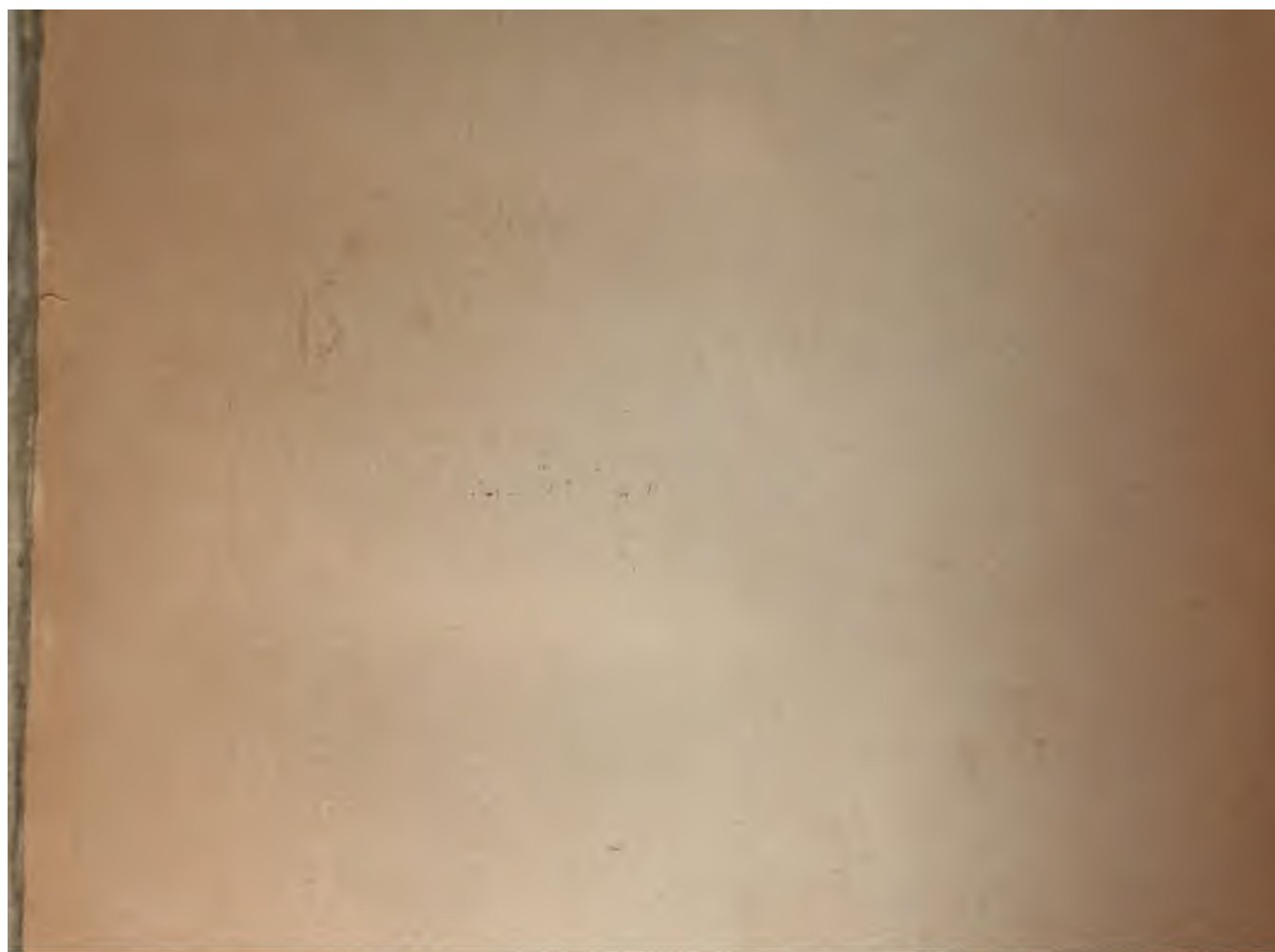
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